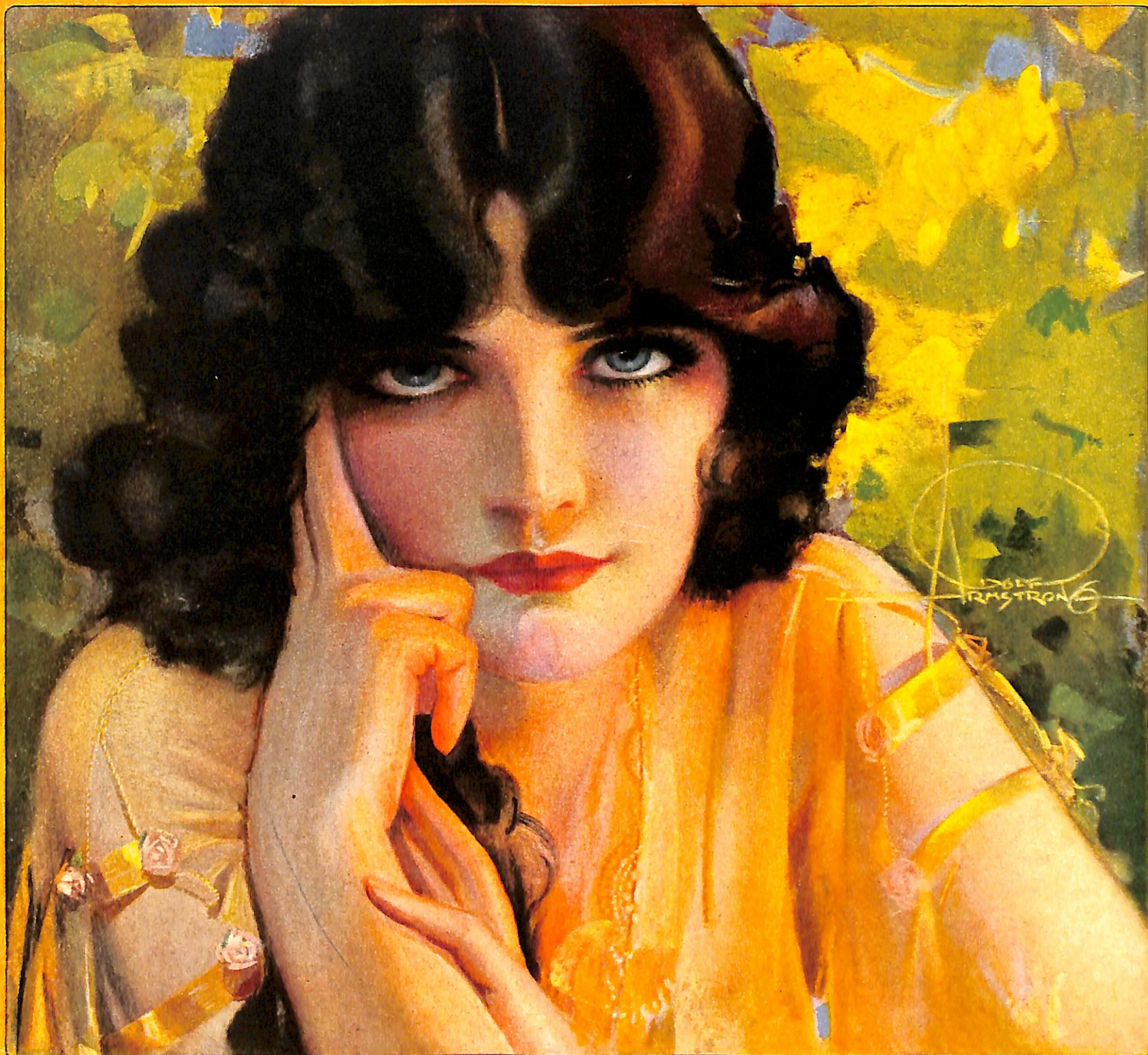


AUGUST
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



The STORM *By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN*

SNEEZERS & WHEEZERS *by FRANK P. STOCKBRIDGE*

*Also OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
ZACK CARTWRIGHT & OTHERS*

ACACIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS MARCH 3, 1869

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

July 25, 1928

Nobles:

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Sincerely and fraternally,

J. Montgomery President



AUGUST, 1928

1

To the man who is So busy making a living that he has No time to make a fortune



IT IS SAID that John D. Rockefeller once startled a man who had recently joined his company by the blunt statement: "You mustn't work so hard."

The man was amazed. He thought that the way to impress Mr. Rockefeller and get ahead was to show that he *was* working hard.

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business. He must know something about *every* department.

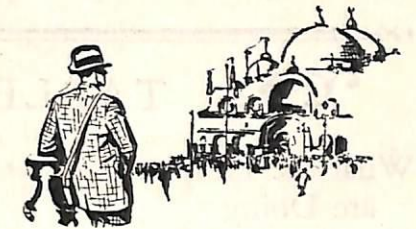
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The trend in modern business is so pronounced, so self-evident that it is remarkable that anybody can fail to see it. Yet millions of men do fail to see it.

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THE SHRINE

AUGUST 1928 MAGAZINE VOL. III NO. 8



The BUSINESS MAN Looks at MATRIMONY

By Earl Chapin May

WHAT is at the core of so many marriage failures? Every authority on the subject has his own ideas about causes and about remedies for the increasing divorce rate. Now the Business

Man has turned his talents of analysis and organization to the vital matter. He will set his conclusions before you in Mr. May's lively article in the September SHRINE, "The Business Man Looks at Matrimony."

TABLE OF CONTENTS for AUGUST

What the Hospitals
are Doing

By Ariel Cargo, Supt.
St. Louis Unit

4

Who's Who in Shrinedom

6

The Imperial Potentate's Page

8

The Storm

A whole lifetime of sorrow and
joy crowded into a few hours
—By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
Illustrated by Donald Teague

10

Sneezers and Wheezers

If you have asthma or hay
fever unpack your bags and stay
at home, says FRANK PARKER
STOCKBRIDGE

17

What Price Veracity!

In this second story of the series Joe Hatch gets into a
brand new set of troubles—By ZACK CARTWRIGHT
Illustrations by Harold Von Schmidt

20

Out of Season

A lovely little native matches wits with some fas-
cinating "Summer ladies"—By PHYLLIS DUGANNE
Illustrations by Will Perrin

24

(Cover design by Rolf Armstrong)



After General Romarico got his army of two hundred to-
gether he posed for the sake of the photographers and posterity.

READ

FANFARRONADA

By Austin Parker
In the September Issue

History as Told in Pictures

The Schoolhouse Grows Up.
The twelfth article in a series
which show changes in our ideas
governing morals, manners, city
and country ways, skylines, in-
dustries, travel, sport and enter-
tainment—By MONTROSE J.
MOSES

28

Marriage, Limited

The third instalment reveals
the net of intrigue closing around
the beautiful movie star—By
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

32

WITHIN THE SHRINE

Editorials

37

With the Imperial Potentate

38

Around the Caravan Campfire

—By Roe Fulkerson

39

Activities of the Temples, Units and Clubs

40

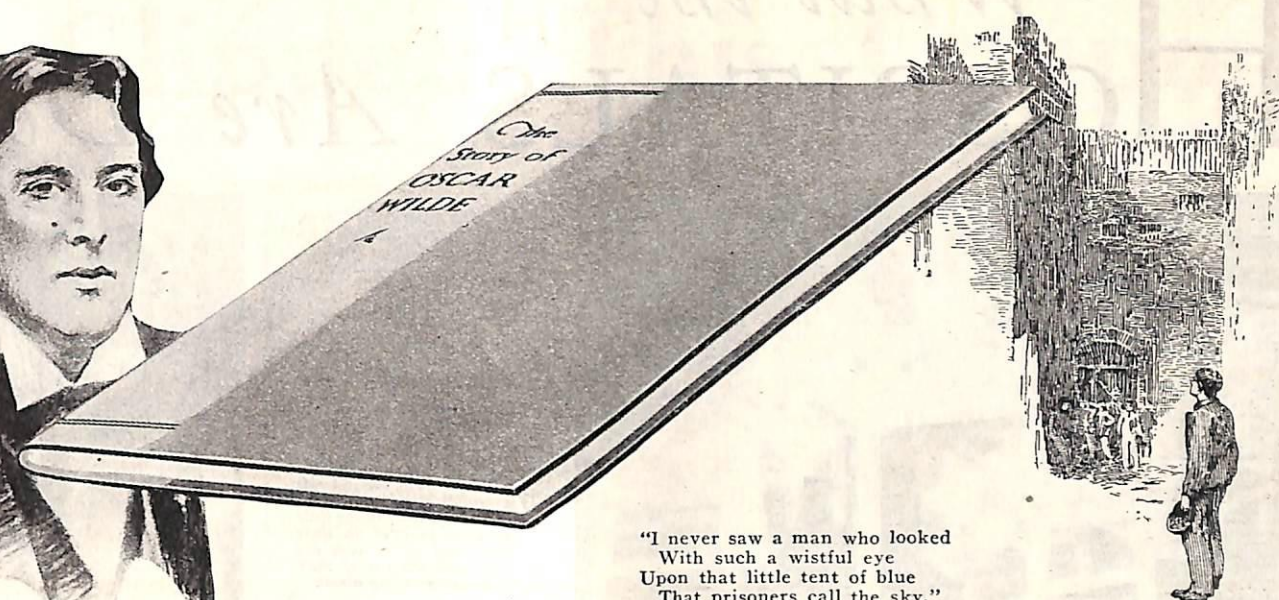
Prize Winners in the Shrine Service Berry
Contest

41

Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America
Edgar Sisson, Editor
Published monthly at 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., by the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America. Entered as
second class matter, April 15, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912; additional entry at Chicago, Ill., Accep-
tance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 15, 1926. Price, single copy, 25c.
Subscription in the United States and Possessions for Shriners, \$1.00 per year; for non-Shriners, \$2.00 per year; Canada, 50c extra; foreign, \$1.00 extra.
Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering changes of address, please do so through your Recorder, giving him 1. Your name, 2. Old address,
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THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

AUGUST, 1928



"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
Ballad of Reading Gaol

FREE—"The Story of Oscar Wilde"

Read the truth about Oscar Wilde's sensational career, and his imprisonment that shocked all England. This fascinating brochure is FREE, with our compliments, for a limited period. No obligation. Mail the coupon below for your copy—NOW!

THE outstanding literary figure of his time. The social idol in every capital of Europe. An intellectual genius whose epigrams captivated the most brilliant minds of two continents. His fame resounded to the ends of the earth.

And then—disaster, disgrace, a notoriously unfair trial, a felon's cell. The favorite of fortune a target for the sneers and jeers of the mob!

Oscar Wilde died with his name still under a cloud—but not before he had written "De Profundis"—that unforgettable cry of a tortured soul which has no counterpart in English literature.

Genius Unparalleled

Yet "De Profundis" presents but one aspect of the Oscar Wilde's remarkable genius. His novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray" was translated into seventeen languages. Crowds surged to see his plays—one of which, "The Importance of Being Earnest," is considered the best comedy in the English language.

While sober Britons roared at his comedies, and Parisians were overcome by the beauty, passion and solemnity of "Salome"—little children the world over delighted in his fairy tales, and philosophers pondered his profound and stirring essays.

A Sensational Career

Never was there such a versatile genius as Oscar Wilde, and certainly never in history a more sensational career.

His case is parallel with that of Poe, De Maupassant, Rousseau, Coleridge, De Quincy, and many other great masters who lived within the shadows. Today Oscar Wilde is immortal. His works are regarded by critics as the wittiest, most penetrating observations on life that have ever been written.

A Connoisseurs' Edition

Since Oscar Wilde's death there has been an insistent and ever increasing demand for his complete works. In order adequately to meet this demand for Wilde's books among intelligent people, a new edition has been prepared that possesses two very unusual features.

One is the distinguished company of famous men who have contributed introductions and fascinating reminiscences of Wilde. Among them are: Richard Le Gallienne, Padraic Colum, John Drinkwater, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Coulson Kernahan, Michael Monahan, Walter Pater, John Cowper Powys, Edgar Saltus, Arthur Symonds, and William Butler Yeats.

The other outstanding feature is that it is a Connoisseurs' Edition—a de luxe inscribed edition. If you become a patron, your name will be inscribed on the title page of the first

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What the HOSPITALS Are Doing



(Right) Miss Ariel Cargo, Gen'l Supt. of St. Louis Hospital and Miss Carrie B. Jackson, a teacher.

(Left) A Corner of the sun-parlor, where little boys and girls play cheerfully despite their bandages.

(Below) One of the sun-shiny wards of the St. Louis Hospital for Crippled children, with some of the little patients propped in their beds and others who are regaining the use of their limbs, standing about.



Globe-Democrat

The lead article this month is written by Ariel Cargo, R. N., Superintendent, St. Louis Unit, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

SHRINERS Hospitals for Crippled Children. How I wish I could make you see what this title really means! All of the joy and happiness back of those five inadequate words. Not alone on account of the alleviation of the suffering, and twisted little limbs and bodies, and troubled minds, but also on account of the genuine atmosphere of gaiety that daily, yes, hourly, radiates from every nook and corner. It is indeed like one vast and happy family. Sometimes, to the unaccustomed ear, it sounds like "Bedlam let loose," because of the varied sounds emanating from the wards.

But noises within reason are never curbed here, since they arise from exuberant childhood. One hears player pianos (and often pianos played by real little musicians among the patients) phonographs, and all sorts of small instruments, all going at once in the various wards. At one time we had a group of big girls who owned ukuleles and sang to their own accompaniment in a very creditable manner.

Visitors are amazed at the spirit of friendly competition and mimicry that abounds in an institution of this sort. For instance, the little ones in ward D have made crippled patients of their dolls. One is in bed in traction. Another has a brace on one leg, while a third is in a cast. Our children, being crippled, and among others similarly afflicted, think in terms of the crippled. But not in a spirit of resentment. It is merely a psychological reaction to the environment.

The children are fortunate in having peppy, understanding and helpful teachers. At our Unit are two sympathetic and alert bedside teachers. One has formed clubs according to the wards, with such names as the D Peppers, the Ever Ready C's, the Busy B's, etc., the lettering corresponding to their wards.

One gracious and kindly teacher has contrived a little device whereby each child has a bed card, indicating the subject or subjects in which he or she is somewhat deficient. In this connection the children also use orthopedic hospital vernacular, classifying their shortcomings thus: "crutches on reading," "pins on arithmetic," "braces on language," "Hoke on history," etc.

Regular Student Councils have been formed in the wards of the older children, the three clubs having nine officers in all. They themselves choose and plan their work,

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of May, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	219
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	209
Number of beds occupied by patients	782
Number on waiting list.....	1802

making their study courses while here elective. In another article I shall endeavor to tell you more of this work. It would take up an entire issue of the magazine to tell all of the witty sayings, clever doings, and the stories of gaiety and human interest that crowd in panoramic fashion the horizon of this Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children.

Miss Cargo adds that Miss Eva Lewis is the senior teacher, and that her colleague is Miss Carrie Jackson, and she speaks highly of both.

The St. Louis children are blessed with several "uncles," of whom Miss Cargo writes very appreciatively. There is J. J. Wuertenbaeher, treasurer of the 365 Club, each member of which gives one cent for every day in the year, which buys new shoes, little delicacies and other things dear to

the heart of childhood. Others are "Uncle Louie" (Louis P. Haller), "Uncle Jack" (John Sherman), and "Uncle Al" (Al Roth). All are Shriners, of course.

"Uncle Louie" is the original neo-relative. It all began with his twice a week visits to the hospital, bringing the little ones presents, playing messenger for them, and the like. Here is an example of the good deeds of the "uncles." Noble Haller asked one girl what she expected for Christmas. She replied dolefully that "anyway, I won't get it." The apple of her eye was a wrist watch, which most of the other girls had. He persuaded her to write a letter to Santa Claus, and it was forwarded to Shriners in Hinton, W. Va., as agents for Kris Kringle. The watch, and a handsome one at that, was on the child's pillow Christmas morning.

Balloons, dolls, picture books, balls, toys and candy are given to the patients. They have their own moving picture machine, for which the St. Louis Film Board of Trade furnishes reels every week, and chairs and even beds are wheeled out in order that their occupants may see the show.

A swimming pool has recently been added to the equipment, and it is surprising how quickly the children learn to swim in spite of their handicaps. It has been found that this form of exercise materially aids their cure because it is a useful and pleasant way to learn muscle control.

There is considerable manual training at the St. Louis institution. There are sewing classes for the girls, and the boys learn woodworking; so may the girls, too, if they are interested. Everything the children make belongs to them and may be taken to their [Continued on page 52]

AUGUST, 1928

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H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J., formerly a grocery clerk, got my free book, followed my advice, and did a gross business of over \$100,000 his first year in real estate.

But I have no more room here to tell you about the many remarkable stories of amazing business success that are coming to me from readers of my free book. So, send for a copy of it today. Don't be skeptical. Don't say "It's too good to be true." Don't cheat yourself. It costs nothing to learn the truth. So mail the coupon now!

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Get this book at once. Learn what it has done for others. Learn what it can do for you in the way of business success—independence—big earnings—cash profits.

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AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE THOMAS J. HOUSTON
*Medinah Temple
Chicago, Ill.*

Noble and Imperial Sir Thomas J. Houston, the new Imperial Assistant Rabban, joined the Imperial Council in 1921, when at the sessions held in Des Moines he was elected Imperial Outer Guard. Three years before that he was Potentate of Medinah, famed as the biggest in Shrinedom. On January 1st, 1928, its membership was 22,931.

Rabban Houston's blue lodge affiliation is William B. Warren Lodge No. 209. He is in both the York and Scottish Rite, holding memberships in York Chapter No. 148, R. A. M.; Tyrian Council No. 78 R. & S. M.; Columbia Commandery No. 63, K. T.; Oriental Consistory, A. & A. S. R.

Noble Houston was born in Chicago on January 4th, 1877. He is married, with one daughter, and lives at 5733 Sheridan Road. He was educated at the Chicago public and high schools, Morgan Park Military Academy and the Metropolitan Business School.

In public life he served three years as Superintendent of Insurance of the State of Illinois, and is now President of the Civil Service Commission of the City of Chicago.

Insurance is his business and he is president of T. J. Houston & Co., insurance adjusters, 175 West Jackson Boulevard.

He is influential in many business and financial institutions and social organizations, being a director of the Patterson Pure Food Pie Company, a director of the Old Colony State Bank, president of the Medinah Athletic Club, which is building a \$6,000,000 home, and a member of the South Shore Country Club, the Medinah Country Club, the Chicago Yacht Club, the Illinois Athletic Club, and the Lake Shore Athletic Club.



NOBLE HAROLD N. RUST
*Irem Temple
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

Potentate Rust has been a Shriner thirty years. Judging by looks, he couldn't have been much beyond the stipulated two score years and one when he received the Moslem test. To what extent he recoiled from the hot sands is not of record, but it is significant that two years before he had gone into the electrical business, which line he still follows.

Noble Rust graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1895. The following year he formed a partnership with Mr. George E. Shepherd, in Wilkes-Barre, which continues under the name of the Shepherd-Rust Electric Company.

The year of his graduation saw him entering the portals of Rabboni Lodge, Boston, transferring the next year to No. 61 of Wilkes-Barre, of which he became Master in 1901. Four years later he was made High Priest of Shekinah Chapter No. 182. Other honors have been these:

Thrice Illustrious Master, Mt. Horeb Council No. 34 in 1902; serving as District Deputy in 1903-1904; Eminent Commander, Dieu le Veut Commandery No. 45, K. T., 1904-5; appointed District Deputy Grand Master for the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1913, and has served continuously since that time; received the Scottish Rite grades in Massachusetts Consistory in 1895, and affiliated with the Keystone Bodies in Scranton in 1911; Sovereign Prince of the Council in 1917-18, and Most Wise Master of the Chapter of Rose Croix, 1921-22; at present Second Lieutenant Commander of the Keystone Consistory; in 1915 made a 33° Mason in the Northern Jurisdiction.

Upon entering the Shrine in Wilkes-Barre Noble Rust promptly became Irem's electrician, and later Director. In 1901 he was elected High Priest and Prophet, serving therein



for ten years, then as Chief Rabban for four years. In 1915 he was the unanimous choice of the Divan for Potentate, but pressing outside interests forced him to decline.



NOBLE T. E. DOSS
*Kerbela Temple
Knoxville, Tenn.*

Ted Doss lives and has his being in Erwin, Tennessee, but was the choice for Potentate of the 2000 members of Kerbela, which is in Knoxville. His great personal interest is in the work for the crippled children in his State, to which activity he devotes as much attention as to his temple duties.

Potentate Doss, who is chief clerk of the traffic department of the Clinchfield Railroad, was born in Canton, Georgia, on June 3rd, 1890. He became a Mason at the age of 25, and is Past Master of Johnson City (Tenn.) Lodge 486; Past High Priest, Thomas E. Matson Chapter, R.A.M., Johnson City; member of Erwin Council, R. & S. M.; Malta Commandery, K. T., Erwin; Trinity Consistory No. 2, S. R., Nashville; Knoxville Court No. 57, R.O.J.; made K.C.C.H. by the Scottish Rite Supreme Council in Washington in 1927; received the Shrine in Kerbela in December, 1919, appointed 2nd Ceremonial Master three years later, and advanced in the line each year; Imperial Council Representative in 1924 and 1928; Secretary of the Johnson City Shrine Club, 1923-24-25-26.

Noble Doss was chairman of Kerbela's crippled children's committee in 1925, and has been secretary for three years. This committee has investigated 400 cases of crippled children. Of this number 110 have been given hospital treatment and sent home. There are 33 others in hospitals now, and 27 are on the waiting list to be admitted as soon as their turns are reached. Noble Doss is also Secretary of the Tennessee Society for Crippled Children.



NOBLE E. BLAKE CURLETTE
*Al Azhar Temple
Calgary, Alberta*

Western pioneer, oil field operator, children's hospital worker, and super-active citizen generally is Noble E. Blake Curlette, Potentate of the Nobility rendezvous which once was a wild and woolly town in the old-time Northwest Territory. For a long time now Calgary has been staid and peaceful, with a Board of Trade and a Kiwanis Club, and the subject of this sketch moves about briskly as a leading member of both.

Noble Curlette was born in Belleville, Ontario, on Feb-

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE JOHN H. ATWOOD
*Abdallah Temple
Leavenworth, Kans.*

Past Imperial Potentate John Harrison Atwood, noted for his participation as an attorney in the Swope-Hyde murder trial, the famous John W. Hillman insurance case, and other causes célèbres, maintains his main offices in Kansas City, Mo., where he practised for several years with United States Senator James A. Reed. Other partners in the past were the Hon. Robert Crozier and the Hon. Lucine Baker, both United States Senators for Kansas, and the Hon. William C. Hook, a Judge of the federal Court of Appeals.

Noble Atwood, who presided over all of Shrinedom from June 15th, 1899 to May 23rd, 1900, was born in Phillipston, Mass. on September 12th, 1860. He married Miss Nellie F. Wyman of Arlington and they have three married daughters. After graduating from the Harvard Law School in 1884 he took Horace Greeley's advice, hung out his shingle in Leavenworth, Kansas, and two years later, at the age of 26, became County Attorney.

He became prominent in Democratic party politics, being a candidate for Congress at the age of 32, delegate to four national conventions, Kansas member of the national committee, and in the campaign of 1908 chairman of the speakers' bureau at Western headquarters. In 1908 he moved to Kansas City, Mo., and now heads the law firm of Atwood, Wickersham, Hill and Chilcott.

In the aforementioned Swope-Hyde case Noble Atwood secured the only conviction. In the Hillman case he won a verdict for \$60,000 for the widow after other lawyers had unsuccessfully handled it through six trials. He was attorney for the receivers of the Kansas Natural Gas Company, a \$30,000,000 corporation, throughout its reorganization. He organized the United Clay Products Corporation a \$10,000,000 concern.

NOBLE E. S. BARNARD
*Al Koran Temple
Cleveland, Ohio*



Shrinedom has many prominent figures in the national sport, to which it now adds a bright particular star in the name of Noble Ernest Sargent Barnard, the new president of the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs. The headquarters of the League being in Chicago, he has established his residence there for his term of three years, to which he was unanimously elected.

Clean baseball and the elimination of unnecessary delays in the playing of American League games are his hobbies.

Noble Barnard was born in West Columbia, W. Va., on July 17, 1874, but virtually all his life has been spent in Ohio. What could be more prophetic, since Ohio is the commonwealth which furnishes so many presidents?

He worked his way through Otterbein College, in Westerville, Ohio. There he coached baseball and football teams that generally won. The position of Sports Editor of the Columbus Dispatch later gave him a wider audience and following. He also became a factor in business, and as secretary of the Columbus Builders Exchange he saved that organization from dissolution.

Also he became noted after a time as the savior of sick baseball leagues, and later was called to Cleveland to become secretary of the Cleveland Baseball Club. For doing good work in that job he was promoted to be general manager, then vice-president, and finally president, which post he held when appointed to succeed Ban Johnson as head of the American League.

Noble Barnard is affiliated with Blendon Lodge, Baker Chapter, Cleveland Council, Allenby Commandery, and Lake Erie Consistory of the Scottish Rite.

ruary 14th, 1876, and thus became a sweet valentine. He went west to Calgary in 1900 and there four years later his eyes first beheld Masonic light. The next year he was exalted to the Royal Arch, and in 1906 he became a Knight Templar. In 1909 he was received into the Scottish Rite and later made a 32° Mason.

His career in Shrinedom began with holding on to the rope in his pilgrimage across the desert in 1907, becoming a charter member of Al Azhar. After many years of very effective pacing of squads east and west he was elected captain of the Patrol—1921-22. Being chosen for the Divan, he went through the chairs up to potohood in 1928. He is a Representative in the Imperial Council.

Potentate Curlette is particularly interested in the Shrine hospital work. He has Alberta Oasis well lined up for the mobile unit in Winnipeg, ably assisted by Mrs. Curlette in her auxiliary work.

Like many another Temple, Al Azhar has a debt. It is his ambition to wipe this off in his year on the throne, and in the words of Past Potentate P. D. McLaren, "when he starts out to do something it is done."



NOBLE GEORGE M. ARMOR
*Boumi Temple
Baltimore, Md.*

On April 1st Boumi Temple observed its forty-fourth birthday, ranking as number eighteen of the 157 temples. With George Armor as Potentate the Nobility was able to remark the passing of the day with the assurance that "all's well on the Chesapeake."

Noble Armor served as Marshal of Boumi during the years 1922, 1923 and 1924, member of the Executive

Committee in 1923 and 1924, Chief Rabban in 1925, Potentate in 1926 and 1927 and chosen for a third term last January. He is a Representative to the Imperial Council and has been since 1925.

Masonically Noble Armor is a member of Baltimore Lodge No. 210, Baltimore Chapter No. 40, Monumental Commandery, Knights Templar and the Chesapeake Consistory, Valley of Baltimore, Scottish Rite.

Noble Armor is vice-president of McCormick & Company, manufacturers chemists, importers of spices, teas and extracts, doing a national business.

He served as president of Post "A" of the Maryland Division for two years and as State President of the Travelers Protective Association of America for two years; First National Vice-President for one year and for the last four years Chairman of the Board of Directors, Maryland Division, Travelers Protective Association; served as an officer of the Baltimore Drug Exchange, the Baltimore Association of Commerce, and the American Spice Trade Association.

The SHRINE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1928

The Imperial Potentate's Message

Out of a dusty pigeon hole of memory comes the story of a great king. With everything that wealth and power could bring, he was yet very unhappy. He called into his court all the soothsayers, philosophers, magicians and alchemists and told them to earn their keep by telling him of something which would make him happy.

After a conference and a committee meeting or two they informed him that he could never be entirely happy until he wore the shirt of a perfectly happy man. Then they retired, smiling behind their hands.

The king at once called in messengers, soldiers and courtiers and commanded them to scour his kingdom until they found a perfectly happy man. They were to secure his shirt for the king to wear that he, too, might become perfectly happy.

Sniffing a great reward, the messengers scattered in hot haste over the kingdom, hunting a perfectly happy man. They went first to the men of great wealth, but found to their dismay that money brought with it great anxiety. Wealthy men were never happy. They went to men of great power in the kingdom, men who had risen to high places. Here, too, they failed because great power brought with it great responsibility, so men in high places were never happy. Next they went to those who had achieved great fame only to be again disappointed. When grasped, fame is an empty bauble; famous men are never happy men.

In the middle class people they found unhappiness because they envied the rich, the great and the famous. They called on the poor to find that poverty and want made them unhappy. From one end of the kingdom to the other they traveled. As one party returned disappointed to the castle, they heard a man in a nearby orchard laughing with glee. Looking over the fence, they saw a ragged chap rolling on the grass and laughing at the antics of a pair of squirrels in the branches over his head. They called to him:

"Fellow, are you perfectly happy?"

"Absolutely!" he replied.

"Then come here! Our great and good king can never be happy until he has worn the shirt of an absolutely happy man. Give us your shirt at once."

At this the ragged one laughed so heartily that he was unable to speak but rose and pointed to his naked chest.

He had no shirt!

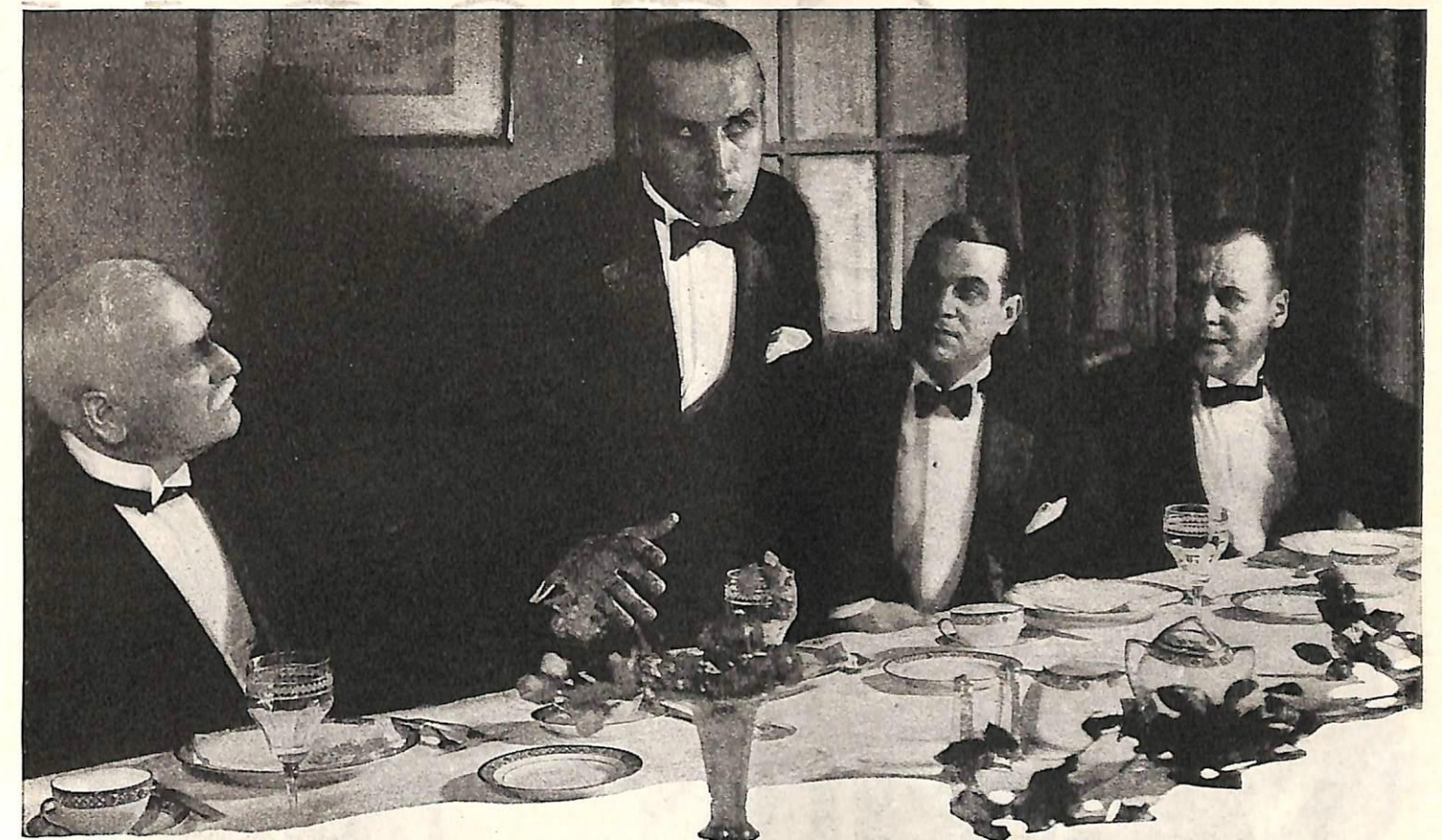
True to the legend, happiness is the most sought after, the rarest thing there is in this world of dollar, fame and power chasing. The man who plants a hearty laugh in the heart and on the face of his fellow men has done a deed as praise-worthy as if he had given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty or clothing to the naked.

This is one of the great missions of the wonderful organization we represent. This is the strength and the success of the Mystic Shrine.

Every Shrine Temple in North America is a broadcasting station for smiles and laughter. As your Imperial Potentate I beg every Noble not to wrap his smile in his fez when he comes home from a Ceremonial. Let the smiling face be as much the badge of a Shriner as is the crescent and scimitar of the button we wear in the lapels of our coats.

Yours in the Faith, *Es Selamu Aleikum*

Frank Jones.
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

*But now I can face the largest audience
without a trace of stage fright*

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked, it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method, I rapidly developed this gift, until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My

real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

No matter what work you are now doing, nor what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training, you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker, able to dominate one man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire

the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative

booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new, easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others, have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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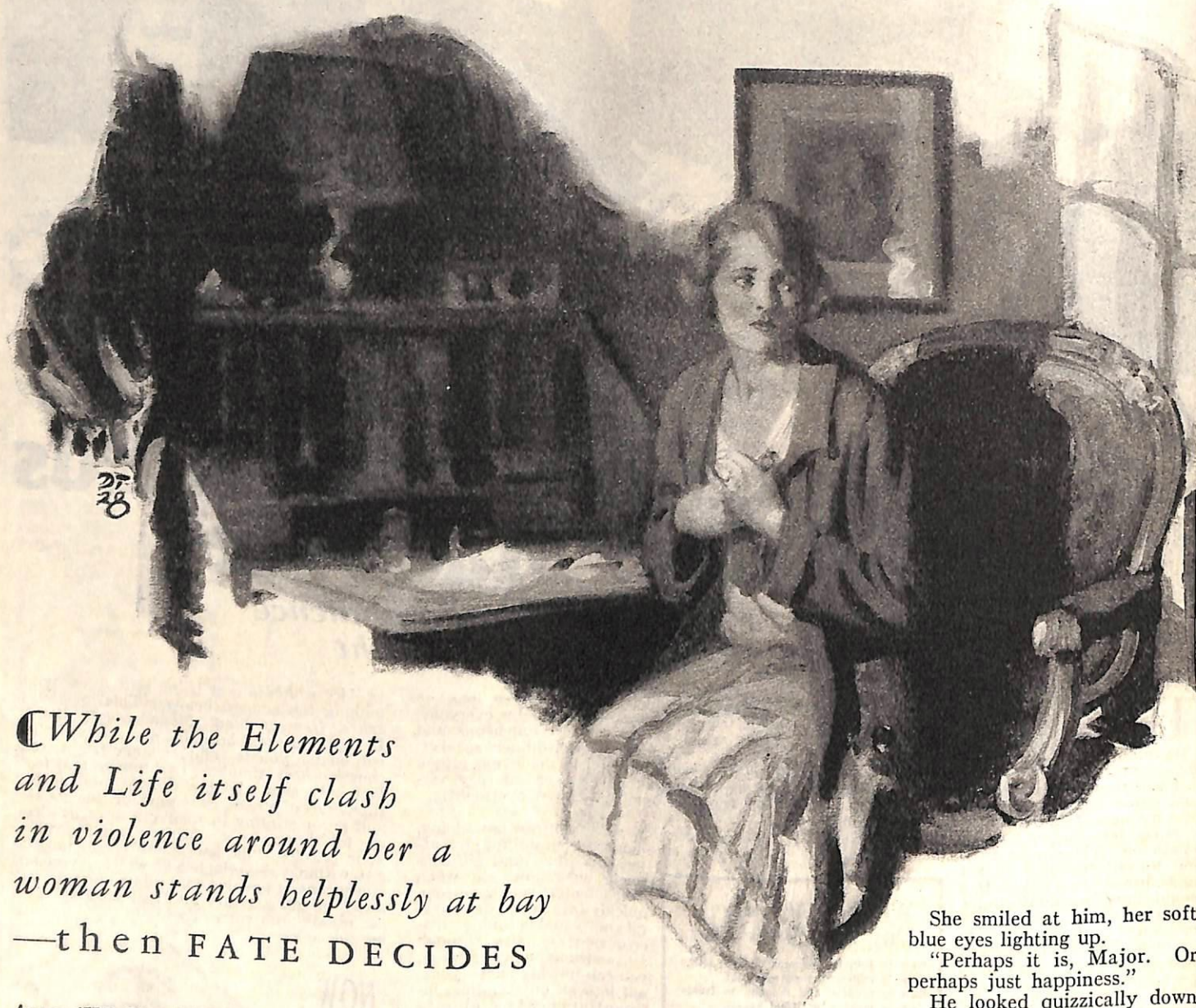
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The STORM

Illustrations by
Donald Teague

By F. Britten
AUSTIN



*While the Elements
and Life itself clash
in violence around her a
woman stands helplessly at bay
—then FATE DECIDES*

THE Blundells' bungalow always gave one deliciously a breath of home. Mrs. Armstrong had made the remark to her husband, the Police Commissioner for this up-country district, as in the short African twilight their "flivver" had bumped and rattled on the rough track up through the plantation to the house. Moreover, Mrs. Blundell herself was charming. Mrs. Armstrong had uttered this opinion also on the way up. Her husband had enthusiastically endorsed it despite his concentrated struggle with the bucking "flivver," had jerked out that these three years of marriage had made a new man of Jack Blundell. He was inclined to repeat that comment now as he smiled and shook hands with his unobtrusively good-looking, gentle-voiced hostess. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, something a little over thirty in the matter of age, neatly and tastefully dressed, she appeared distinctly pretty this evening. "Always as fresh as paint, dear lady!" he said, with the breezy heartiness characteristic of him. "You must have some very special secret recipe! Perhaps it's a good conscience?"

10

imposing six-foot-odd of height.

"May be that," he agreed. "May you long be happy, lady, as you deserve!"

She smiled at him again (there was always a little touch of gratitude in her smile; that was what made it so attractive, he thought).

"Jack will be out in a moment," she said. "I told the boy to serve the cocktails out here. It's pleasant under the veranda after the heat of the day, I think."

"Splendid!" said Major Armstrong as he stripped off his long dust-coat, handed it to the white-garbed negro servant silently in attendance, revealing the dinner-jacket that was integral in the social code even of this sparsely inhabited section of the colony. "I'm afraid there's a pretty bad storm brewing, though," he added. "Let's hope it gives us a miss. Helen can't abide storms."

Mrs. Armstrong smiled.

"I can't abide these African storms," she said. "They scare

She smiled at him, her soft blue eyes lighting up.

"Perhaps it is, Major. Or perhaps just happiness."

He looked quizzically down upon her from his gaunt and



something is going to happen?" She smiled nervously.

Jack Blundell at that moment emerged from the doorway on to the veranda—a big burly fellow, somewhat of a rough diamond for all his public school and University ("rugger" had been his one contribution to the prestige of those academic institutions).

"Hallo, Armstrong!—Mrs. Armstrong—delighted to see you!" He shook hands with his two guests in warm cordiality. "Jolly good of you to make these twenty miles to come to us!"

"Even risking a first-class article in the way of storms!" laughed Major Armstrong, "—or I'm a Dutchman. I don't want to catch it on the road back."

Blundell nodded.

"If we do get anything of a storm, you're here for the night, my friends."

The negro boy appeared with a salver of cocktails.

"I must say you perform in style," commented Armstrong, as he took one. "Silver salvers and all! A little different to the old rough-and-tumble days, J. B., what?"

Blundell smiled.

"That's Ruth," he said. "She doesn't believe in living like pigs, and she's right, by the Lord! I'm a new man since I married, Armstrong." He put his arm affectionately round his wife's waist as he spoke. "She'd make a docile angel out of a devil! Wouldn't you, sweetheart?"

She laughed softly and happily.

"Hardly, Jack. But then you weren't a devil—you were just a big blundering honest schoolboy, like you still are. And I never want you to grow up." She laughed again, and then

broke away from his embrace.

Blundell lifted his glass.

"Well, here's love to everybody!—Not a little sip, sweetheart?—No? I shall really have to find some hidden vice in you some day—this can't go on!—Cheerio, Mrs. Armstrong—hooray, Armstrong!"

They drank to each other and the negro boy, at a gesture from Mrs. Blundell, brought a fresh supply.

A gong boomed within the bungalow.

"Dinner!" said Mrs. Blundell, rising. "Come along, folks! Good appetite!"

They were in the drawing-room. The storm had been raging for more than two hours. The vehement roar of the torrentially released rain was a constant background for deafening, splitting crashes that seemed each like the world in collapse. Conversation was impossible. The two ladies—Mrs. Armstrong very white—sat with needlework in their hands; Mrs. Blundell smiling, exhibiting her own, doing her best to divert her friend's attention from that terrifying violence of elements in tropical discharge. The two men sat and smoked their pipes, bawled a remark to each other every now and then.

"You won't get home tonight, my lad!" Blundell had to shout.

"Sorry, J. B.!" Armstrong smiled back at him. "I'm really afraid you're right. I shouldn't like to trust that road. Too bad, though, to put you to that bother!"

"Don't apologize!" Blundell reassured him heartily. "It's no trouble. We've all the domestic conveniences nowadays—haven't we, sweetheart?" He exerted his voice yet more to make it heard across the room, gave his wife that smile of fond pride that was ever ready when he looked at her.

Mrs. Blundell smiled back to him.

"I was just telling Mrs. Armstrong that they mustn't think of going," she said, in a slackening of the noise.

At that moment the native boy ap-

peared in the doorway.

"Boss!" he said.

Blundell looked round, beckoned him across.

The negro bent down to him, spoke rapidly.

The planter jumped up.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me for a moment, people. There's some poor devil in a car got caught in the storm and thoroughly swamped."

He hurried out of the room.

The storm slackened more and more at every moment. Conversation became possible in the drawing-room and the three of them speculated as to the identity of the unfortunate traveler.

"Another visitor for you to accommodate with a bed, Mrs. Blundell," said Major Armstrong. "You will curse this storm!"

"I'm grateful to it," she replied. "It keeps you longer with us! But, if you will excuse me leaving you alone together for a moment, I really must go and tell those boys to make up a spare bed in Jack's office."

She went out, leaving husband and wife together.

"Darned good little woman, that!" remarked Armstrong.

"Nothing puts her out. Always ready to do a kind action."

"She's the sweetest thing!" commented Mrs. Armstrong energetically. "And she's found just the right husband for her—or at any rate J. B. has found the right wife. He adores her!"

"She adores him, too!" Armstrong was emphatic. "Not much doubt of that."

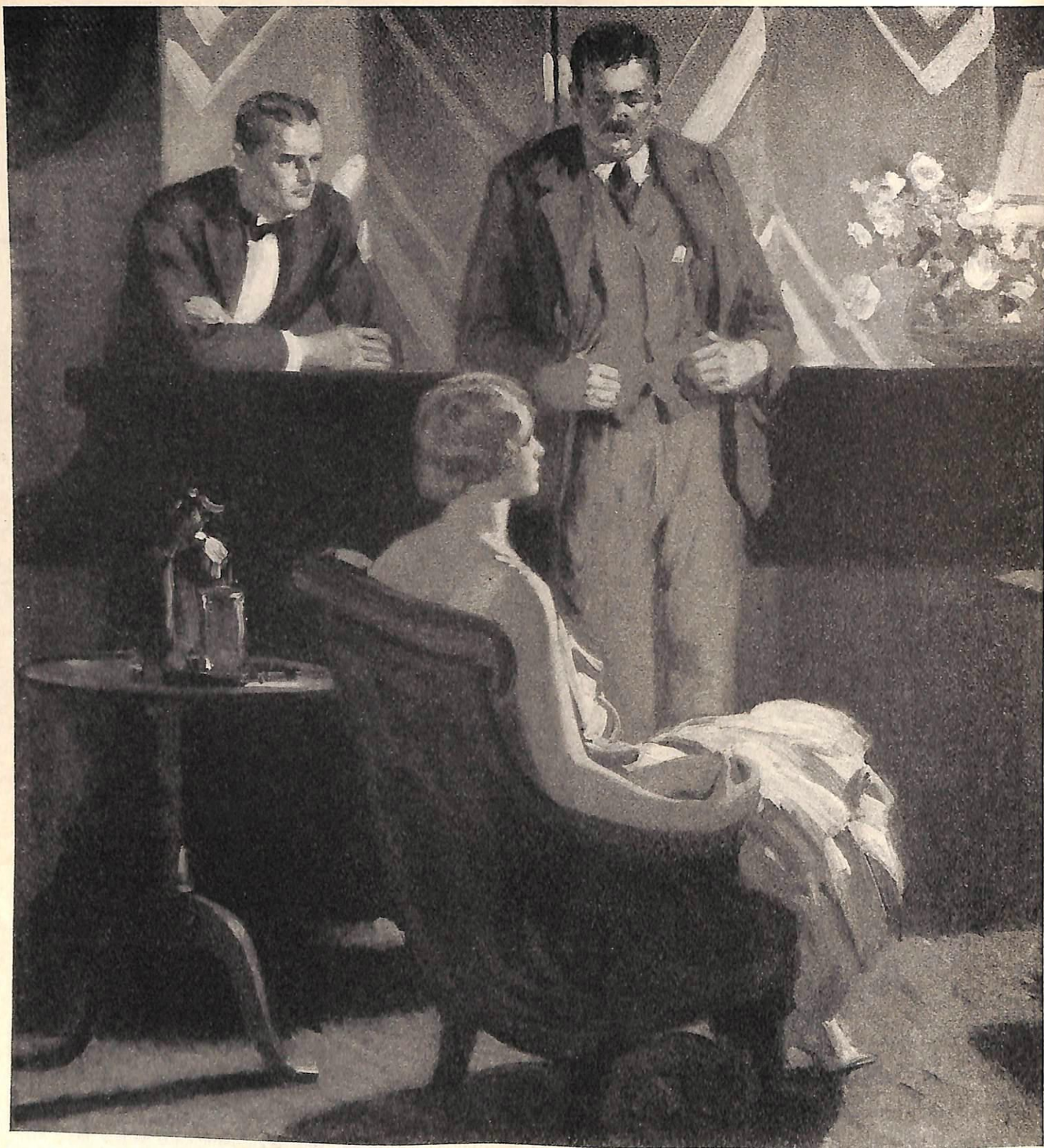
At that moment Blundell came into the room with his stray visitor—a dark-featured hugely-built bull-necked man.

"Let me introduce you," he said. "This is Mr. Manwaring—Mrs. Armstrong—Major Armstrong, Commissioner of Police in these parts."

The newcomer bowed.

"I've just been thanking Mr. Blundell for his kindness," he

11



said. His tone, to their selective ears, was not quite that of a "sahib." He smiled under his black mustache. "I'm a stranger out here. I was on my way to stay with a friend of mine. He sent his car to meet me at railhead this morning, and everything possible went wrong with the beastly thing. Finally we got caught in the storm and we were absolutely swamped. The nigger who drove the car said the road would be washed away further on and the only thing to do was to make Mr. Blundell's bungalow."

"All's well that ends well," smiled Blundell. "Now I guess you could do with a drink." He went across to the table, mixed a whisky and soda.

His guest accepted it gratefully, stood glass in hand in the middle of the room.

Mrs. Blundell at that moment entered the room.

"Let me introduce you to my wife," Blundell said to his guest, in his voice that naïvely fond pride with which he always brought her forward.

The man turned round, stood staring. The glass of whisky dropped from his hand in a crash.

Mrs. Blundell also stood staring, strangely white.

There was a peculiar silence. Blundell glanced in bewildered astonishment from one to the other.

The stranger turned abruptly to Major Armstrong.

"I think I understood you are the Commissioner of Police, Major? I invite you to arrest this woman!"

Blundell leaped forward.

"What the devil do you mean—?" he began.

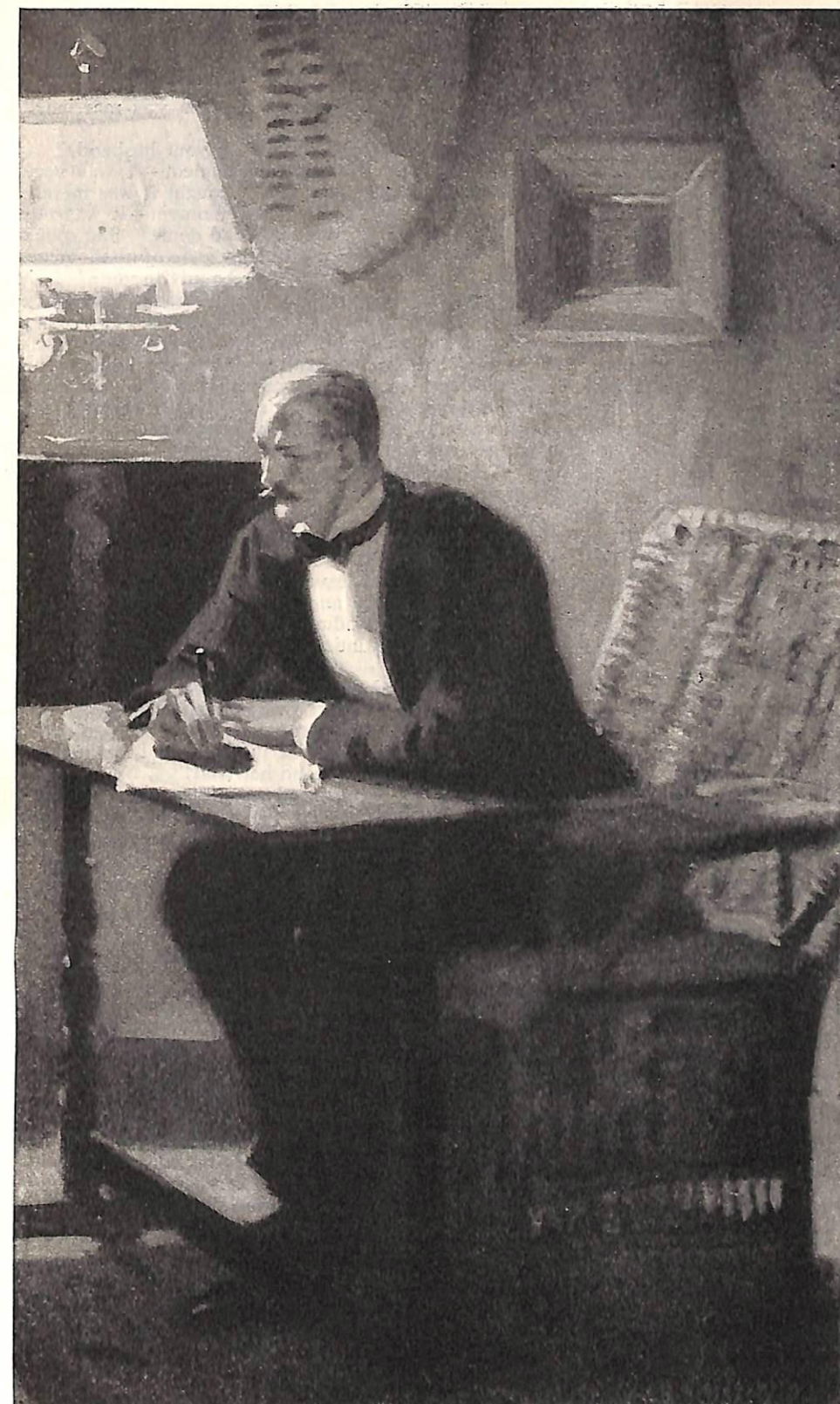
Mr. Manwaring stopped him with a gesture, continued to address the Commissioner of Police.

"There is a Scotland Yard warrant out against her in her correct name of Mrs. Ruth Manwaring. She is my wife."

The woman gasped, seemed as though about to faint. Blundell sprang and caught her in his arms.

"Ruth! Ruth darling! Is this man mad?"

She only gasped again, staring at the intruder.



With the menacing figure of Manwaring standing over her but not daring to interrupt, the woman went on—"He beat me unmercifully and kept me a prisoner while he boasted of spending my money on other women!"

officer of the law instantly to take this woman into custody."

Blundell spoke with his arms around her. "You liar!" he said. "Get out of my house!"

"Steady, J. B.," Major Armstrong interposed. "I'm afraid this has become my province." He turned to Manwaring. "Very good. As you say, I must accept your charge." He addressed the half-fainting woman. "Mrs. Blundell—or Mrs. Manwaring, if that is your correct name—I hate to have to say this to you—but you must consider yourself formally under arrest. But understand this, Mr. Manwaring—I don't admire your manners, sir!"

"Oh, my dear!" gasped Mrs. Armstrong from her chair. "This is awful!—Jim!—Jim!—I'm sure she's innocent! I'm sure!"

Blundell was gently depositing his wife upon the floor. She had fainted. He muttered to himself something about killing this swine directly he got a moment to attend to it.

Major Armstrong glanced at him. J. B. could be dangerous. There was trouble enough, without an addition of violence. The rain was still coming down in torrents, though now no longer in so deafening a roar; plainly this unwelcome guest could not be turned out perhaps to be drowned in this black night of storm. He frowned. It was a most unpleasant business. His wife had also gone to Mrs. Blundell's—or Mrs. Manwaring's—assistance.

Blundell bent over his wife.

"Ruth!—Ruth darling! Speak to me!"

Mrs. Armstrong dabbed from a glass of water upon the white face. The eyes opened flutteringly, opened wide.

"Jack!"

He knelt and embraced her passionately.

"Ruth! Ruth, sweetheart! Thank God, you've come round! Ruth!—tell me this man's lying!"

She half-raised herself in his arms.

"It's true, Jack."

He stared at her, stricken speechless; rose to his feet in horror.

Manwaring laughed brutally.

"Of course it's true! She bolted with

"I am not in the least mad, Mr. Blundell," said the stranger. "I have been looking for this woman for five years." He switched again to Major Armstrong who had now risen to his full gaunt height. "I can give you a police handbill with her description." He took a wallet from his breast-pocket, extracted a folded piece of time-discolored paper, opened it, passed it to the Commissioner of Police. Major Armstrong glanced at it and frowned. "You see the charge? Robbery. You can now apparently add bigamy." His voice was unpleasantly exultant.

Major Armstrong looked at him.

"But, my dear sir—" he began, expostulatingly, but the man interrupted.

"Unless you propose to shirk your plain duty, Major, you have no alternative. I lay definite information before you as the Commissioner of Police that this woman is wanted on a warrant she has evaded for five years. I request you as an

another man and took with her all she could lay hands on!—But I've run her to earth, as I swore I would—though it's only a lucky chance!"

Major Armstrong shot a glance of dislike at him.

"Mrs.—er—Manwaring," he said, in a kind tone. "When you feel better, I should like to ask you a few questions. You need not answer them unless you wish, of course."

She looked at him.

"I feel better now, Major," she answered. "I will answer anything you ask me." She struggled to her feet, almost smiled to him despite the drawn whiteness of her face.

The Commissioner of Police turned to Blundell.





"Can you provide me with a table and a sheet or two of paper, J. B.?" he asked.

Blundell glared at him from his misery.

"I'll have nothing to do with it!" he ejaculated, in a voice unlike his own. "I don't understand any of this—but I'm sure this fellow's a wrong 'un and before I've finished with him he's going to pay for coming in here like this and—smashing things up!" His voice almost broke.

Armstrong put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"My dear fellow," he said. "Don't make things worse." He looked into his friend's eyes, significantly. "For your sake, for everybody's sake, it will be just as well to hear at once the story of this lady you believed to be your wife. It is a kindness to her. That little table will do if you will allow me to use it."

He shifted it to a more convenient position, moved a chair up to it, and sat down. "Now a sheet or two of paper," he added.

"You will find plenty in the drawer of the table, Major," said Mrs. Manwaring. Her voice shook a little, despite her plain effort at control.

He extracted some, arranged it in front of him, took a pen from his pocket, smiled at her.

"I think, Mrs. Manwaring, you would be more composed and comfortable if you took a chair."

She obeyed with docility, seated herself near the table.

"Mrs. Manwaring," he glanced at her features as though in comparison with the printed details of the police handbill, "your description has been circulated on the charge that on the night of the 15th December, 1921, you, in company with a certain Evan Thompson, also wanted on the charge, did forcibly open a piece of furniture the property of your husband Henry Manwaring, abstract from it currency to the value of eighty-five pounds, and abscond therewith. Do you answer to that charge?"

"I do," she replied in quiet distress, avoiding even a glance at Blundell who stood in an evident agony.

Major Armstrong rapidly wrote a few words. He looked up to her again, became impressive.

"Now, Mrs. Manwaring, it is my duty to warn you, clearly and solemnly, that any statement you may make may be used in evidence against you. You have a perfect right to refuse to answer any question that I may ask you."

She moistened her lips.

"I would prefer to make a statement," she said.

"Very good. I will take it down in your own words and afterward you can sign it if you find it correct."

Her pale face was pathetic.

"It is quite true. On the night you say—on the 15th December, 1921—I ran away from my husband's house with my cousin, Evan Thompson. I had no money, and I broke open my husband's desk, where I knew he kept some, and took all there was."

Armstrong frowned.

"It is my duty to ask you this question, Mrs. Manwaring, but you need not answer it unless you wish. Where is your accomplice—this Evan Thompson—now?"

A spasm passed over her face.

"He is dead," she said. "He was run over and killed that night—after he had put me into a hotel."

Armstrong glanced sharply at her, his gaunt face serious.

"Were you not aware, Mrs. Manwaring, that legally it was robbery to take your husband's money and go away with it, as you admit doing?"

"I thought I was entitled to it," she replied, a little faintly. "It was really my own."

"Your own?" Major Armstrong was plainly surprised. "Would you like to explain why you considered it your own?"

"When I married, I had a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I made it over to my husband."

"It was my money she took! She can't get away from that!" interjected Manwaring. "Legally mine!"

The Commissioner of Police ignored him.

"How old were you, Mrs. Manwaring, when you married?"

"Twenty-one."

"And you made over all your property to your husband?"

"Yes. He persuaded me to sign a document—it was very complicated—I did not understand it—I thought it was merely to help him in his business affairs at the moment—it was not until afterward that I discovered what I had done." She spoke passionately as though this matter of money were of no moment.

"And you had no friends—no parents—to advise you?"

"I was an orphan. My mother died when I was a child. My father died just before I married. I had no friends. My father was an invalid and I looked after him. Nobody but—my husband," she boggled a little over the word, "ever came to the house. I think he had some hold over my father."

"H'm!" Major Armstrong looked grim. "So you thought you were entitled to money that was really your own?"

"Yes. My husband had none at all. I found out afterward that he was a recently discharged bankrupt when I married him."

Manwaring shuffled nervously.

"I should like to say—" he began.

The Commissioner of Police held up his hand for silence.

"And why did you wish to leave your husband?"

"He beat me unmercifully and kept me a prisoner in the house while he boasted of spending my money on other women."

"The brute!" muttered Blundell. "I'll have a few words with him presently!"

Manwaring again pushed forward.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "I protest against all this nonsense. It's not my character you're supposed to be investigating! All you have to do, Mr. Policeman, is to hand this woman over to the home authorities to stand her trial!"

The Commissioner of Police turned upon him.

"Please be silent, Mr. Manwaring. I am interrogating an accused person. Interrupt again, and I take you into custody for disturbing the processes of the law!"

"Now, Mrs. Manwaring, for how long did you have to complain of this treatment?"

"For the whole time of my marriage."

"Indeed." Major Armstrong's voice was sympathetic. "And who was this Evan Thompson?"

"My cousin. He was only a boy, and I hadn't seen him since he was a child. He came back from abroad, and traced me. My husband was away when he called. He—he found me with bruises on my face, and I told him everything. He said he would find a safe quiet place for me while he consulted a lawyer about getting me a divorce. I was in terror of my husband, and agreed. He had only a very little money—as I told you, he was only a boy—and so I went to my husband's desk, broke it open, and took what I could find. We went to London together, and he found a respectable small hotel for me—" she swallowed. "I have told you what happened to him. They did not identify him—but I recognized the description in the papers. I was too terrified of my husband's finding me to say anything to anybody."

"I changed my name and got a job as a waitress in a teashop. I was there for more than a year. One day Jack came in. He served him and he spoke to me. He came again, often. He told me he was home on leave from East Africa and asked me to marry him. It seemed deliverance, and—and," she checked, painfully, "I could not help loving him. I said I was a widow. We were married at a Registry Office. We came out here, and I thought, I prayed, that I should never see or hear of my first husband any more."

"And that is all your statement, Mrs. Manwaring?"

"That is all."

"My poor darling!" exclaimed Blundell. He almost ran across to her, put his arms round her, kissed her fondly. "And you shall never get into that scoundrel's hands again, if I know it!"

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Armstrong, fervently. She smiled grate-



fully to her husband. "And now, Jim, now that we know exactly what happened—you can tell her that she can't be arrested on this monstrous charge!"

Major Armstrong frowned.

"Unfortunately, that is just what I can't do," he said. "Mrs. Manwaring is technically liable to the charge of robbery. A warrant is in existence against her. It has been brought to my notice as a police officer. I have no option but to take her into custody and hand her over to the authorities to stand her trial. And I fear the charge of bigamy must be added to the charge against her."

"Jim!" Mrs. Armstrong was horrified.

"Look here, Armstrong!" exclaimed Blundell. "Do you mean to tell me this scoundrel," he glanced at Manwaring—standing with an evil look of satisfaction on his gross features, "has the right to come here and smash up our home, to send his wretched victim into the dock to be disgraced by a public trial?"

"Unfortunately, I do mean it," replied Armstrong. "There is no alternative. I must send her down the railway tomorrow."

"You have quite completed your official investigations?"

"So far as Mrs. Manwaring is concerned—Yes."

Blundell stripped off his dinner-jacket.

"Then, Mr. Manwaring, I am now going to give you the hiding of your life!"

The big man shrank back.

"Major Armstrong!" he exclaimed. "I put myself under police protection!"

"All right," said Blundell. "I'll answer to the charge of assault and battery! They can send Ruth and me down the line together!"

With the last word, his fist shot out, straight to the man's jaw. Manwaring went down like a log, striking his head against the grand piano as he fell.

"Get up, you brute!" Blundell stood over him, grimly savage, his fists clenched. But the man did not move. "Get up—or I'll get a sjambok to you!"

Armstrong pushed him aside sharply, knelt down to the bulky outstretched figure, felt over it with expert hands. He looked up with a white and startled face.

"He's dead!"

Mrs. Armstrong uttered a shrill little scream: "Jim!"

Blundell stared down at the body as if dazed.

"Good God!"

Armstrong rose to his feet.

"This is a bad business, J. B. People can't commit murders in my presence with impunity. You know what it means?"

Blundell gasped at him.

"Murder?"

"That must be the charge. Your counsel may plead manslaughter. I can't help myself. J. B., I'm sorry, desperately sorry!"

"All right," said Blundell, thickly. "I won't give any trouble. Try and let Ruth and me travel back together, that's all."

She had run forward, flung her arms about him, burst into sobs against him.

"Jack! Jack! Oh, this is too terrible! It was for me you did it—for me—I've brought all this trouble on you—Jack! Jack darling!"

He bent down to her as she clung to him, caressed her head.

"All right, old girl. That brute only got what he deserved. And you don't know how much I love you!"

"And I you—I you, dearest!" There was agony in her voice. Blundell turned to his friend.

"What are you going to do with us now, Armstrong?"

"It's my duty to keep you under constant supervision. The only way is for us to sit here till the morning—and then I'll send for my assistant." He turned to his wife. "Helen, dear, you go off to bed."

"No," she replied, with emphasis. "I'm going to stay here with Ruth."

Mrs. Manwaring spoke, her face tense and drawn.

"Jack, it drives me almost mad to think I caused this! Can you ever forgive me? My dear! My dear!"

He put his arm around her.

"You didn't cause it, sweetheart—it was that brute there who caused all the trouble—and if you want my opinion, he's distinctly better dead. By the way, Armstrong, isn't it part of your job to go through the pockets of this scoundrel?"



"I suppose it is," said Armstrong. "Let's have a look." He knelt down and put his hand into the dead man's breast-pocket, took out the wallet. He extracted a wad of papers, commenced to glance through them. He scrutinized an envelope, drew out its contents. "Letter from a woman—here—what's this? Good Lord!" He frowned at the letter in his hand. "Listen a moment, Mrs. Manwaring, and see if you can throw any light on this—it's addressed from Paris, six months ago, and forwarded through a succession of banks to Henry Manwaring care of the bank at Mombasa—it's in French—but I'll translate for everyone's benefit: 'My dear husband. You were no doubt hoping that I was dead in the prison into which you tricked me for a life-sentence fourteen years ago. As you see, I am not merely alive but have been set at liberty. I do not know where you are living—I have no doubt you have always managed to save your skin—but I am sending this to your bank. I do not expect generosity from you, nor gratitude for my silence. Nor do I desire ever to see you again. But I expect, and intend to have, money from you sufficient to maintain me during the remainder of the life you ruined. I am your wife by English law since you married me in London. Therefore, in your own interest, you will do well to send me a remittance at once to the above address. Otherwise, I shall know how to make myself unpleasant.'—It is signed 'Elise'." The Commissioner of Police scrutinized the envelope. "Evidently, he received this two days ago—perhaps had not yet made up his mind what to answer." He looked across to Mrs. Manwaring. "In what year did you marry him?"

She stared, a little bewildered.

"In 1915," she answered. "June, 1915."

"That is somewhat less than fourteen years ago," remarked Armstrong. "Assuming that this letter may be accepted as evidence—and I propose to accept it as such—your correct name is not Mrs. Manwaring but Mrs. Blundell after all."

She gasped, scarcely understanding.

Blundell uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Of course! That scoundrel himself committed bigamy when he married her!"

"Precisely. It would need to be proved of course, but I have no doubt it can be proved. The letter from this wretched woman—whatever she is, and whatever her crime was—rings true enough. The warrant made out against Mrs. Manwaring cannot apply to Mrs. Blundell. It is technically—as well as morally—void. It shall be void." He rose, went across to the little table, tore up into small fragments the police handbill and what he had written of the statement made to him. He turned round, smiled rather grimly to her. "Please consider yourself released from custody, Mrs. Blundell."

"You mean—that I shall not have to—go to prison?" she faltered.

He smiled.

"You will not even have to be tried, Mrs. Blundell. The matter no longer exists. But if this man were still alive, you could certainly put him on his trial—on more charges than one." He frowned, puzzled. "What beats me is that knowing the danger of his own position, he should have dared to insist tonight on your arrest. I can't think what he thought he was going to get out of it."

Blundell spoke with his arm around his wife's waist as they sat together on the edge of a big chair.

"Some deep villainy, I'll be bound. The brute!"

"Probably." Armstrong shrugged his shoulders. "However, let us continue our investigation." He went back to the corpse, continued his search through the other miscellaneous papers a man keeps in his pocketbook, checked at a newspaper cutting, "What's this?" He frowned at it. "Did you ever know anyone of the name of Whitty, Mrs. Blundell?"

She nodded.

"Yes. It was my mother's name. She had an only brother, Isaac, in Australia. I don't know what happened to him."

"This undated newspaper cutting says that a wealthy sheep-rancher by the name of Isaac Whitty has died and left a quarter of a million with no known heirs in Australia. Did this man know of your uncle's existence?"

"Yes—yes—I think so—I think I told him when we were first married. My father might have told him also."

Major Armstrong pursed his lips, and narrowed his shrewd eyes.

"I think I begin to see a little daylight. If he could have salted you safely away in prison—it seems to have been a habit of his with his wives—he would then have put forward the probably very comprehensive document you signed, and claimed the administration of your estate. A deep rascal, if ever there was one! However, if, as I think more than likely, you are heiress to a quarter of a million, Mrs. Blundell, this man will not again deprive you of a fortune."

She clasped her hands.

"But Jack? I don't care anything about the money—what is going to happen with Jack?"

Major Armstrong shrugged his shoulders. He sighed.

"THERE, I am afraid, I am quite helpless. Even if Mr. Manwaring was the worst of scoundrels—as evidently he was—it does not give your husband a license to kill him."

Mrs. Blundell leaned forward to him in anguish.

"Oh, Major—for God's sake, think of some way to save him! There must be a way—some way—I am sure there must!"

He looked at her sympathetically.

"I wish I could see it, dear lady. I wish with all my heart my job was different."

"Don't mention it, old chap," said Blundell. "In your boots, I'd behave the same. See if this fellow has anything else interesting on him."

The Police Commissioner continued his search through the dead man's pockets.

"No," he said. "Nothing. Nothing of any interest. The usual odds and ends." He made a pile of them upon the floor, a bunch of keys, a handful of loose change, cigarettes, a couple of pipes, tobacco. He unfastened his gold watch-chain, took out a gold hunter-watch from the vest-pocket, automatically snapped open the case, glanced inside. He looked up with a jerk, his expression curiously altered.

"Mrs. Blundell," he said, "you were married or thought you were married to this man in 1915. What did he do in the war?"

"He was in a Government office—in the Ministry of Shipping."

"Good God!" Major Armstrong's face had gone deathly white.

"What's the matter?" asked Blundell.

"This!" He held up the gold watch. On the inside of the open case was an engraved cabalistic device with a number underneath. "I was in the Intelligence branch myself during the war. This is one of the watches issued by the German secret service department to its agents. If a man wished to assure himself that another was also a fellow-agent, he would go up to him, ask him the time, and snap open his watch as if to check it. A glance at the other fellow's watch—and he had made the contact, or otherwise. It was a kind of badge, issued only to the first-rate regular men, entitling the bearer to all possible assistance from every other agent."

"Phew!" said Blundell. "That was his little job then—and that's how, just before the war, he tricked Madame Elise into a life-sentence in a French prison—worked a 'frame-up' on her, I suppose, in the orthodox way, when she was of no more use. A pretty specimen of scum, what?"

"Scum!" exclaimed Armstrong. "The man's a murderer many times over! Think! He was in the Ministry of Shipping—how many ships did he help to send to the bottom?—the ships of whose sailings, as I happen to know, the enemy submarines had such uncanny knowledge!" He stared in front of him over that dead body. "My God, J. B.—if you hadn't killed him, I'd have throttled him myself! My only brother went down on one of those ships."

Blundell smiled grimly.

"If I hadn't accidentally killed him, you wouldn't have known, my dear chap. You would have most dutifully helped him to send my wife to jail."

Armstrong rose to his feet.

"That's true. But this alters everything. I don't grumble at the enemy doing their job in war-time—but I do draw the line at traitors to their own country like this reptile." He spurned

him with his shoe. "The man's an outlaw—morally if not legally. And if I'd known what he was I'd have killed him on sight myself—or done my best to!" He stood in a cold passion of hatred.

There was a silence in the room. They realized that the rain had ceased. The hush was eerie.

Mrs. Armstrong spoke.

"What are you going to do, Jim?"

He was haggard as he stood tensely fingering his lean jaw.

"Do? What can I do?" he replied. "It's monstrous that J. B. should be arrested and tried for ridding the world of a scoundrel like this. But there it is."

"I meant only to give him a hiding, as you know," remarked Blundell, anxiety in his tone.

Mrs. Blundell gazed at the Commissioner of Police in a pathetic hopefulness.

"Major Armstrong," she said, "please—please think of some way—"

He looked at her, desperately.

"I'm trying to. It's difficult. I've never played with my duty in my life. I can't now. If there was only some little technicality—something that would justify me—something that would take it out of my hands—anything short of perjury! Oh, my God!" he groaned. "Blundell, I wish I'd hit him and not you! What's the time?"

Blundell glanced at his wrist-watch.

"Just before midnight."

At that moment the native boy appeared in the doorway, looked across to Blundell.

"Doctor come, Boss," he said, holding the door open.

"Fenwick, of all people!" exclaimed Armstrong, as the doctor for the district came into the room. He was in mudsplashed riding-breeches, and had an electric torch in his hand.

"Evening, Armstrong!—Evening, ladies!—Evening Blundell!" he said, cheerfully. "I hear you've given refuge to my lost guest! I've been scouring the countryside for him for hours. I thought he must have been drowned in a wash-out—you've got a pretty bad one just below here. Well—where's my unfortunate traveler?"

Armstrong gestured to the floor by the piano.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the doctor. "What's happened?"

"Well, I'm not on oath," said Armstrong grimly, "but Mr. Manwaring had a sort of stroke. I've just been going through his pockets."

The doctor knelt beside the prone figure.

"He's dead!" he said. "Quite dead."

"Oh, yes," agreed Armstrong. "He's quite dead."

"Heart failure!" remarked the doctor. "Written all over him. Dear, dear! How did he get this mark on his jaw?"

"I SAW him hit himself against the piano as he fell," said Armstrong. The muscles of his face were prominent on his gaunt cheeks. The other three stood in breathless suspense.

"Very likely." The doctor nodded in acceptance of the suggestion.

Armstrong cleared his throat.

"Would a blow have had anything to do with his death?"

"Hardly. Anything would do it with a man of this body—an emotional shock—nothing at all even—just a failure. He was bound to go suddenly."

"Have you any objection to giving a certificate then?" Armstrong's voice was enforced to normality. "It's bad enough for the Blundells to have this happen, as it is. I don't suppose they're craving to give evidence at an inquest."

"It's natural death all right. As I say, this man might have dropped dead at any minute these last ten years. Personally, I have no objection whatever to giving a certificate. It rests with you, Major. You're the highest police authority in this part of the world. If you will accept my word for it that he died a natural death—"

"As the Commissioner of Police, I accept your professional word for it," said Armstrong, drily.

The doctor rose from the corpse and went to the table still spread with the writing paper the Commissioner of Police had not used.

"This'll do," he said, brushing away a little heap of torn fragments and picking up a sheet. He scrawled rapidly. "What's the man's full name? Did you find out?"

"Henry Manwaring," replied Armstrong.

The doctor finished his certificate, [Continued on page 61]

(The next time you find yourself "coming down" with asthma look for the cause in Your Own Home instead of in the Climate



Sneezers and Wheezers

(By Frank P. Stockbridge

A YOUNG man in a state of poorly-suppressed indignation called on a medical friend of mine not long ago. "What's this my wife tells me, Doc?" he asked. "That we've got to have separate rooms, I mean?"

"That's just what I mean," the physician replied. "If you could arrange to take another long business trip it would be even better. Didn't she explain what it is we are trying to do?"

"Cure her asthma, she said," the young man responded, "but it sounds funny to me. I've heard of people with asthma being sent to a different climate, but this is the first time I ever heard of sending the patient's husband away. I haven't got asthma."

"It wouldn't make any difference if you had," the doctor answered, calmly. "Asthma isn't 'catching.' But in your wife's case, your presence is the cause of her asthma. She never had it before she married you. When you were away for three weeks she didn't have an attack. As soon as you got home her attacks recommenced. That looks like conclusive evidence that you are in some way the cause of her trouble, doesn't it?"

The visitor conceded that it did. "She told me something about that," he admitted, "but it sounded so foolish to me that maybe I didn't get it straight. Something about her taking my hairbrushes off my chiffonier and bringing them up to you. I don't get that at all, Doc. Sounds like voodoo stuff to me."

"It does, doesn't it?" said the physician, with a smile of such genuine amusement that the young man's indignation seemed considerably allayed. "I hadn't thought of that before. Yes, I did have your wife bring up your hairbrushes, telling her to be sure that they hadn't been cleaned for several days. What I wanted to get was a good specimen of your dandruff. I got it, from your hairbrushes,



(Dandruff sometimes has been the cause of asthma.

and it proved to be what had been causing your wife's asthma. So now—"

"I'll get my scalp treated for dandruff, and she'll be all right," the young husband interrupted, beaming.

"Not as easy as that, I'm afraid," the physician objected. "I'm not a skin specialist, so I can't advise you as to the possibility of curing dandruff so completely that there are no fine, invisible scales left. For it is the inhalation of those tiny scales which sets up the irritation that brings on your wife's asthmatic symptoms. It should be easier to desensitize her than to cure you, though it won't do any harm to try both."

"So the first thing I wish you would do," the doctor went on, "is to go to a barber shop and have your hair cut, and be sure that the barber uses a perfectly clean sheet in which to catch all the clippings. Bring them to me, and we'll see if we can't fix it so she won't have any more attacks."

"I'll do that, Doc, if you're sure it will do my wife any good," the young man assented, "but I wish you'd explain what it's all about."

The physician explained the modern method of treating the ancient and terrifying disease called asthma. Until within a very few years, asthma and its first cousin, hay fever, were regarded as distinct diseases of the respiratory tract. Now they are recognized as symptoms of a systemic condition for which a new name has been coined. This new name is "allergy," which means an abnormal reaction or response to certain external stimuli.

The sufferer from asthma or hay fever merely reacts more violently than do normal persons to some one of the hundreds of things which most of us eat or inhale every day without discomfort. Such substances, always organic in their nature, animal or vegetable, never mineral, are called "allergens," or breeders of allergy.

So the physician's problem is to find out which particular allergen gives the particular patient either asthma or hay fever. Usually the answer is found quickly, by means of a so-called "skin test."

Hundreds of extracts of the substances which most commonly cause the symptoms of hay fever and asthma are obtainable from laboratories which specialize in their production, in the form of extracts. Making a scratch in the skin, an eighth of an inch long and not deep enough to draw blood, the physician rubs a drop or two of such an extract into the scratch. If, in the course of a few minutes, the skin around the scratch begins to turn red, and in half an hour or so a well-defined circular patch of skin, about the size of a five-cent piece, has become red and puffed up, forming what



(One doctor found the source of his patient's asthma in the lion's mane at the Zoo.)

doctors call a "wheal" or welt, it is proof that the allergen of which the extract was used is the cause of the symptoms.

"So what I did with your wife," my friend went on to explain to his visitor, "was to make skin tests of numerous allergens, to all of which her response was negative; no wheal appeared. Then I began to do a little deduction from known facts, the principal one of which is that she never had asthma before her marriage to you. Now, one of the commonest allergens is dandruff or skin-scales from the horse, dog, cat, rabbit or other animals. When she told me you had dandruff, I felt sure I had hit upon the source of her trouble. I sent your hairbrushes to the laboratory and had a sterilized extract prepared from the combings and washings from them. I gave her a skin-test with that and she reacted positively and immediately.

"Now in this case it is hardly practicable to separate her from the cause of her trouble, except temporarily, so I am going to try to desensitize her. If you will bring me all the hair you can spare from your head I shall have the laboratory make a sufficient supply of protein extract from it to give her the immunizing treatment, which is usually successful. But if she is constantly exposed to the influence of the allergen which originates in your scalp, the treatment will be less likely to succeed. So that is why I think you ought to take another long trip, leaving her at home, if you can arrange it."

"It's a sort of 'hair of the dog that bit you' treatment, then, Doc?" asked the young man. "If you say it will work, go to it. It happens that I can make a trip—I was going to let another man do it—to Europe, to be gone about six weeks. Will that be time enough?"

"It ought to be," replied the physician. The young man brought him a hatful, more or less, of his hair and started for Europe. The physician gave the young wife a small hypodermic injection of the protein prepared from her husband's hair every two or three days, about twenty treatments in all. A month after the husband's return from Europe the couple called at the physician's office, beaming.

"I've been home four weeks and she hasn't had a single attack of asthma," the husband reported.

Except for the unusual nature of the exciting cause, or allergen, the case of this young woman is a fairly complete picture of the modern method of detecting the cause and applying the curative treatment both of asthma and of hay fever, diseases which have baffled medical science until very recently, and which still cause untold suffering and incapacity to hundreds of thousands and death to some.

Almost everybody knows somebody who is afflicted with asthma, but for the benefit of those who do not realize the seriousness, here is an extract from a description written in the Second Century, A.D., by Aretaeus, a Greek physician. The translation is from a recently-published work on the subject by Dr. William S. Thomas of New York, who says that it applies well today:

"The symptoms of its approach are heaviness of the chest; sluggishness to one's accustomed work, and to every other exertion; difficulty of breathing in running or on a steep road; hoarseness and cough; restlessness; pulse at night small and imperceptible; nose sharp and ready for respiration.

"But if the evil gradually gets worse, the cheeks are ruddy;

eyes protuberant, as if from strangulation; a rôle during the waking state, but the evil much worse in sleep; voice liquid and without resonance; a desire of much and of cold air; they eagerly go into the open air, since no house sufficeth for their respiration; they breathe standing, as if desiring to draw in all the air which they possibly can inhale; and, in their want of air, they also open the mouth as if thus to enjoy the more of it; pale in the countenance, except the cheeks, which are ruddy; sweat about the forehead and clavicles; cough incessant and laborious; expectoration small, thin, cold, resembling the efflorescence of foam; neck swells with the inflation of the breath (pneuma); the praecordia retracted; pulse small, dense, compressed, legs slender, and if these symptoms increase, they sometimes produce suffocation, after the form of epilepsy.

"But if it takes a favorable turn, cough more protracted and rarer; a more copious expectoration of more fluid matters; voice louder; sleep sufficient; relaxation of the praecordia; sometimes a pain comes into the back during the remission; panting rare, soft, hoarse. Thus they escape a fatal termination. But, during the remissions, although they may walk about erect, they bear the traces of the affection."

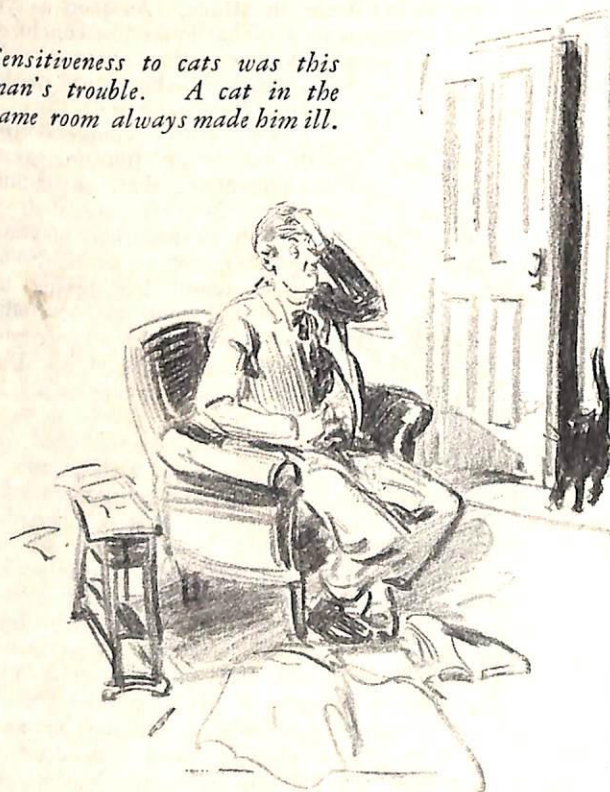
As to hay fever, which is the first cousin to asthma, about this time of the year tens of thousands of Americans are beginning their annual pilgrimage to distant regions in order to escape its symptoms of sneezing, coughing, intense coryza or running at the nose and uncontrollable weeping from the inflammation of the eyelid linings. Nobody dies of hay fever, and friends of its victims are apt to regard it as more or less of a joke.

Nobody who has witnessed an asthmatic patient struggling for breath, unable to lie down without choking or to exert himself at all without a paroxysm amounting almost to strangulation, feels inclined to laugh, however. Few die of asthma, in proportion to the number of its victims, but it leaves them with their vital energies greatly reduced, making them susceptible to other diseases from which they recover only with difficulty.

Asthmatics roam all over the world, seeking new habitations where they may be free from their affliction. Often they do so free themselves, not because of the change of climate but because of separation from the particular allergen which affects them.

Probably the most revolutionary recent advance in medicine, short of the discovery of the insulin treatment for diabetes, is the ability of the physician of today to cure more than half of the asthmatics and hay fever victims, and to relieve the other half of the worst of their symptoms, eventually to curing most of them, if they are willing to undergo a sufficiently long period of treatment. For the comparatively simple

(Sensitiveness to cats was this man's trouble. A cat in the same room always made him ill.)



laboratory methods necessary are at command of any medical man. An enormous list has been compiled of substances which have been found to bring on attacks of asthma or of any fever, of which extracts and proteins for testing and treatment are available. One thing is certain: climate and weather have but little to do with causing these symptoms.

Another discovery is that a large percentage of allergy sufferers have inherited their afflictions. Such subjects frequently display an unaccountable, innate dislike of certain foods and have abnormal sensitiveness to them. Everybody, almost, knows somebody who is subject to "strawberry rash." There is something more than superstition in the old-fashioned idea that buckwheat cakes cause pimples; cereals of all kinds, especially buckwheat, are among the commonest "allergens" or breeders of allergy, as are also eggs.

I know a dramatic critic who always felt ill whenever a cat entered the room. His family and friends laughed for years at what seemed to them a foolish idiosyncrasy. Fifteen hypodermic injections of cat hair protein, at intervals of from three to five days completely eliminated my friend's sensitiveness to cats.

Hair, feathers, vegetable pollens of almost every kind, house dust, which may contain a dozen different organic substances, eggs, fish, fruits, all the cereal grains—in fact every kind of organic matter which may be eaten, breathed, or in any other way brought into contact with the mucous membranes of the nose and mouth, may be the cause of any particular case of asthma.

Sometimes it is necessary to make skin tests with a dozen, perhaps a hundred suspected substances before discovering the one which brings on the wheal which proves that that is the allergen which is causing all the trouble. But so convinced are most of the patients that it is a matter of climate, it is frequently difficult for the physician to persuade them to undergo these skin tests; moreover, tests by all the usual substances are often entirely negative. In such cases the doctor finds it necessary to learn everything possible about the patient's personal habits and environments, and by suggesting changes in these to arrive by a process of elimination at the real cause.

In one case a man living in a New Jersey suburb became convinced that the climate of that town differed from that of New York City, since he had nightly attacks of asthma when at home, but never when he stayed overnight in New York. He was afraid he would have to sell his suburban house and move to the city. The skin tests for feathers, fur, house dust and all of the commoner allergens, gave negative reactions in his case. At the doctor's suggestion, he spent several nights in succession at the country club in his home town, where he was entirely free from asthma. Then the doctor went to his house. After a careful examination, which failed to disclose anything which might have affected his patient, it occurred to him to rip open the pillows and see what was inside of them. To the doctor's surprise and the horror of the good housewife, the pillows were found to contain great quantities of dead moths and moth eggs. A test extract was made from these, to which the patient gave a positive reaction. This case of asthma was entirely relieved by the substitution of new pillows.

Physicians skilled in the treatment of asthma by the modern method prefer to bring about the cure by removing the cause, rather than desensitization. That is an improvement on the old method of removing the patient—to a different climate where, if luck was with him, he might find relief; though if the cause of his asthma was goose-feathers or hen-feathers, both of which are found in almost all pillows everywhere, no change of climate did him any good. I have a friend in Chicago whose little daughter had frightening attacks of asthma all through the winter, but in the summer, when she spent the school vacation at her grand-



(The overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, followed by the cutting of pigtails, resulted in a New York wig-maker contracting asthma.)

mother's rustic camp in northern Michigan, she was entirely free from them. As soon as she got on the boat to return to Chicago the asthmatic attacks would begin again. Patient analysis and skin tests showed that she was susceptible to both goose feathers and hen feathers. At the camp the only pillows used were filled with aromatic pine needles. So her problem was simply solved by providing her bed at home with pine needle and kapok pillows. That might not work with everybody, for kapok affects certain individuals.

SILK is a very common source of asthma, and as it is almost impossible to live in the modern world without coming into contact with silk, immunization by a protein prepared from silk usually has to be resorted to. Some individuals are susceptible to only particular kinds of silk. A young woman, the daughter of a physician who has made the treatment of allergy his specialty, started on a cruise to the West Indies last fall. She had had occasional asthmatic attacks, the source of which was still a mystery to her physician-father. She had responded to none of the skin tests for the usual causes.

As her ship slipped out into the Gulf Stream, and the climate became warmer, she unpacked her luggage and put on thinner clothes. That night she had a serious attack of asthma. She knew enough about possible causes of the trouble to analyze the situation. She concluded that the only thing which could have brought on the attack was a dress made of raw or tussah silk, which she had thrown into one of her suitcases at the last minute, though she had not worn it since the previous summer. She wrapped that dress up in newspapers, buried it at the bottom of her trunk, and had no more trouble with asthma. On her return to New York her father prepared a testing protein from tussah silk, which gave a positive skin reaction. No other kind of silk affected the young woman in the least.

The overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty in China resulted in a New York workman coming down with violent attacks of asthma. When the Chinese threw off the yoke of their conquerors, they symbolized their freedom by cutting off their pigtails. This threw enormous quantities of Chinese hair on the market, and a New York dealer in hair goods was one of the purchasers. His chief wig-maker developed asthma and consulted a physician who discovered that, while

the wig-maker was immune to all other kinds of hair, he reacted positively to Chinese hair. He was successfully inoculated by a protein prepared from Chinese hair, and had no further attacks.

Not a few cases of asthma have been traced to stuffed [Continued on page 55]



(This doctor, after an exhaustive search for the cause of his patient's asthma, discovered it in the feathers of two pet parrots.)

What Price VERAC

By Zack
Cartwright



*(The active mingling of
the Trouble Kid,
Alexander the Guileful
and Athabasca Red*

cially up here in this dern Canady where it seemed like a woman didn't know what gratitude was? But who would expect one to turn and bemean a person after what he had done for her? Hadn't he let on and lied and run bluffs with his old gun just to help her get away from a blame mounted policeman that was trying to bother her? Yes, and got actually shot at for robbery and pretty near his ears chewed off for kidnapery and more than half drowned after being the same as chased for over two hundred miles? When God knew he hadn't done a thing in the world?"

If he didn't find a job pretty soon and go to eating regular, his stomach would figure his throat was cut. He'd have to think up something practical. But no more blamed foolishness with his old Betsy gun! It was her that like to got him drowned when he jumped himself into the river that time.

It was then that Joe got a job. It was no great shakes of a job, but the mere getting of it was something, in that country where jobs were to be found less frequently than warts are commonly found on eggs.

The ferry had been restored to service on Big Smoky that morning after an interruption due to the annual spring flood. Joe Hatch determined to cross to the stopping-house and buy himself something to eat. That was the most practical thing at the time.

On its first trip, the ferry carried the mail-stage. When Joe identified among the passengers his Miss Bradley of recent bitter memory, he booted his brown horse to wakefulness and rode out of sight behind the cover of some scrub. It was the best, he felt, that the past should be allowed to die as painlessly as possible. Let her go on to her Pa, or wherever she was going, and forget him, just as he had practically forgot there was such a person as her. Yes, and the twenty-four dollars he'd put down for the ticket she was riding on! Joe

THERE were two things absolutely fatal to all vows of self-restraint and veracity Joe Hatch might make. One of these things was approbation in any form, and the other was lack of it. Small wonder then, that between themselves, Alexander Ross and his cook were able to cast Joe on the horns of a fearful dilemma. Consider:

No sooner had Joe Hatch recovered from his attack of nervous prostration, induced by seeing a mounted policeman where, reasonably, none should have been, he drew apart in spirit and invited the counsel of his better senses, such as they were. These indicated to Joe the wisdom of abandoning the pursuit of all heroic ideal, temporarily at least. His financial condition lent further weight to this conclusion.

"What did it get you," Joe sternly demanded of himself, "to go busting around helping women out of distress? Espe-

ITY!

Illustrations by
Harold
Von
Schmidt



was positive he had forgotten that. He peered out at her as the stage passed and uttered a windy sigh to prove it. What hadn't he suffered on account of that one girl? But now, he thanked heaven, his lesson had been learned.

It was to appear, however, that he had not taken account of Alexander Ross and his cook.

Alexander Ross took the half-dollar Joe tendered him and examined it critically, as if for possible scars, birthmarks or other blemishes.

"What's the matter?" Joe wanted to know, "isn't that right?"

Mr. Ross dropped the coin into his pocket. "Aye, it seems a sound piece at that, only what would it be for now?"

"For? Why, don't you charge for riding on these boats?" "It's no boat, but a scow!" explained Mr. Ross. "An' it's free for th' use of every idler that cares to go wanderin' along th' trail, worse luck. Injuns even! No matter if 'tis only one of them vagabones, I've to drop all my work an' be here to put him safely across. Wastin' my time!"

"But don't you get paid for doin' it?" "Paid?" A spasm of pain flickered across Mr. Ross' leathery features. "I am out of money over th' head of it, what with havin' a cook that's too proud to stir himself out of th' kitchen. And what like is th' labor a man can hire nowadays? Here did I keep a hand, in idleness practically, the whole winter past and this mornin' he quits me. Not a stroke has he done for a week with the ferry tied up, so he quits to take a profit on th' job." Mr. Ross appeared to recall himself suddenly. "Did you want to cross, now?"

"Yeh!" Joe answered. "An' how about that fifty cents?" It was clear that Mr. Ross failed to understand him. "What fifty cents would that be, now?"

"The one I give you." "Aye, so ye did. Ye gave it to me. Well, thank ye for it." "Give her back here," Joe ordered. "I'm already out money the way it is. I thought they charged for these ferries."

Mr. Ross asked him not to be ridiculous; he had explained that there was no charge. And there was no rule against the operator taking a fifty-cent piece when it was given him. His title to the piece was clear and valid, and he would stand by that.

Mr. Ross set the ferry in motion for the return trip and Joe dismounted, hoping that his mere height would constitute a threat against imposition.

But the undersized Mr. Ross declined to be impressed. It was no good Joe's thinking a disturbance would gain him any-

*(Ross, his shirt in tatters,
came in to the kitchen to
relate his humiliating en-
counter with Athabasca
Red rather than let the
cook tell it.
"I'd no mind to give
th' great bully his pleas-
ure in spankin' me, so I
eluded him!" he said.*

thing save possibly trouble. He was a regular employe of the government, Ross pointed out, in charge of its craft on navigable waters. Any display of violence would probably be dealt with by court martial. "That's much harsher than ordinary law," he declared.

Still, he would not wish to make a bad friend over so small a matter, Mr. Ross went on. If Joe had still another fifty-cent piece and cared to confide the justice of his claim to pure chance, then Mr. Ross was willing to meet him. Here was a pack of cards—he just happened to have them in his hip pocket—suppose they cut for high on a wager of fifty cents? When Joe in weakness and frustration assented to this and put down his money, Mr. Ross harassed the frayed and dog-eared cards through a butter-fingered shuffling and held them out.

Joe drew the eight of hearts and was congratulated on his fine chances by Mr. Ross, who promptly turned up the king of diamonds.

"That proves it," he insisted, collecting the coins from the deck. "I always say if a man comes by a thing dishonestly he'll have bad luck over it. There'd be a kind of fate about it, don't you think?"

Joe did not think so but he was afraid to risk his voice at that moment. It would be awful, he thought, to bust out crying again simply because he could not do anything else. He was going all to pieces, looked like. And he hadn't cried, but once, since his pap took a hame-strap to him last time. That had been for gambling too; he lost his two dollars of spending money that his pap had given him when he went along to the county fair at Carthage, and they won a blue rosette with the jack colt, Brigham Young. A nigger racehorse man had a gambling trick with a piece of leather wound up into a ring. His pap had said, when he licked him, that it was for being a sucker. And his pap had showed him with the same hame-strap how it wasn't any gamble but a cinch. Joe blinked suddenly on realizing that he was a good two thousand miles from where he had learned that trick. This was a foreign country and it might be that this little feller hadn't ever had it explained to him. Now just how was it you fixed the strap?

With the money making trick firmly restored to his memory, Joe prepared to put it to the test. He detached a rein from the brown horse's bridle, smiling indifferently at Alexander Ross.

"I never could gamble for sour apples anyway," he said, "an' I don't figure you got a right to keep my fifty cents, either. But I claim if a person's got good judgment and wants to back it, that's different. That's the way I always gamble, like guessin' how many hands is a mule high or what does a shoat weigh. Now I've saw people back their judgments on this here—You just notice!"

Mr. Ross watched him very carefully as Joe doubled the strap at its middle and, turning this doubled end sharply back on itself, rolled the strap into a tight flat coil. He held the coil up before him. "You see them two holes through the coil where I doubled this strap? Which one do you say would be inside th' loop if I unrolled it?"

NOW Alexander Ross was not a foolish person. By observing closely, he saw what Joe had apparently failed to conceal—that this strap had been doubled with the undressed sides together.

"Um! Ye'd not be looking for work yoursel' now, would ye? I take this hole!" He thrust a match stick through his choice and waited.

"It's all a matter of judgment." Joe looked closely at the arrangement of his strap. "You had first guess, but I wouldn't 'a took that hole anyway. Yeah, I'm kinda lookin' for work."

"This hole for th' fifty cents," Mr. Ross insisted. "I'm lookin' for a man that's lookin' for work." But Joe replied that Mr. Ross had his only fifty-cent piece. Unless he gave it back—well, would he make change out of this five then? And what did Mr. Ross figure to pay for work? Mr. Ross hadn't enough change for the five. But he had a ten and if Joe had another five they might as well bet 'em. He paid forty a month and board for merely running the ferry and helping a bit with the wood cutting and haying in summer-time. In winter it was nothing, practically. A man with a bit of energy about him would never call it work at all.

Joe's other five was a ten-spot. The fifteen dollars, he said, were all he had, barring the four bits of his that Mr. Ross wrongfully retained. Ross covered the fifteen, standing firmly

on his choice of the holes as indicated by his matchstick.

"It's a bargain, then?" he asked.

"There's only one point," Joe answered. "Fore I do a tap of work I got to have a meal. I missed breakfast this mornin'. Now let's see who's right!" They prepared for the decision, Ross clutching the matchstick at either side of the coil. Joe, with his breath as near bated as he could get it, pulled sharply on the loose ends of the strap and his confidence in this particular money-making device was miraculously vindicated. The match was not inside the loop.

"There you are!" Joe told him, and gathered up the bills. Alexander Ross looked thoughtfully at the match still held in his fingers, and made a sound like "Snfph!" It was as though he held grave suspicions that the results would have been the same had he chosen the other hole. And it may be recorded here that they would have been, all element of chance being eliminated from that trick by intent.

Not until the ferry had reached shore did Mr. Ross again address himself to Joe Hatch.

"YOU can go now and see the cook, will he give you anything to eat or not. I'll no make any promises for him."

"That's all right," said Joe, "but what about my fifty cents?"

"Your fifty—!" howled Mr. Ross. "An' me standin' here the loser over takin' ye for a straight-forrad lad that would appreciate the good job I was givin' him? Begone now, an' mind that ye waste no more time jawin' over yon matter whilst I'm payin' ye wages. It's a holy wonder I'd have ye about me after such trickery."

The truth was, however, that it would have taken a substantial cash inducement for Mr. Ross to have parted with Joe Hatch at the time. For he was not in the purest sense a sportsman, having but little respect for the discretion of that fickle goddess, Chance. He declined most invitations to fortune in favor of his own more certain plan of selling accommodation for man and beast at the rate of fifty cents' worth for a dollar—not an activity to be sneezed at.

Between these aspects of the man himself and the fact that he stood in his own debt to the amount of fifteen dollars for the privilege of knowing Joe Hatch, it is quite understandable that he should resolve to keep Joe with him at any cost. Not until he had perfected a plan for skinning the young man out of shirt, pants and eye-teeth would Mr. Ross feel that his vengeance had been appeased and his pride sustained.

Fervently he hoped that the cook would be insulted at Joe's request for mid-morning service and chase him rapidly away from the door. There was foundation for this hope for the cook, an aloof seafaring man, had stated his position most emphatically on entering the employment of Mr. Ross. He was properly a ship's cook, and he would not go aloft or over-side; the galley would be open for inspection and the drawing of stores at one period of the day only. Wood and water were to be issued likewise for he would neither hew nor draw; anyone entering his precincts at irregular hours would get crowned with the stock-pot. He would take no jawing or slack of any kind. This bellicose attitude had irked Mr. Ross, depriving him of the privilege of complaining except to himself.

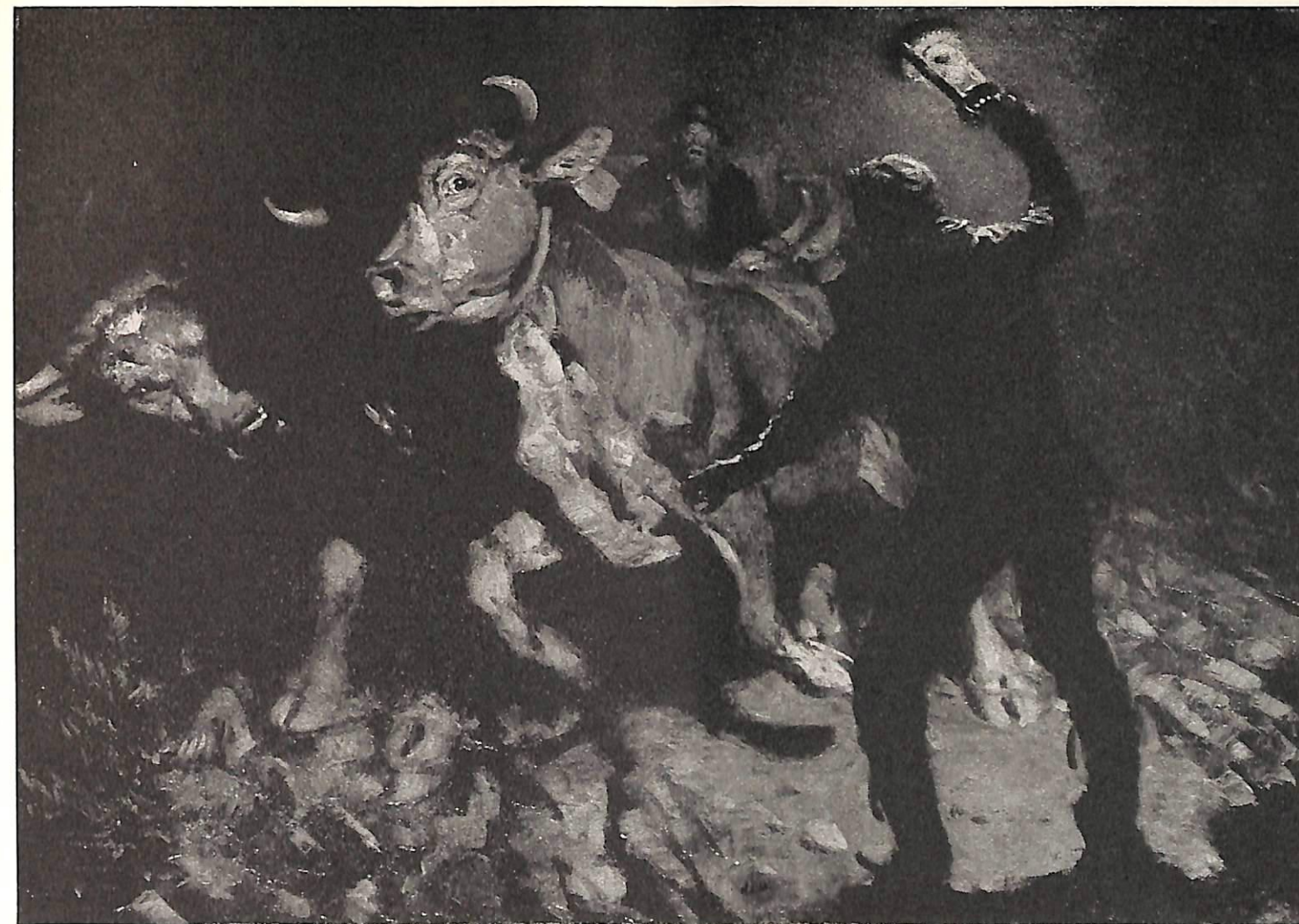
Joe Hatch went straight to the cook's heart.

"Cook," he began from the kitchen door, "I just hired out to the little feller that runs this here. He's taken four bits off me too, that he shouldn't ought of—and he said you prob'ly wouldn't gimme anything to eat either. But, cook, I ain't et since—" Joe broke off, his nostrils assailed by the heavy tantalizing odor of cookery.

"im?" the cook snorted. "im tellin' if I'll feed or not, is 'e? Gord's nyme!" With deliberate fury he stabbed a knife into the vitals of a potato he was peeling. He rose, glared at Joe Hatch and wiped his hands on the dish towel. "Come 'ere," he commanded, "an' si' down! Oo do 'e think is runnin' this blawsted galley, uh? Not feed! I on'y wish 'e was 'ere an' you was twins or triples, so's I could give 'im the lie to 'is fyce. 'Ere's a bit of pork and beans an' a dish of stew to get on wiv till I can fry up some taters an' things."

"Aw, cook!" said Joe Hatch from the fulness of his heart.

It was well into the shank of the forenoon when Joe began conscientiously to eat everything put before him. The cook's offerings were at first made in a spirit of resentment that Mr. Ross should presume even to guess at what he would do. They were continued out of wonder and admiration at the remark-



Red had roared profanely that he would stop where he pleased, at which Joe suddenly whirled his light under the lead bulls' noses. They responded by promptly taking to the woods in demoralized flight.

able performance Joe was giving on his end of the table.

At eleven-thirty Joe intimated that he thought he could manage with what he'd had, but the cook would not hear of it. Dinner was nearly ready anyhow, and Joe might as well eat his right there with the cook.

There came a time, however, when Joe discovered the handle of his hoss-pistol was occupying room in his trousers' top that was badly needed for expansion. He removed the obstructing Betsy and laid her on the table beside his plate.

Observe then, the calamitous train of circumstances set in motion by Joe's action. The cook, sitting opposite him, stared bug-eyed at the weapon and exclaimed "Gaw! Whatever you doin' wiv that thing on you?" It was Joe's cue to speak out frankly in the light of his recent experience and admit that he was doing nothing at all; the faintest recollection of his good resolutions of that morning would have required as much from him. Unfortunately, that high moment had sprung from an empty and aching stomach and from a great loneliness and weariness with the outcast life he led.

But now Joe Hatch was fed. Within two minutes the cook's enthusiastic questioning had brought Joe to admit that he carried the gun for a definite purpose.

"I figgers a bloke wouldn't keep that iron stowed abaht 'im f'r nothink. Somebody's crusin' around after you, an' you wants to be manned w'en 'e overhauls you, huh?"

There was certainly nobody looking for him, Joe was truthful enough to insist. "Then it's the other way abaht!" the cook declared. "You're layin' in 'ere wiv the notion he'll myke the plyce sometime or other. No good standin' shy of me myte, I'm 'opin' you'll runs afoul of 'im right 'ere. I ain't seen what I'd call a massacre since—it's been years. What do he look like, this bloke yer layin' fer? Tell me abaht it."

Even then, Joe might have found safety in a general denial of the cook's assumptions, but it was hard to rebuff the man after such lavish feeding. Avoiding exact descriptions and circumstances he allowed himself to admit that a guy—a big guy—had done him dirt once, real dirt too.

"An' when you meets up wiv 'im?" the cook prompted. When he met up with him—Joe looked at the cook and made an inclusive gesture that took in all that had been said or implied and embracing the ancient Betsy-gun on the table.

There appeared to be little harm in this at the time. Indeed Joe had clung to the semblance of truth in designating his presumptive victim. A large man, a sergeant of mounted police in particular, had done or caused to be done, a species of dirt to Joe no great while before. Nor would any evil consequences have attended Joe's indefinite threat had not Mr. Ross appeared at the door leading to the dining-room. Over the top half which stood open, Mr. Ross said "Phoo!"

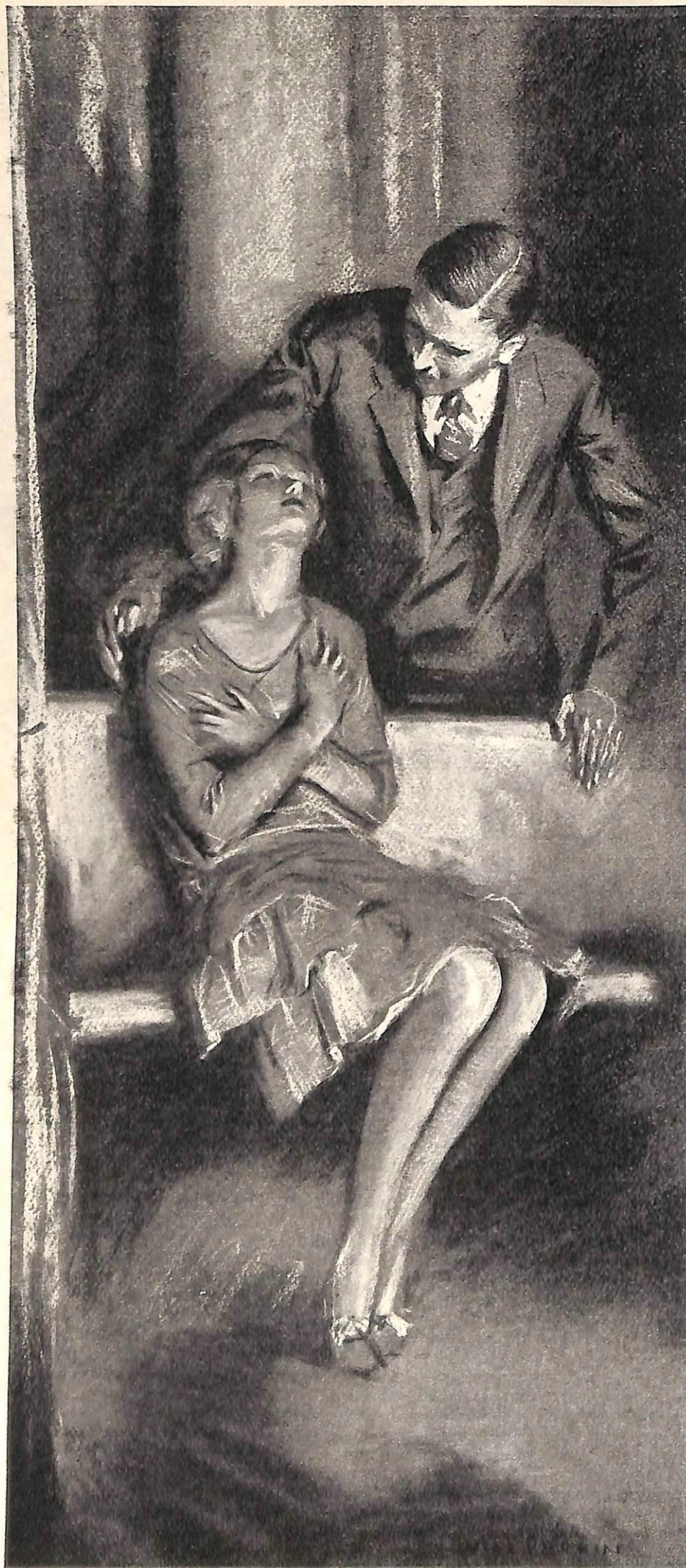
The cook turned to glare at Mr. Ross and rose from his seat. "Wait, now!" he admonished Joe. "Si' down! Lemme tell 'im off. I'll do it good an' proper, I will!" He made quite unnecessary gestures of forcing Joe back into his seat and marched across the kitchen toward Mr. Ross. "Nah, wot did you say?"

Mr. Ross stepped back from the opening, but morally he stood his ground. "I said 'Phoo'," he repeated. "And I'd say it ag'in, mind ye, if it was both of ye threatenin' me. Yon's a braggart an' worse! For ye to be fillin' yer gawp wiv his prattle of murders and vengeance is wicked. An' him a trickin' schemer that has swindled me away fra' fifteen good dollars th' mornin'!"

"Liar!" the cook howled. "It was you prigged a 'awf-crown off 'im. I 'eard abaht it! An' f'r schemin' an' tricksterin' I'll lay you ag'in the best of 'em. Oo are you, to tell me wot's wicked, hah? Nah, I'll tell you somethink abaht yerself!"

He did, eloquently, for a good half hour.

Had Joe been in any sense a critical audience, he would have realized as the diatribe progressed that his champion was introducing a great quantity of purely extraneous prophesy into his defense. Actually, the cook was vowing in the name of all manner of profane deities that when the time came, his myte 'ere would show a certain squinch-eyed, penny-weaslin' baboon whevver he'd fight or not. [Continued on page 59]



Out of

By PHYLLIS

SHE had told her mother—indeed, she had told herself—that she was going in search of white violets. So she turned off the main road at the drinking fountain and progressed steadily along a deserted cartpath, a mere fossil of a thoroughfare, with the old wagon ruts scarcely visible beneath the grass. As though white violets were some holy grail, she looked neither to the right nor the left; she abandoned the faint trail at the spot where three young birches swayed sentimentally toward one another and picked her way unhesitatingly across a swampy meadow, stepping on grassy clods that oozed marsh water as her feet pressed upon them. The west wind was blowing against her face, and abruptly it was sweet with an unmistakable perfume. Before her lay Coleman's brook, stumbling down its stony way to the creek, between fragrant banks. White violets . . . Ellen Cook sat down on a stone and looked at them, and, as deliberately as she made every turn in the route from her house, she put up her slim, browned hands to her face and began to cry.

Not that white violets had the remotest thing to do with it. She could have cried quite as easily, if less privately, beside the lilac bush at her own kitchen door. Violets, lilacs, apple blossoms . . . they all meant, merely, that another summer had begun, and summer, to Ellen Cook, was an endless succession of minor irritations played above the underlying chords of one enduring heartache.

Summer and summer people . . .

They would come into the store at every conceivable hour, demanding anchovy paste and pate-de-foie-gras and truffles. They would want cases of ginger ale delivered "right away, please," and they would be everlastingly surprised and wounded that there were no limes, no alligator pears, no endive. "What! You don't carry it!" they would exclaim, in incredulous voices. "Oh, well, this is the country!" And Ellen would glance sideways at the strange merchandise on the shelves of Mr. Parker's store—chutney from India, pale grated cheese from Italy, even bamboo sprouts from the Orient—all of them, things for whose presence there she was responsible, all of them delicacies which made Parker's the mecca of the summer people and her own salary the almost inconceivable one of

"I ask the stars," sang Ellen. And then just at the place where Karl leaned forward to kiss her, Andy came down the aisle.

CA Love Story in which a Village Girl challenges her gay "Summer Visitors" Season

DUGANNE

Illustrated by
Will Perrin

eighteen dollars a week, and her gray eyes would grow cold with anger. Summer people! How she hated them! Yet that, and more she could have borne and not really cared. It was their relationship with Andrew Freeman which was unendurable.

Her hands dropped to her lap and she ceased crying. Somehow she couldn't cry with any real conviction when she was thinking of Andy. She loved him; she had always loved him—and he loved her. Even when he made her miserable she found an underlying happiness in the mere fact of his existence, an exultant pride because he was her own. Ever since they had been children, Memorial Day, with its first trainloads of summer people, had automatically taken part of Andy away from her, just as Labor Day returned him to her, intact. So probably it would always be. The real Andy belonged to her, and she knew it.

Everyone in Dorset knew that she and Andy would be married as soon as Lulie was through Normal School and could help support their mother, as soon as Andy had the greenhouses on a paying basis. Her heart beat faster as she thought of the greenhouses. The trucking business which he had started when he finished high school, had ended disastrously. But the greenhouses were a good thing, and Andy's interest in them was holding out. Desperately she worked to restrain him from enlarging them; there were now only six notes remaining to be paid; by autumn, profits could be counted really as profits.

The violets grew thickly; she took off her soft felt hat and dropped them into it, and the wind blew her brown hair into tendrils about her tanned face. Leaning forward, she could see her own oval face, reflected in the brook. Wide-apart gray eyes, a firm, rather serious mouth. She nodded at it, gravely, and then, abruptly, she laughed at herself. To think that she had been crying! She, Ellen Cook, twenty-three years old, with the task of making Andrew Freeman Dorset's leading citizen, before her! Not such a difficult task, with everyone loving Andy as they did. They loved him, men, women and children, for his virtues, his generosity, his friendliness, his charm.

She took the lower road and paused, at the top of the hill above the town, to survey with a sort of maternal solicitude the glass roofs of the greenhouses, flashing in the sun. Above the green door of the office hung the painted sign: *Dorset Greenhouses—Andrew Freeman, Proprietor.*

The warm air was deliciously heavy with the smell of earth and growing plants, as she opened the door; she set down her hat and crossed the office.

"Hi!" she called.

Andrew Freeman was thinning out young zinnia plants; his profile, cut sharply against the luminous glass, was serious; the strained sunlight lay warmly on his thick hair. He turned, and solemnity vanished before his irregular small-boy's grin.

"Hi, yourself, Nelly!"

She remonstrated feebly as his hard young arms went about her, as his laughing mouth pressed firmly upon hers.

"Do you realize that this place has glass walls?" she demanded, severely, trying to pull herself away from him.

"Who's throwing stones?" He laughed at her, his arms still about her, his head bent so that his face was close to hers. Laughter and Andy . . . sometimes, too, there might be tears and Andy, but never when she was near him. Laughter welled within her, exultant laughter, clamoring to be given voice. "C'mon in the office. I was just getting some plants ready for Mis' Kensington."

His arm still about her waist, they returned along the narrow lane into the cooler chamber.

"You having supper with us tonight, Andy?" Her voice was casual; her

As the love song on the stage progressed, Ellen was conscious of Andy's presence down in the orchestra, his eyes somberly, smoulderingly, fixed upon her.



heart thumped, as it always thumped when she was beside him. "Uh-huh. Gotta go early, though. Betsy Burt wants me to drop in an' help her make plans for her new garden. They've got a swell new car—Panhard roadster. I had it out this morning." He sprawled in the swivel chair, long legs outstretched, lighted a cigarette with a swift scratch of his blackened thumbnail upon the match.

Ellen looked at him. Last summer, it had been Leila Kensington who had needed his attention and advice so often. And now Mrs. Burt had a new roadster and a new garden and a delicious inability to cope with either of them alone. In spite of herself, she smiled. It was irritating, but it was also more than a little absurd, the frankness with which these summer women pursued Andy:

"How can you go on looking ten years old, Andy Freeman?" she demanded. "My land, in another five years, people'll be taking me for your mother!"

HIS cloudless blue eyes grinned at her. "Li'l half pint!" he retorted affectionately. "Gosh, Nelly—" The telephone was ringing; his brown arm, with the shirt-sleeve rolled up, brushed her nose as he reached out to pull it toward him. "Yeah? Oh—hello, Mis' Burt." He leaned back in the chair, with an amused flash of his eyes at Ellen, the cigarette still dangling from a corner of his mouth. "Yeah? Well, I told you they wouldn't grow in that soil, didn't I? Maybe next time—" His grin made the cigarette's position precarious; he removed it, chuckling, still looking at Ellen, as though they shared an intense amusement. "As a gardener you're sure one swell taxi-cab driver!" Ellen could hear the soprano of Betsy Burt's voice tinkling over the wires, punctuated by vivacious laughter. "Huh? Yeah. I could stop in to Joe Callahan's an' get you a bottle. Four dollars a quart, I think." Ellen's lips tightened. "An' don't kill any more plants 'til I get there. Bye-bye." He shoved the telephone back against the wall, and grinned at Ellen.

"Gee, you're fresh!" she commented. He rescued his cigarette. "Aw, they like it, Nelly! 'S business."

"Oh, it's business, is it!" She was trying to look severe, which was difficult to do when she was looking at Andy. "Are you a florist or a bootlegger, Andy Freeman?"

He laughed imperturbably. "Oh, she's got some folks comin' in an' hasn't any liquor—you know how they are."

"I've got to get home," she gave it up. "You'll be 'long about six, Andy?"

He nodded, pulling her head down to him so that he could kiss her. With an abrupt, unexpected gesture, he ran his two hands through her hair, tumbling it relentlessly about her face.

"Oh, Andy!" Through the disordered mass, she tried to look reproving. "How many times—" "Have I said I love You!" he sang at her. "Love me, Nelly?"

"Oh—yes!" Her mouth quivered with indignant laughter. "You be on time, now! I'll make hot biscuits."

He was still laughing when she closed the door and went out, and as she walked home, her own heart laughed within her breast.

He laughed with her mother during supper, teased her, flirted with her, and Mrs. Cook emerged from her habitual melancholy languor to flush and coquette like a girl. Ellen watched them, watching Andy's acceptance of feminine adoration. Strangely, he wasn't spoiled by it. It had always been so. He pushed back his chair and smiled at Ellen.

"Well, babe—got to toddle along."

She rose, too. "Gee, I wish you didn't have to!" They might have gone to the moving pictures, sitting close together in the dim hall, their fingers entwined. She stood at the kitchen door, smiling wistfully as he bounded into his car and was off down the road toward the Burts' modern Basque cottage.

"You'd think that that Mis' Burt'd be satisfied with two husbands!" Ellen's mother remarked, finally.

Ellen, bent over the sink, smiled faintly. "You'd think so," she murmured. Yet how, really, could any woman be satisfied with any man other than Andy? Unseen, she flushed. Sometimes the extent to which she was in love embarrassed her. It seemed, well, silly!

Shutters everywhere were being flung back upon the shingles and clapboards of summer cottages; awnings flared against

the blue skies. Hills that had been dark shadows against the evening sky were now spotted with lights. There was no time for casual conversation, no time even for casual thought, in Parker's store. Ellen rushed from the counter to the telephone in a ceaseless dance. "Can you wait on me, please? I'm in a frightful rush . . ."

"Well, Ellen Cook, have you married that handsome man of yours, yet?"

Ellen flushed with pleasure at the warm voice that sounded from the open doorway.

"Oh, Mrs. King!" She hurried toward her and the older woman bent forward to kiss her. "When did you get here?"

"Last night." The Kings, who slaved and sweated and swore all through the winter months managing a small theater in New York, spent their summer months in a vacation of slaving, sweating and swearing over a little theater in Dorset. "So you haven't married him, yet?"

Ellen shook her head. "This fall, I guess. Lulie gets through Normal this month; the greenhouses are doing grand and Andy's working so hard!"

Mrs. King pinched her cheek gently. "Oh, Ellen, Ellen, you're a fine, brave child!" Her hand rested for an instant on the girl's shoulder. "We've got the usual boarding-house, my dear. Joe's kid brother's with us, Minna Roth and her new husband—the Grifonis are coming Saturday—and a new man, Karl Flecker." As she talked, her large, golden-brown eyes smiled; it seemed to Ellen that as definite a warmth, a glow, radiated from the person of Muriel King as from an open fire.

Summer people! There were some like the Kings, some few who realized that the reality of Dorset lay, not in their own small group, but in the citizens whose ancestors had founded and built it. The rest of them gushed over the town, its quaintness, its charm—and tried to crowd from it the men and women who had made it.

Summer people!

Later in the afternoon, a green roadster sped by, and Andy's hand waved to her, lifted from the wheel; beside him, Betsy Burt was a docile and admiring passenger. Ellen didn't bother to return his greeting. Summer was summer, and Andy was Andy, and she knew quite well that she could either like it or lump it. There were six notes still to be paid on the greenhouses and the money of hero-worshiping ladies was as good—and infinitely more ready—than the money of ordinary gardeners.

Nelly?

They were returning together from the movies in his own car; Ellen's mouth jerked into a grin at the tone of his voice. How well she knew him!

"What you done, now?" she asked.

"Ain't done nothin', teacher!" His right hand was clasped tightly about hers. "D'you care if I don't take you to the dance Sat'day? You've been to so many of 'em. Lord knows, I wish I didn't have to go, but Mis' Burt's sister's comin' down and she asked me would I go along with them and after all she's ordered and everything I didn't see how I could refuse."

"I see," said Ellen, still smiling.

AND what if she *did* care? What if she said, "Yes, I do care! I want to go!" What then? She shrugged. Then Andy would be sorry; he'd take her to the dance.

"No, I don't care," said Ellen.

But she cared after supper, Saturday, when her mother looked up from her rocking and said, "Well, isn't it 'bout time for you to be gettin' ready, Ellen Cook?"

"I'm not going," said Ellen, shortly. "Andy's going with the Burts—they needed an extra man."

Mrs. Cook contemplated her daughter for a full minute before she spoke. "I didn't know as Andy was an extra man!" she said, then. "I was kind of under the impression he was *your* man! But I suppose you know your own business!" she sniffed.

Ellen smiled in spite of herself. It was so exactly what she *didn't* suppose—her own mother and Andy's mother and everyone else in Dorset—they worried, all of them, so much more than she did, at these summer lapses of Andy's.

After church, the next morning, she tried to avoid Andy's mother, but escape was impossible.

"You've got to do something 'bout Andy, Nelly! You know what time he got in this [Continued on page 62]

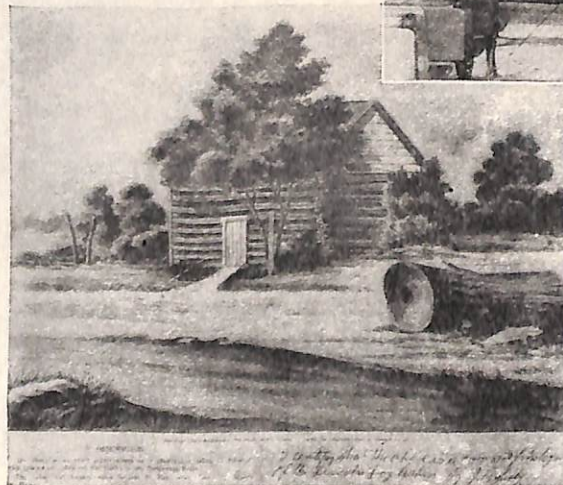


"Ob, bello, Mis' Burt," he said, with an amused flash of his eyes at Ellen. Ellen's lips tightened. It was irritating the way these summer women pursued Andy.

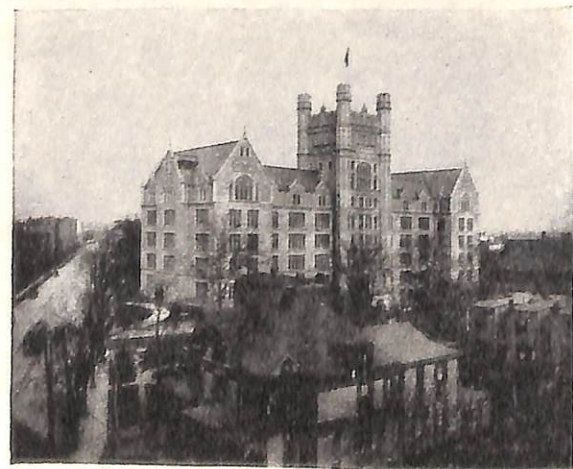


((Above)) The road past the country school-house, down which the younger generation threaded its way from farms and hamlets. Before the days of the motor bus.

((Below)) The log-cabin school Abraham Lincoln attended. The hardy pioneer combined letters with rail splitting. The beacon-light burned in darkness, and forth came Greatness.



((Below)) Today from out the clustered homes and shops and factories of city life, the modern school looms like the medieval castle on the Rhine. It serves as symbol of this nation's faith in the education of the masses—the right of each individual to mental preparedness.



((Above)) The New England Primer put fear into the heart of youth. Spelling was the pleasure, and sin the ever-present menace.

((Above)) Of all the familiar objects in the old school-room, the stove was the most conspicuous. The "big feller" kept the school fires burning.

((Right)) The old wooden frame school-house, with the bell, like a bird's nest clinging to the clap-boards, marked the 70's and 80's.

((Below)) Millions of dollars in property and in structures pour yearly into new school-houses—imposing institutions with latest equipment and certain luxury and beauty. This is the George Washington High School in New York.



HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

"The School-House Grows Up"

The Twelfth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES

WITH great tenderness, I dug among my hoarded treasures of youth and brought forth the slate that I had used when I went to school. "There," I said to the boy, "is the field of the Battle of Arithmetic." But I might just as well have exhumed the left wing of the Dodo bird for all the recognition the innocent little book-slate called forth. When I explained, with the meticulousness of a footnote, what it had been used for in the ancient days when I was young, he smiled condescendingly. "We don't use such things. They are unsanitary!" Probably they were, now I come to think about it: the moist, grimy hand that played upon its surface; the impatient breath or ever-ready saliva that used to be an aid to erasing; the mixture of butter that was rubbed on the surface of the slate to make the pencil marks more white. Surely pencil and paper are more vigorously practical. I sighed in memory of the fashion of yesteryear!

But I was not to be outdone. I held up my agate marble, with its half moons beneath the blood red and creamy surface like scars upon the face of generalship, and my mind went back to little hands with bleeding knuckles that used to stand up bravely for other boys to whack at. This veteran of a bygone age drew favorable response. The little cream colored orb with red and brown flecks might have been the sword Excalibur: it was a hero; there were others like it in the modern world. School-books may not be the same, routine of school life may change, methods may become antiquated, but games are the folklore of play. And children vary only as the world shackles them.

The school bag is a pathetic museum. The further back you travel in American history the more curious the exhibition, and the more likely are you to see how far afield was the educator in his effort to raise the youngster out of his state of original sin into the realm of law-abiding citizenship. Jonathan Edwards spoke of children as "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers." If that be so, it was necessary, as quickly as possible, to get them into the state of mind where they would have but one inevitable answer to Cotton Mather's question: "Whether they had rather enjoy God, than have all the Enjoyments in this World?" The school-book of colonial days was severe; it drew awe from the soul of youth; it gave him graveyard stories; it thrilled with the marvels of A-B-C, extracting from the single letter A one of the basic principles of theology:

"In Adam's Fall
We sinned all."

The tempting prices brought in the book-market for original copies of the *New England Primer* indicate that we are proudly conscious of the value of our educational curiosities. There may be a sentimental value attached

The Burning of Mr. JOHN ROGERS.



Mr. John Rogers, minister of the gospel in London, was the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, February the fourteenth, 1554; his wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast, following him to the stake, with which fearful light he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Some few days before his death he wrote the following advice to his children. GIVE ear, my children, to my words, whom God hath dearly bought, Lay up his laws within your hearts, and print them in your thoughts. I leave you here a little book, for you to look upon, That you may for your father's face, when he is dead and gone; Who for the hope of heavenly things, while he did here remain, Gave over all his golden years to prison and to pain. Where I among my iron bands encloseth in the dark, Not many days before my death, I did compose this work. And for example to your youth, to whom I with all good, I found you here GOD's perfect truth, and seal it with my blood. To you, my heirs of earthly things, which I do leave behind, That you may read and understand, and keep it in your mind.



The horn-book of the early settler's child dangled at its waist—the a-b-c and Lord's Prayer, covered over with a thin layer of horn and put in a frame—this was the badge of knowledge.

This cheerful picture of martyrdom was put into the early New England Primer. Youth had to contemplate dreadful things.

to the purchase, as in the case of Henry Ford, who would have relinquished any number of cars to get hold of the McGuffey's Reader he used when he was at school. But the fact is that the whole history of this country may be traced in these curious school-books which, from generation to generation, have been important agents in bringing up childhood in the way it should go.

And the way children should go was largely a matter of etiquette, based on the social ideas held by their elders. Caxton, the great Printer, issued a *Book of Curtesye* way back in 1479: direct, simple, unaffected, unmistakably peremptory in its spirit:

"To hym that is your felawe ande pere
Gyve ye fair language and a frendly chere.

"And when ye speke loke men in the face
With sobre chere ande goodly semblaunce.

"If your helping is not large, don't grumble."

Well on to five hundred years ago—one can see that disciplinary problems then were not unlike ours today; and probably handled more effectively because the child was less free, more to be seen and not heard.

There is never an ointment without a fly in it, and the school-books of the past were brimming over with the moral corrective which went hand in hand with the master's rod or the public whipping post or the stool and its attendant dunce's cap. We who read *Nicholas Nickleby* and tremble indignantly over the school of Squeers; we who have a sentimental sorrow over the placard worn by *David Copperfield* with the words, "He bites," put upon it as a shameful badge of disobedience by a stern parent, are forgetful of the fact that the adage to "spare the rod and spoil the child" was truthfully believed and legally maintained by laws which gave the teacher every privilege to tattoo the victim with moral rectitude, either by hitting him on the head with the staccato rap of a thimble worn by the dame, or by pinning on him the sign "Lying Ananias" by the school-master whose quill dripped ink of scorn from his inkhorn. Morality and theology went hand in hand, therefore, and we value above all documents George Washington's "110 Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation," copied off by him with painstaking care. And probably with ink made according to the recipe contained in so many Readers of the early days. For the school children, who were our forefathers, did not have the

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

conveniences of the modern public school child: there were no fountain pens, no smug bottles of ink, no super-quality paper. To take a writing lesson then was to carry with one a "kit" as complicated as the Boy Scout outfit:

"A pen-knife, quills, paper, good and free ink; likewise a flat ruler for sureness; and a round one for dispatch; with a leaden plummet or pencil to rule lines: Also gum sandrich powder with a little cotton dipped therein, which rub gently over the paper to make it bear ink the better."

How strange and quaint the phraseology and ingredients, which oftentimes set us over-educated mortals of the modern school guessing as to what it all means. These text-books, which Cotton Mather regarded as "little watering pots to shed good lessons," aimed at accuracy. But an examination of the ancient school bags will reveal the startling fact to the educator who aims at exactitude, that learning becomes often antiquated because of the fact that the world moves apace and with it the child interest and material progress.

As a matter of fact, the Arithmetic became emotional when it reflected the spirit of the time. I have seen a mental arithmetic issued, supposed to be for Southern consumption during the Civil War, which proposed, with the use of numbers as quoted, this very "sensible" and "evident" situation:

"If five Confederate soldiers can lick twenty Yankees, how many Yankees can ten Confederate soldiers lick."

Contemporaneity, therefore, is the historical attractiveness of the ancient school-book. Geographies in the days of Jedidiah Morse, revered pioneer, spoke in terms of territorial expansion and of limited means of transportation, and we can imagine the youngsters tracing with avidity the postroads of the time, or taking to heart, with blushing cheeks, the admonition of Noah Webster in the *Blue Back Spelling Book* that "It is a mean act to deface the figures on a milestone." But such rudimentary lines of communication (later revived in the modern motor highways) were soon to be discounted in the text-books, for Peter Parley, in his *Geography* of 1837, announced the tender railroads—"they are found so useful, that, for carrying passengers from one place to another, they have, on many routes, taken the place of stage-coaches." The Arithmetics also caught the contagion of new invention, and problems kept up with the advance of speed. Here is an 1832 "sum":

"The Baltimore railroad cars run 12 miles an hour; what is 4/7 of it?"

One might almost say of these faded books of knowledge that if one reads apace in them, one can tell almost in what year they were used. Whether it be Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or a text-book, the spirit of Abolition was uppermost in mind, and I see the school page now on which occurred this:

"Q. Are there any slaves in Massachusetts?
A. NONE!"

And there are pages of antiquated information contained in the *Geography*:

"The number of post-offices in the United States in 1811 was 2,043. The mail was carried 46,380 miles in stages, and 61,171 miles in sulkies and on horseback."

The time will come when Lindbergh's mileage as a mail-carrier will be as minimized in popular fancy, though I imagine that two hundred years hence his feats will be as legendary as the expedition of the Golden Fleece. In the same book, Detroit is spoken of "as the capital of Michigan Territory" and St. Louis mentioned as "the capital of the Territory of Louisiana." These out-of-date statements might seem stranger to us, had there not been a World War which upset geographical fact so completely that maps have had to be redrawn with boundaries readjusted.

I have allowed my fancy to play around the fascinating book by Clifton Johnson, called "Old-Time Schools and School-Books," (Macmillan) and taken heed of Mark

Sullivan's tribute to McGuffey, whom he believes gave these United States their ethical and patriotic background by the selections chosen for reading exercises and platform oratory, and I have read some of the ancient Books of Courtesy that revealed snobbery according to the rank of the person before whom one was supposed to take off one's cap. There was much to be said for the old type education, the old type school.

The fear of the Lord and the broomstick created a reverence which is lacking in the janitor-kept modern building with its latest type ventilation; the little horn-book which many children kept dangling from a cord around their waists (with its alphabet and Lord's Prayer and simple a-b, b-a syllables) turned out spellers who didn't have to be taught all over how to spell when they went to college, as we do today. They were given exercises in Orthography to correct, such as one finds in a faded 1826 book:

"Nolledge is the best foundashun ov happines. Its kultevehshun in yuth promotes vertshu, bi kreating habits ov mental disseplin; and bi inkulkating a sense ov morral oblegashun."

Maybe Artemus Ward was having fun at our expense after all!

In this cursory review of changing fashions in school-books, one sees the human equation of the teacher and the problems of the village, the backwoods, and the growing town, with the increasing needs of academics and colleges, which began to sprout in this country almost as soon as the first harvest of farm produce. It was arduous and exacting, and much entered into "going to school" that had little to do with actual book-learning: gathering the wood for the stove, sweeping the room for the morrow (all tasks for the older children), acting as monitor over the lunch baskets, bringing the spring flowers for "Recitation Day."

The child today is made familiar with things that would have startled old New England into believing that witchcraft was rampant again. Were the teacher forced, as he was of yore, to board in rotation among the families in his locality, he would be concerned at seeing a new set of interests in the child life. Intelligence is spread over a wider area, and youth is tested scientifically by the Binet laboratory method to find out where he should be placed in the scheme of education, so as not to waste time. The years were longer when they were not filled with so much distraction; and when it comes to actual sport in the school, we wonder whether childhood did not get pleasure out of life, despite that the sole object of learning to read was so as to read the Bible at an early age. The "recess" hour from generation to generation will show the same queer changes in games as one finds in text-books, and in the style of children's clothes. Folk tales do not vary any more sharply than, for instance, the counting-out games of children—from Virginia, for example:

"One's all, two's all, zig's all san,
Bobtail, nanny-goat, tittle tall-tan,
Harum, scarum, Virgin Mary,
Singleum, sangleum, Jolly oh, buck!"

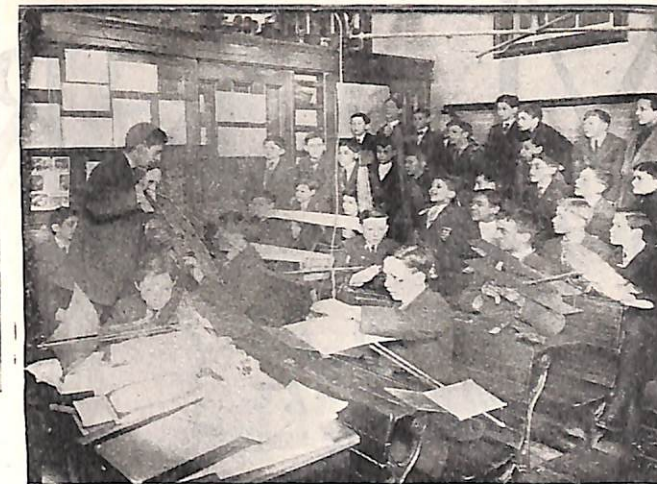
In fact, though education may be specialized, and the problems become greater because of the crowded conditions created by economic struggle; though the school population is not so homogeneous as of yore, Americanism being the aggregate of diversity, the education of the child has not gone so very far in its stride. And I am wondering how much of real value it has dropped by the wayside.

We all have our memories, our shudders when we see McGuffey's Reader, or Swinton's Reader; when Morse's or Maturay's Geographies or Goodie Brown's Grammar come to light. But we have a tender feeling for them, and for the little red or white school-house. And the ringing of the school bell, the shout of pupils and the clan feelings among the young are today as they were and will be for many years.

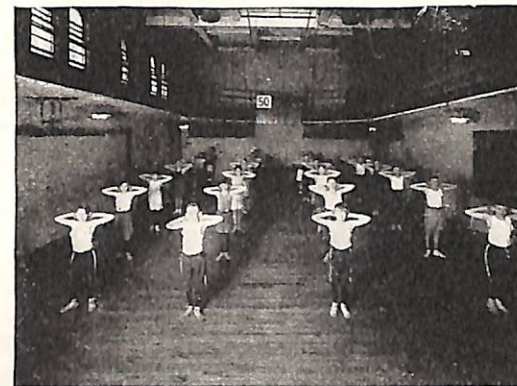
Despite Pestalozzi, Froebel, Horace Mann, Montessori and all the other discoverers of child intelligence, the genius school child is just the same.



(Above) Sweeping the countryside with a bus and gathering up the young of school age, to fetch and carry them to the best school miles from home—the modern idea.



(Above) The modern school, besides clinging to the ancient and honorable three Rs, likewise believes in demonstrating laws of progress by active interest in the latest scientific achievements. Here is a class eagerly intent on making a contribution to aviation.



(Above) A sound mind in a sound body. The modern school has its up-to-date gymnasium, with daily instruction which is more than the radio "setting up" exercises. Not alone boys, but girls as well, find it incumbent on them to put in so many hours a term "keeping fit."

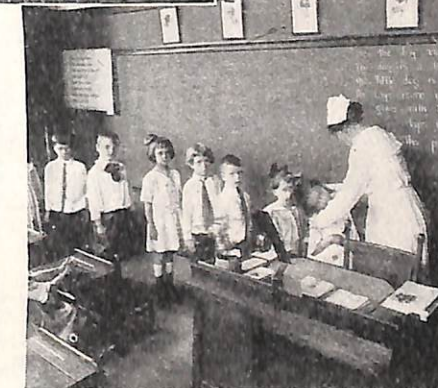


(Left) Educational dramatics give outlet to the youthful instinct to "play act". The theater equipment of the modern school is important. And some of these "little theaters" do creditable work.



(Left) In these enlightened days it would seem that a tooth-brush drill would be unnecessary. But, alas, under social stress, not everyone believes that cleanliness is next to godliness.

(Right) The visiting nurse comes to give the "once over" to many schools. Eyes, ears and noses are checked up, and pre-emptory advice is given where needed.



(Below) Culinary art is an important road to safe matrimony. It is also very necessary where girls become "little mothers" to their over-crowded families.



(Left) If children cannot go to nature for the study of natural history and botany, then nature is brought to them. Bottled pollywogs are next best to creeks.



MARRIAGE,

(TYRA and LARRY
meet some
extraordinary tests
of their marriage
contract in the
heart of Larry's
old Southern home)

Illustrations by
C. D. Mitchell



What Has Gone Before

LARRY, suppose you had the chance to marry Tyra Karlson, would you take it?" It was Conrad Aikman, the shrewd Los Angeles lawyer, speaking to his young assistant, Lawrence Shelby Wycoff, scion of a proud old Alabama family. Larry was just recovering from a disappointing "flier" in the movies, but what he had not recovered from was the sight of Tyra Karlson, the lovely motion picture actress.

The day before this conversation took place Larry had met Miss Karlson in Mr. Aikman's office and was surprised and thrilled when that gentleman asked him to take Miss Karlson to lunch. By the time Larry and Tyra were facing each other at table they were laughing and chatting like old friends.

Aikman now related to Larry that the Aragon Film Cor-

poration had recently brought Tyra from Sweden, only because her director, Furnhjelm, whom they wanted badly, refused to come without her. In her first American picture her appeal was so unmistakable that Aragon knew it had a "find." Immediately another picture corporation offered her a contract which Aragon did not desire to meet. Aikman, Tyra's lawyer, realized that Aragon would resort to strategy in order to keep her. The Immigration Laws permit the picture companies to bring in alien actors for whom they are responsible, and the government or the particular company can have these aliens deported at any time as they are not

LIMITED

(By

Octavus
Roy
Cohen



"It occurred to me, Tyra," Larry went on, "in view of the fact that you need a rest, how wonderful it would be if you'd go with me to my home in Alabama!" "You and I, Larry?" she asked, her soul thrilling to the idea, "Just the two of us?"

citizens. But these laws make it easy in the case of a woman, to become a citizen of the United States. All that is necessary is for her to marry an American citizen and live with him for one year. "If Tyra marries," Aikman told Larry, "she can at the end of a year get her citizenship papers and Aragon's power over her is gone. The marriage will be merely a form, although no one must know that, and a divorce can be quietly arranged at the end of the year."

Larry fought against his impulse to accept, fearful of what Tyra would think of a man who would be willing to marry under such circumstances, but he was too romantic to resist

the lure. He consented. Until the day she had lunch with him, Tyra had rejected the idea of this marriage for expediency. But now it seemed to her like a glorious, dangerous adventure!

And so they were married! The Aragon Film Company, when they heard of it, realized that it was the clever plan of Tyra's lawyer. They concealed their chagrin but set to work secretly to outwit Aikman.

At the end of his first month of married life Larry was abysmally miserable. He played well his part as Tyra's husband and never gave a sign of his deep love for her.

Julia Morehouse, a scenario writer, while doing a special story for Tyra to star in, saw how things were between them. Despite Larry's reserve on the subject she suggested that he take Tyra out alone occasionally, and that very night he broached the subject. Tyra was delighted and after a very happy evening together she told him, "It has been glorious, Larry! I hope we will do this soon again!"

RUFUS SWAYNE was his most suave and polished self. He focussed his kindly eyes on Mrs. Tallington, Tyra's housekeeper.

Otto Felder sat owlishly behind his massive desk, puffing nervously at a cigar.

"I want you to be certain of your answer, Mrs. Tallington," said Swayne. "No guesswork. Are Tyra and this Wycoff really husband and wife?"

The woman's lips were straight and firm. Her eyes betrayed personal pique.

"I don't think so," she said.

"Why?"

"Because they don't act like husband and wife."

"How do they feel toward one another?"

Martha Tallington hesitated. "That's another thing I can't answer for certain. I'm sure he's wild about her, though—but as for Tyra . . . I may be crazy, Mr. Swayne—but I'd say she was crazy about him, and doesn't know it."

"You think they'll divorce after she gets her citizenship papers?"

Mrs. Tallington shrugged. "It all depends on whether they find out that they're in love with each other. He seems mighty taken up with Julia Morehouse, and I know Tyra don't like it so much."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she looks at them. I wouldn't say she was jealous. But it's got her thinking."

"Always a dangerous thing for a woman,"

He rose and bowed. "That will do, Mrs.

Tallington."

After her departure Felder asked, "What did you find out about this Wycoff, Rufe?"

"Nothing that helps us. Southern blue blood and all that sort of stuff. Couldn't touch him."

"He'd have his price."

"Not that lad. And certainly not if he was nuts about Tyra. No, Otto—we've got to try the other way."

Swayne buzzed for Felder's secretary and dispatched her to stage number two to request Tyra's presence in the office.

She came promptly, looking somewhat bedraggled in her drab costume. She wasn't used to the heat and she was working hard. She sank limply into a chair.

At first they merely condoled with her about the heat. Then they questioned her about her work and asked how she enjoyed it.

"You like things here at Aragon, Tyra—yes?" Felder asked.

She looked up in surprise. "Why yes—very much."

"We have done a lot for you. When we find you in Sweden you wasn't nothing much more than an extra girl. We spent a great deal to bring you over here and make you a great star . . . I ain't saying we're unhappy about it, mind. But it does seem like a shame that another company is going to get all the benefit from what we done."

She was on guard now, her brain working at top speed. Her voice was soft and guileless.

"I hope I'm going to stay with Aragon, Mr. Felder."

"Why not? Ain't we been fair? Ain't we offered to tear up the contract you got with us at four hundred dollars a week and give you a new one for twenty-five hundred?"

"I'm worth a lot more than twenty-five hundred a week to Aragon, Mr. Felder."

"Now listen, Tyra," interrupted Swayne smoothly.

"Let me explain our situation. We're at war with New Art. We know they are after you, and we know that they will pay more than we can possibly bid. But don't you really think you owe a little something to the company which exploited you?"

"Certainly I owe you something. A debt of sentiment. But that is all. New Art has offered me ten thousand dollars a week for five years."

"Crazy people!"

"It seems so to me," agreed Tyra. "But the fact remains that when you ask me to give up three hundred and seventy-five thousand a year, it is a little too much. What I am willing to do is this: If you can even come close to equaling New Art's offer, I shall be most delighted to remain with you."

"You are ungrateful," said Swayne sharply. "You have fallen into the hands of a shrewd lawyer."

She rose, a haughty, militant little figure. "That is true, Mr. Swayne. Mr. Aikman is too shrewd to permit me to make a fool of myself."

They sat in silence as she vanished through the door.

Swayne was thinking. "With Aikman handling her, we're not going to get very far by kindness, Felder. There's too much difference between our proposition and New Art's. And I'm counting on Aikman's cleverness to make our task easier. He'll be clear-headed enough to know when we've got all the aces. I'm going to get what I want now by using a club on her!"

Summer blended into autumn, and work on the Aragon lot picked up accordingly.

"The Blonde Orchid" was released and a new Karlson feature neared completion. Lose Tyra, Aragon might—but they were determined to realize heavily on their very modest investment.

"The Blonde Orchid" was a financial and artistic triumph.

Meanwhile, the current production was exhausting the girl. It seemed to be sapping her magnificent vitality and night after night she sought sleep long before her regular hour for retiring.

In the brief moments when they were together at dinner, Larry could see that all was not as it should be. He hesitated to advise her to take things easier.

The new picture was at last completed. It remained now only to cut, assemble and title it.

Tyra wearily changed into her street clothes and prepared to go home. Felder's secretary found her in her dressing room.

"Mr. Felder would like to see you in his office, Miss Karlson."

Five minutes later she tapped at the door and was bidden to enter.

There were three men in the room: Felder huddled over his huge desk, peering at her with beady little eyes; Rufus Swayne standing like a great statue against the far wall. There was



Tyra looked so tired her appearance frightened Larry. She delighted at the worry which shone in his eyes. He yearned to comfort away the haunting light in hers.

also a third man, unmistakably a foreigner. He was short and slight and dark. His features were thin and sharp. He affected a tiny mustache waxed to pinpoints.

She didn't know why the man was there, but she resented his presence.

She fell back on guard when Swayne spoke.

"Good afternoon, Tyra. We wish to congratulate you on the new picture. It promises to be a very great success."

"Thank you," she said coldly—and waited.

Swayne stared at her intently.

"You are a very peculiar young woman," he remarked.

"How?"

He smiled bleakly toward Felder. "Isn't she a born actress, Otto?"

"I'll say she is, Rufe."

Tyra was angry. "If you don't mind, Mr. Swayne, I'll go."

"But surely," interrupted Swayne, his voice dripping honey—"surely, Tyra, you are not going to leave the room without speaking to your husband!"

Tyra's eyes darted about the room in search of Larry. Surely she couldn't have failed to see him.

"Where is Larry?"

"I didn't say anything about Larry Wycoff," answered Swayne smoothly. "I said your husband."

And now Tyra's eyes turned to the thin-mustached foreigner



who had risen and was gazing at her with expectancy.

"I never saw that man before in my life—and you know it."

"Tyra! Do you deny that you married this man in Stockholm precisely three years ago and that you lived with him for several months?"

"I do."

"That is most unfortunate," observed Swayne with mock sorrow. "Because, Tyra, this gentleman has come all the way from Sweden to claim you. And he has brought with him proof which is incontrovertible."

"Will you kindly telephone Mr. Aikman," she requested bleakly. "Until he gets here I shall have not another word to say."

Tyra telephoned Conrad Aikman. "I must see you at the studio immediately," she said.

"Something wrong?"

"Yes."

He caught the nuance of worry in her tone. "Be right there. Where will I find you?"

"Come to my dressing room."

She did not grasp the thing in its horrid entirety, but she did realize that this was the master stroke of a particularly vicious campaign against her.

Aikman tapped on her dressing room door, and entered.

"So Swayne and Felder have been up to something, eh Tyra?"

"Yes. I was called into the office just now. A strange man was there—a ver' obnoxious little man. Mr. Swayne says he is my husband who I married in Stockholm three years ago."

Conrad Aikman was more perturbed than he cared to admit. "I've been looking for something, Tyra—but not exactly this. Of course it goes without saying that you have never been married before?"

"Certainly not."

He hesitated a moment, then spoke slowly. "If this man has proof that he is your husband—and you can trust Swayne to have supplied that, we'd have to go to Sweden for proper proof, and meanwhile you would have been plunged into trouble with the immigration authorities and also have been the victim of some mighty unpleasant publicity. Let's go talk with them."

They were admitted instantly to the massive office of the president. Swayne and Felder smiled unctuously. Aikman stared.

"Suppose now," he said to Swayne, "that you tell me a little about your holdup. I'd like to know just where my client stands."

"Very well. Permit me, Aikman, to introduce to you Mr. Furth Hansen of Stockholm. Mr. Hansen is Tyra's husband."

"Why lie, Swayne?"

Swayne's face was turning purple. He controlled his voice with an effort. "I won't quarrel with you, Aikman. This gentleman arrived at the studio this morning. He said that he had seen Tyra on the screen in Brussels, and then made certain investigations. He learned that he was not mistaken—that she was his wife who had deserted him."

"It seems that Mr. Hansen quite naturally expected that Tyra would deny her marriage, and so he brought with him proof enough to satisfy the most skeptical Court."

"It is unnecessary for me to explain to a lawyer of your erudition, just what this could mean. It is so horrible that I hope we can work shoulder to shoulder to disprove Mr. Hansen's claims. Tyra came into this country on sufferance. In section seven of the immigration laws it provides that in making application the non-quota immigrant shall state the full and true name; age, sex, and race; the date and place of birth; the place of residence for five years immediately preceding the application, and, Aikman, last and most important—whether married or single. Do you follow me?"

"Quite. Go ahead."

"In section twenty-two you will find that the government says—'Whoever knowingly makes under oath any false state-

ment in any application, affidavit or other document required by the immigration law or regulations prescribed thereunder, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than ten thousand dollars or imprisoned for not more than five years, or both. We find also in section fourteen a provision that any alien who at any time after entering the United States is found to have been at the time of such entry not entitled under this act to enter the United States . . . shall be taken into custody and deported. Now it seems, according to this—and if we are to believe Mr. Hansen—that Tyra misrepresented certain important facts in filing her application. She can be fined or imprisoned, or both. She would unquestionably be deported. And there is also the very interesting situation of her status as a bigamist."

"A sweet layout," Aikman said coldly. "The question is: What is your price?"

"I DON'T know what you mean by price, Aikman. Of course if you're considering buying Furth Hansen off, you will find that your interests and those of Aragon are identical. We would be very glad to attend to that—provided of course that Tyra would be willing to remain one of our happy Aragon family."

"Under the terms of your old offer?"

"Certainly."

Aikman rose. "I'm not going to answer you immediately, Swayne. You'll wait just as long as I say. Because you can't afford to destroy Tyra so long as there is the slightest chance that she'll sign up with you for five more years."

He nodded to Tyra.

"Let's go," he suggested. "It'll be a relief to get a little clean air in our lungs."

Aikman was a strategist and a keen lawyer, and he had a profound respect for Rufus Swayne's ability. It was upon this that he touched when he and Tyra were alone together in her home.

"Swayne is not a fool," he said abruptly. "Of course he is taking a long chance, but he's sure of his ground."

Tyra turned a drawn face toward Aikman. "I want you to explain everything to me—just as black as it is."

"Once they are convinced that you will not remain with them," Aikman began, "Aragon will see that Hansen files his bigamy charges publicly. The company will immediately notify the Federal authorities and the least that will happen to you will be deportation. There is also the State to consider—it will interest itself in the bigamy charges. The papers would be filled with pictures of you and Hansen and Larry. They would—"

"Larry?" she interrupted sharply.

"Of course. Conjecture would be thinly veiled. The practical reason for your marriage would be discussed."

"Larry. He is a gentleman—and he has been ver' good to me. I imagine that his parents are ver' fine and proud. What would it mean to him—and to them—if this thing came to me! Rather than drag him down, I will sign this contract which Mr. Swayne offers."

The stern old lawyer felt a lump in his throat.

"Perhaps, Tyra—but not yet. Your contract has six more months to run. Perhaps in that time we may succeed in doing something."

She held out her hands to him. "I shall do what you say, Mr. Aikman. But I must ask you one favor—one promise."

"What is that?"

Her eyes fell before his direct gaze. "Larry must not know of this. I care too much for him to make him suffer any more." Her eyes blazed into his. Then suddenly her figure sagged and her voice came in a whisper. "I shall be much obliged if you will go now, Mr. Aikman. I am ver' tired."

Tyra went immediately to her room after Conrad Aikman's departure and remained there until the dinner hour. William informed Larry that Mrs. Wycoff was not feeling well. He raced up the stairs and tapped on her door.

"Who is there?" Her voice sounded small and wan.

"It is I, Larry."

She drew the negligée tighter about her and seated herself in a chair. "Come in," she called.

Timidly, he pushed open the door. It was the first time he had visited her rooms.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

Her appearance frightened him. She looked tiny in the big easy chair. The negligée, drawn about her figure, revealed her glorious lines.

For a few seconds, neither spoke. She delighted at the worry which shone in his deep, black eyes. He yearned to comfort away the haunting light from hers.

"What is wrong, Tyra?"

"Nothing, Larry. I am just ver' tired."

"Gee! You poor kid. They've been working you too hard," he said.

"It is not only the work, Larry. I have been worried."

"About what?"

"Oh . . . well, nothing special. I am not used to it when things do not go exactly right."

He hesitated for a moment. "Anything wrong at home?"

"No. It is at the studio. But it is nothing, so you will please not to worry. I know you will not mind if I dine alone—up here."

"Certainly." He bowed rather formally and bade her good-night.

She sat staring at the door. Then her eyes filled with tears. She did not sob, her body did not quiver. She cried silently and quietly—but she was filled with a dreadful fear.

It was not the situation as it applied to herself. She was thinking of Larry—of the man for whom she had come to care so deeply. Things were so different from what she had expected.

It was shortly after nine o'clock when she crept out of bed and into her negligée. She wondered whether Larry was at home. She wanted to talk with him. She needed company.

She moved softly down the hallway. Voices came to her from below stairs. Soft, earnest voices. Her face grew white, and she came halfway down the stairs to substantiate her fears.

An open fire blazed in the living-room hearth and before it sat Larry and Julia Morehouse. He was stretched out in lazy comfort; she was curled up on the far end of the lounge.

She crept back to her lonely room. A great pain gnawed at her heart. She was jealous of Julia Morehouse—not because she was a woman, but because Larry found ease of manner in her society.

As a matter of fact the couple on the downstairs lounge were not discussing Tyra's picture. But they were discussing Tyra. Julia was speaking in her quiet, crisp, direct manner.

"She's played out, Larry. They've been driving her like a team of mules."

"That's what she claims, Julia. But I'm sure it's something else."

"Perhaps . . . yes, Larry—perhaps you're right."

"Of course I am. What worries me is how to find out what it is." He flushed. "I'd rather not."

JULIA snapped her fingers impatiently. "The stubborn blindness of extreme youth! I wish I dared tell you what I think of you."

"Shoot!"

"You'd behead me immediately. Besides, it's none of my business. I've seen the red flag waving in the breeze every time I've tried to get intimately confidential. But this much I will say: Tyra needs a good long vacation, a regular rest—and a complete change."

"You're right—of course."

"Sure I am. Now listen, what sort of a burg is that place you occurred in?"

"Habersham?" His eyes grew soft. "Pretty. Not particularly lively—but nice. It has about five thousand people—maybe six. We have two good movie houses and we support a baseball team in a Class D league—"

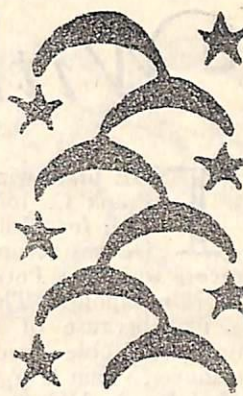
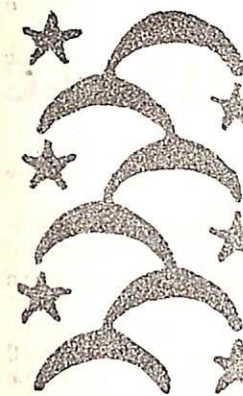
"Fine. Why not bundle Tyra on the train and cart her off to Habersham for three or four weeks?"

"Take Tyra . . ." Suddenly he ceased speaking. His eyes opened wider and wild thoughts surged through his brain.

"Your mentality isn't entirely dead yet, eh Larry?" snapped Julia. "Now, I'm not asking any questions. But get this. Out here in Hollywood you don't amount to any more than one half-melted snowflake in an Alaskan blizzard. But in Habersham, Alabama, I judge that you are considerable sheik. It just struck me that anybody who might have got the idea that you were a puny deuce would wake up in Habersham to the realization that you are three [Continued on page 47]



WITHIN THE SHRINE



EDITORIALS

A HIGH SENSE OF HUMOR NOT ONLY MAKES US LAUGH AT OTHERS BUT AT OURSELVES

THE first laughter was cruel.

When our great grandpas were arboreal, yells of merriment went up through the tree tops when some luckless one went too far out on a limb and it broke dropping him into the brambles below. When our cave dwelling ancestors took a crack at a sabre-toothed tiger and missed, getting his arm bitten off in retaliation, his hunting companions laughed with glee.

The first step in the refinement of humor came when men laughed at others because they were pompous and unhorsed in some attempt to show off. Sympathy took the place of amusement when real misfortune overtook a well meaning individual.

The next step forward was made when our ancestors learned to laugh at things instead of people. The whisking of a squirrel's tail, the amusing antics of a baby duck or pup, the waddling attempts of a child learning to walk, a woman's attempts to fasten peacock feathers in her hair to make herself as brilliant as the bird which originally wore them.

Then came education. Pictures of amusing things amused because men had developed imaginations. Stories amused for the same reason. Men moved upward and onward.

In its initiations the Shrine has capitalized this spirit of humor. No man is ever made really to suffer. We have passed the stage where humor is synonymous with pain. He is made to think he is going to suffer. He is made to be ridiculous. Pomposity is punctured, pride laughed to scorn, dignity bedeviled.

This is not alone for the amusement of the Nobility. There is in it a real life lesson for the victim. It brings him one step nearer to humor in its highest and best. The last word in philosophy is to see the humor in our own misfortune. A really high sense of humor not only makes us laugh at others but at ourselves.

No man can be really miserable, really bad, really dumb, really mean, if he can laugh at himself. To be sorry for oneself is an evidence of a low order of intellect, a tendency to misanthropy. To be able to laugh at oneself means one never can be beaten.

The Salvation Army says a man may be down but he is never out. The man can neither be down nor out who can laugh when the joke is on him. Sometimes Nobles for an instant lose sight of the real foundation of the Shrine. Its very fundamental is deep rooted in hearty laughter.

Fun is not the mere hollow sound of the tinkling cymbal. Fun was designed, by the wise men who originated the Shrine, for a real purpose; to plant smiles in a world too full of sorrow and to make laughing a science.

That Noble who has not learned to laugh at himself has missed one of the biggest lessons of the Shrine and one of the greatest joys of life. Nothing in the world is so funny as oneself if we just realize it. We stew and sputter, lose sleep and weight over things as trivial and unimportant as the gyrations of a kitten chasing its tail.

"HASTY" DECISIONS SHOULD BE REFERRED TO COMMITTEES NOT LEFT TO IMPASSIONED ORATORS

THE animal kingdom contains no other beast, fish or fowl which stands up while it is sitting down. It is not a poor rule, applied to penguins; it works both ways. A penguin also sits down while standing up.

This should be a great advantage to a penguin in getting its ideas across. No one ever pays the least attention to what is said while the speaker sits. Let him stand on his hind legs and say it in a Shrine meeting and he is greeted with uproarious applause.

A man may talk cleverly, logically, reel off statistics which prove his case, but if he does it while bent into angles like a carpenter's rule, he gets no credit.

Let him pull the least joke on his feet, let him become emphatic and passionate in his eloquence while erect, let him spill his statistics while upright and he will win the votes and the plaudits of the crowd no matter how many sitting members may know he is wrong.

All this is approaching in easy steps for little feet, the fact that no crowd can be depended on to decide matters for the Shrine while under the influence of an impassioned orator. We pay entirely too much attention to oratory. Our mob psychology is all wrong.

The Imperial Council learned this years ago. Today it is impossible for a passionate speaker who simply oozes eloquence from every pore and pimple to get away with anything. The one sovereign remedy for hasty action is to refer the matter to a committee.

When three or four committeemen sit calmly listening, when the advocate can no longer stand on his feet and get the encouragement of applause, he has to "talk turkey" and depend on logic rather than waving arms and making the welkin ring.

The lesson taught by this wisdom of the Imperial Council can well be brought into use by local Shrine Temples. Hasty decision on important matters should be referred to appropriate committees, to be brought back with recommendations later. The old banker's adage, "When you must decide hastily say 'No'", applies to matters before a Temple. Few things are so pressing they must be decided at once.

How lucky we are that there are so few penguin men in the Shrine who can sit down while standing up, and press matters as earnestly before a committee as before the Temple!

Beecher said that a man without mirth is like a wagon without springs in which one is continually caused to disagreeably jolt by every pebble over which it runs in passing down the highway of life.

When the piano has to be moved watch the operation. There is always one fellow who promptly picks up the stool.

Bitter experience put the prod in Prodigal Son.

With the Imperial Potentate

THE first swing around the circle of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones began when he left Houston on May 24th for visitations to a group of Northwest temples. He was accompanied throughout by Mrs. Jones, and his escort was Past Potentate A. A. D. (Andy) Rahn of Zuhrah in Minneapolis. The departure from Houston was delayed a day because of the death in Dallas of the Imperial's brother, Noble Fred A. Jones, a well known construction engineer. The trip to Denver was made in the business car of John A. Hulen, traffic manager of the Fort Worth and Denver line. Fred A. Daggett, general passenger agent, was in charge of the party.

Before making this trip the Imperial Potentate had appeared at three other temples—Morocco in Jacksonville on May 5th, three days after his election in Miami by the Imperial Council; Tripoli in Milwaukee, where the beautiful new mosque was dedicated on the 14th; Arabia in Houston, his own temple, which staged a monster reception in his honor on the 16th.

En route to Denver four informal visits were made to temples. At Dallas the Imperial party was met by Potentate J. Tom Owens of Hella, together with his Divan and Past Potentates William R. Ellis, Charles W. Davis and John DeGrazier. Breakfast was served in the private dining-room of the Adolphus Hotel.

At Fort Worth the party was greeted by Potentate Bob Stuart, the Divan and Past Potentate Jake Zurn, all of Moslah Temple. Potentate E. R. Ramsey of Arabia joined at this point on the way to Wichita Falls.

The stop at Wichita Falls was brief. Potentate Martin D. Rowe, the Divan of Maskat Temple, and Past Potentates Cline and Shepherd, with their wives, met the party, and a reception was held in the Imperial Potentate's car.

Amarillo was reached on the evening of May 25th, where the trippers were met by Potentate J. H. Read and Divan and Past Potentate George Stapleton of Khiva Temple. Mayor Lee Rivens also extended a welcome and was a guest at dinner in the Imperial Potentate's car.

Denver loomed up at noon on May 26th, and the party was royally welcomed by the officers and members of El Jebel Temple. This carried with it the unusual honor of being greeted by two Past Imperial Potentates at once, both of El Jebel—Noble Albert B. McGaffey, the senior of them all, who ascended the throne on June 9th, 1897, and Noble James C. Burger, who was elected in 1925. Potentate George D. Begole, who is City Auditor of Denver, headed the greeters of El Jebel. Noble Benjamin F. Stapleton, Mayor of Denver, by his presence gave additional official éclat to the proceedings.

The Imperial Potentate was escorted to the Ceremonial at El Jebel Temple and was received between lines of the uniformed organizations by Past Potentate George W. Vallery, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templar of the United States, and other officers of the Grand Bodies of Colorado Masonry.

There was a banquet that evening, attended by the Divan

officers, the Past Potentates, heads of organizations, officers of the Scottish and York Rites, and their ladies.

On Sunday the party was conducted through the mountain park system owned and maintained by the city and county of Denver, and on Monday was shown the points of interest in and about the city. The Imperial guest did not play golf, but took a great interest in the inspection of the temple's golf course of 200 acres, and the proposed country club, plans for which have just been completed, and which will be the new official home of El Jebel. Feeling that the new Imperial is of the same caliber of Nobles McGaffey and Burger, El Jebel elected him to honorary membership. He was also presented with a silver service.

Leaving Denver for Rawlins, Wyoming, the Imperial party entered the domain of Korein Temple on the morning of May 29th. At the Union Pacific station they found the Divan, the Patrol, the Band, and a reception committee, the entire contingent escorting them to Korein Temple. Then followed the First Section of the Ceremonial, an impressive representation of Arabian splendor.

The luncheon for the Imperial Potentate was held in the Parco Hotel, attended by many officials and visiting Nobles. The parade started from the Temple at 2:00 P. M. At the evening banquet the music was supplied by the Sagebrush Syncopaters. The Ceremonial was then resumed, concluded by an address by the Imperial Potentate. Then came a smoker, the vaudeville talent being imported from Denver.

Noble Roscoe H. Alcorn, Potentate of Korein, was in charge of the proceedings, assisted by Chief Rabban I. M. Conness, Recorder Charles Miller and others. Noble Conness was marshal of the day, Jim Christiansen was in charge of the Novices, and committee chairmen were D. R. House, L. E. Armstrong, Gus Fleischli, and W. W. Daley.

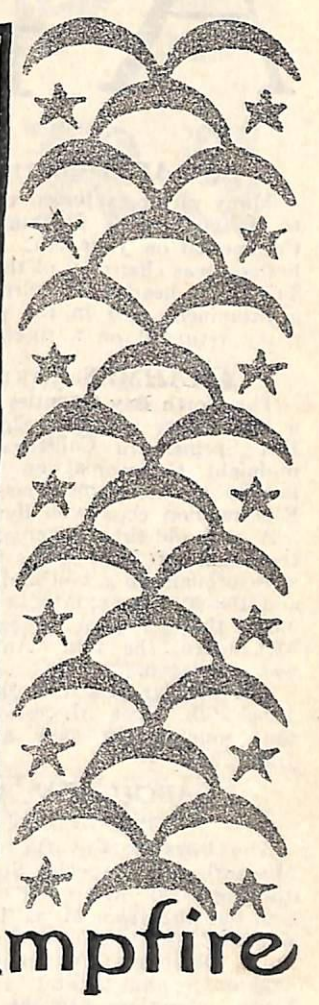
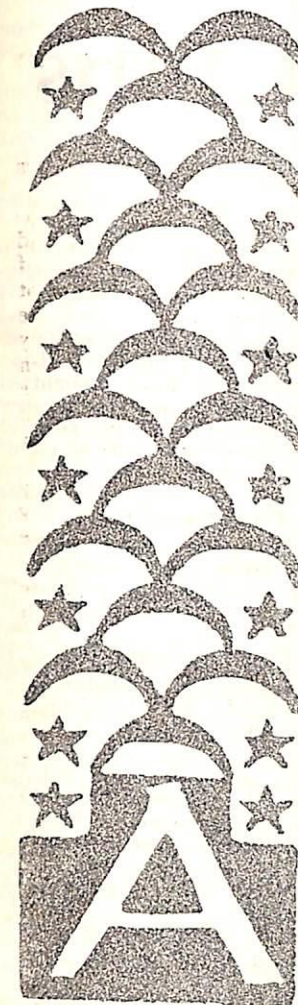
While on the way from Denver to Salt Lake City a brief stop was made at Ogden, Utah, the morning of May 30th. The greeters there were in charge of Noble E. A. Collins, president of the Ogden Shrine Club. There was a luncheon for the distinguished visitors in the Hotel Bigelow, a motor trip around the city, and dinner at the Hermitage.

Potentate Begole of El Jebel and Mrs. Begole accompanied the party to Salt Lake City, the next stop, on May 31st, where the officers of El Kalah Temple [Continued on page 43]



(With the Imperial Guest in Denver. Left to right—Benj. E. Stapleton, Mayor of Denver; Mrs. Frank C. Jones; Past Imperial Potentate Jas. C. Burger, El Jebel; Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones; Past Imperial Potentate Albert B. McGaffey, El Jebel; Mrs. Geo. D. Begole; Fred Reed, Chief of Police, Denver; Geo. D. Begole, El Jebel's Potentate.

(The Imperial party visits a Butte, Mont., mine. 1st row—Malcolm Gillis, Bagdad; Mrs. Hibbert; Mrs. F. C. Jones, and Andy Rahn, Jr. 2nd row—Alexander Christie, Bagdad; A. D. Wallace, Bagdad; the Imperial Potentate; Geo. W. Dart, Bagdad's Potentate; Past Potentate Chas. Beebe, Bagdad; Geo. O'Malley, Bagdad. 3rd row—Frank Mutch of Butte; T. Owen, Denver; Past Potentate Rahn, Zuhrah, Minneapolis.



round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

THIS morning I saw a kid walking on stilts. Does it bring back memories to you, Noble, or were you one of those unfortunate city bred boys who never made and walked on stilts? I was reared in a village where boys had to depend on their ingenuity for amusement. We made most of the things we played with. What we made depended largely on our mood.

My first stilts were the result of a temporary inferiority complex. I failed in a class in school; the report came home to my dad and he paddled one end of me under the impression that this was the way to get knowledge into the other!

The result of my disgrace at school and paddling depressed me. No one appreciated me! Every one was down on me! I felt like the breaking up of a hard winter. So I wanted to feel superior to the people who imposed on me; I wanted physical superiority to those who oppressed me. My teacher was a big guy; my father was twice as big as I. They were those I felt took advantage of me because I was small and weak.

A couple of fence pickets or two scraps from the saw mill, with a triangular piece of wood nailed on each, lifted me up higher than they. Stilts made a giant of me; on them I was the biggest man in the country.

No boy is graceful on stilts. Few boys ever walk on them with any speed. I never knew a boy who really enjoyed this stiff legged business, which requires all one's attention! There is no fun in it except the feeling bigger, taller, superior to others. A boy uses them only to bolster up his opinion of himself.

There is a great egotism in looking over the heads of others, a silly exaltation about looking down on them. Every one looks at a kid on stilts, just as I looked at the boy this morning. The stilt walker has the center of the stage for the nonce, whatever that is!

When little boys who walk stilts because of an inferiority complex grow to be big men, the stilt walking idea often sticks. I know a lot of fellows who stalk through the world on stilts; lofty in conversation and "stilted" in diction. They look down on other people, over the heads of the common herd.

There are lots of ways for grown ups to stilt-walk! Sometimes it is stilt-walking conversation; the stilted gentleman rarely smiles, uses polysyllabled words and no slang, never allows himself to slump verbally or speak of trivialities.

There is the stilt-walking of toadyism. These fellows never admire anything unless it came from abroad, never wear domestic clothes, don't associate with people unless they are superior; they are climbers in reality. They never have the joy of a long confab with a Pullman porter to learn of his loves and his crap shooting! A stilt walker walks alone.

It is difficult for him to make friends. He must stoop low to speak in a friendly way. All who have walked on stilts know how hard it is to stoop; they are such stiff legged things!

You can recall half a dozen such stilt-walking, stilted, stiff legged creatures. But do not despise them, Noble, any more than you despise that poor kid, humiliated by a sense of his own inferiority. That's what's the matter with all stilt walkers. They feel inferior. The mental stilts on which they walk stiff legged through the world are just to bolster up their self-respect.

Like the small boy, they want to look down on people; they want folks to look up to them. They want to feel above the common herd although in their heart of hearts they know they are not. They are all bluffers, like the small boy.

A normal, healthy, happy boy doesn't stay on his stilts. He staggers around for a day or two and then gets down into the dirt with other kids to play alleys.

But the stilted man is a thing of pity. When he once gets up on his stilts the poor dumbbell [Continued on page 41]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

CAAD, DULUTH, MINN.

Many members joined the good will tour to Fargo, North Dakota, for El Zagal's Ceremonial on June 8th. Noble B. J. Culbertson was chairman of the tour committee. The Divan headed the delegation, which took a prominent part in the proceedings. The party returned on a special train.

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

The North Bay Counties Shrine Club gave a stag party on June 2nd at Myrtle Dale Hot Springs, in Calistoga. There was a midnight Ceremonial on the 9th for the benefit of those members of the Scottish Rite reunion class who live out of town.

A real old-time Ceremonial was put on the night of June 12th, when the kettles were brought to a boil and the sands sizzled and the Novices gyrated. By arrangements made through Past Potentate William J. McCracken, the film "An Equal Chance" was displayed.

The regular stated session was held on June 20th. The Modesto Shrine Club of that municipality gave a stag party on June 23rd.

CABOU BEN ADHEM, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The boys wended their way to Joplin, Missouri, for a special Spring Ceremonial, drawing 5,000 visitors not only from Springfield but also from Mirza Temple, Pittsburg, Kansas; Isis in Salina, Kansas; Akdar in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Al Amin in Little Rock, Arkansas; and Ararat in Kansas City. Many delegations brought one or more of their uniformed bodies, and Parsons, Kansas, sent a special train full of Nobles. There were more than 100 carloads of fez wearers from Springfield.

A dazzling and very funny parade was the talk of Joplin and the city was in holiday attire. A husky Noble drove a one-

horse chariot with a sign which asked: "Would you rather Ben Hur or Ben Him?" Ancient vehicles, calliopes, bands, patrols and clowns added to the entertainment and the merriment. The Ceremonial went off with equal élan.

CACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

Acca observed its 42nd birthday on June 11th with a Ceremonial in the new mosque, with Clifford Rudd as Director, under the general direction of Potentate J. Fulmer Bright. There was a special luncheon for Nobles not living in Richmond. The business meeting and First Section of the Ceremonial were held in the afternoon, followed by an early dinner. The rest of the program was put on in the evening.

On June 9th the Temple Chanters gave a concert in the community building of Ginter Park.

CAKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.

The Spring Ceremonial of Akdar drew a class of 50 Novices. The Greeters, the Temple's newest uniformed body, participated in the parade and handled Ceremonial details. The Divans of India, Oklahoma City, and Bedouin, Muskogee, attended.

CALEE, SAVANNAH, GA.

It has been decided not to rebuild the Country Club at Thunderbolt, which burned down some time ago. The Casino, which has served in its place, will no longer be rented, and social events will probably be held in the Bull Street home, as before.

Potentate Blount and Recorder R. E. Banks have received many letters of appreciation from temple delegations and Shrine Clubs which were entertained before and after the Imperial Council sessions in Miami.

CALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

The Temple's famous Band, the largest in Shrinedom, will participate prominently in the second annual barbecue of Valladolid Council, Knights of Columbus, in Lynn, Massachusetts, on August 11th. It appeared at the first one last year.

Recently Aleppo members raised \$2,000 for the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children. About 2300 Nobles have bought permanent seats in advance in the new \$3,000,000 Masonic Temple now being constructed. Each purchaser's name will be on a plate attached to his chair.

CALGERIA, HELENA, MONT.

Immediately following the Spring Scottish Rite ceremony here a group of the new 32° Masons were taken into the Shrine and given the Moslem Test.

CALIGHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

On June 4th the Spring Ceremonial was held in the Strand Theater, at which time 40 sons of the desert trod the hot sands to Mecca. About 150 members of Jaffa Temple, Altoona, Pa., including their uniformed units, were met by a committee and escorted into Cumberland and were luncheon guests in the Masonic Temple. Representatives of other Temples also were present. Then came a parade with 700 marchers, followed by an early dinner.

The Ceremonial put on in the evening was voted the best Ali Ghan has done thus far, and Noble John Ehrbar, the director, and his assistants, were heartily congratulated. Potentate G. Guy Shoemaker and his divan exemplified the ritual in a most impressive manner. The motion picture "An Equal Chance" was shown.

Ali Ghan's next Ceremonial probably will be held in Hagerstown in the Autumn.

[Shrine News Continued on page 42]



So many Shriners bobbed up in Vienna a few months ago among the doctors who were there for special medical research study that it was decided to organize the Shrine Club of the American Medical Association of Vienna. Among the members are the Nobles shown above. Left to right: Dr. T. R. Trick, Islam, San Francisco; Dr. E. A. Eubank, Ararat, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. C. Haney, Aad, Duluth; Dr. R. D. Alway, Yelduz, Aberdeen, S. D.; Dr. A. F. J. Hanson, Sesostri, Lincoln, Neb., now of Tacoma, Wash.; Dr. F. J. Pinkerton, Aloha, Honolulu; Dr. H. E. Twining, LuLu, Philadelphia; Dr. G. B. McPherson, Tehama, Hastings, Neb.; Dr. J. D. Stevenson, Syria, Pittsburgh; Dr. E. I. Davies, Beni-Kadem, Charleston, W. Va.; Dr. M. Weiner, El Jebel, Denver.

AUGUST, 1928

AROUND THE CARAVAN

CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 39]

finds it hard to get down. He has his dignity to think about.

So Shriners have an often unrecognized mission. It is up to us big tux and fez men to help these birds off their stilts. It is easy enough to trip and throw a man or boy on stilts; so easy it is poor sport. Our real job is to ease 'em down without hurting their feelings.

I was present once at the remaking of a man. He was an executive secretary of a splendid eleemosynary organization which, like the Shrine, did much good work in a jolly way. He came to one of the units of this organization with a Message! Aren't people with a Message funny? He was, but didn't know it. He spoke long and seriously to this audience. He settled everything on earth which was unsettled at the time. When he finished he said in his stilted and solemn way, "If there are any who would like to ask me any questions on any point I have omitted, I will be glad to answer."

Oracle stuff! A couple of minutes silence and then one solemn bird in the back of the room arose and said, "Mr. Secretary, if no one else wants to ask a question, I would like to know why you take yourself so darned seriously?"

He had no answer to make. I have known him for ten years since that day and he is a changed man. He is a laughing, happy person, serious on serious occasions only. He was pushed off his stilts with that question and he never resumed them.

That's one of the delightful things about the Shrine. In its initiations it makes a business of pushing grown up little boys off their stilts, thus enabling them to have a good time.

SHRINE SERVICE BERRY CONTEST

PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. W. C. BLAND,
Uniontown, Kentucky.

FOR FOLDER OF 25 EXCELLENT AND NOVEL
FRUIT RECIPES

SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00

IMOGENE MINNER,
Box 328,
Marion, Ky.

FOR FOLDER OF 15 UNUSUAL BERRY RECIPES

\$2.00 WINNERS

MRS. ARTHUR YOUNG,
807 Borthwick street,
Portland, Oregon.

FOR STRAWBERRY PRESERVES SUPREME

MRS. W. O. MOORE,
Terrell Apts.,
Paducah, Ky.

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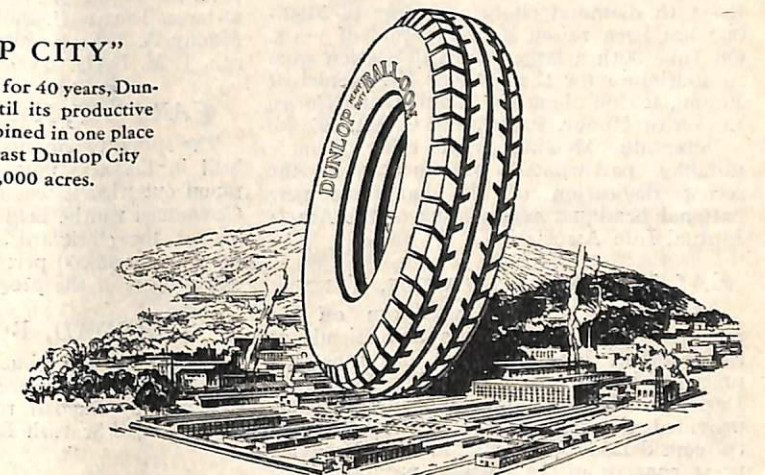
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SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 40]

AL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Potentate Hugh J. Boyd attended Afifi's Spring Ceremonial, accompanied by some of his Divan and Nobility, including Past Potentate Frank Grant and Nobles Fred N. Bay, Steve Westover and R. R. Poppleton. On June 9th he witnessed Nile's Ceremonial in Seattle, together with the same members of Al Kader and Nobles Earle Riley and J. H. Stroufe. Mrs. Westover and Mrs. Bay also made the Seattle trip.

AL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES

There was a big free show on May 28th to celebrate the return of the Temple's Representatives from Miami, bringing the bacon of the next Imperial Council session. Full uniforms were greatly in evidence at the entertainment.

Secretary Herbert Hoover endorsed Al Malaikah's modern home beautiful exhibition. There were educational and entertaining programs for eight days, ending with an auction of furniture and furnishings valued at \$250,000, with movie stars as auctioneers, including Rod La Rocque, Norman Kerry, Jack Dempsey, Eva Southern and Lew Cody.

Members of the Temple materially assisted Los Angeles in seeking to raise \$100,000 to send Southern California athletes to the American Olympic finals in Boston and the international events in Europe. Nobles bought 2000 tickets.

ALMAS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On June 16th the annual baseball game between the Shrine and the Grotto was played at the American League park. This affair is always held for the benefit of Masonic and Eastern Star Home. This was the 13th diamond clash, and close to \$150,000 has been raised in this period of years. On June 30th a large Almas delegation were to Baltimore for the outdoor Ceremonial of Boumi, taking along the Band, Drum Corps, Legion of Honor, Patrol, and Oriental Band.

Potentate McGinty and other Temple notables participated prominently in the recent dedication of the handsome new national headquarters building of the Acacia Mutual Life Association.

AL MENAH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

"An Equal Chance" was run off for members and their families and friends at the Scottish Rite cathedral on June 1st, preceded by an address by Dr. Robert C. Derivaux. Musical and vaudeville members provided the lighter vein. The affair led to considerable publicity in the Nashville press concerning the hospital program.

AL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

Affirmative action resulted from the proposal of a new mosque, and the decision is to build one to cost about \$75,000. It is expected that work will begin about August 1st. The general plans call for a building of two floors to provide offices and rooms for the uniformed bodies, but no auditorium, which would cost more money. It will be built on the land now owned by the Temple, on Poplar street, and will not interfere with the income producing stores there now.

There was a Ceremonial in the Grand Theater on June 22nd.

ALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

The Nobility were hosts on June 9th to the DeMolay boys and their parents at Camp Alzafar in the hills. The principal amusements were bathing, fishing and dancing. On the 14th there was stated business and a smoker, with a band concert and fast boxing bouts.

Camp Alzafar was formally opened on June 16th, with a large attendance. June 30th was Master Masons' day at the camp. Splash Night was held at San Jose bathing beach on July 6th, also featuring a picnic and dancing for the Nobility and their friends. The net proceeds went to the Temple's charity fund. The annual barbecue on July 14th was free as usual to all Nobles and their families.

ANEZEH, MEXICO CITY

The Spring Ceremonial was held in Christ Church parish hall. Potentate Manuel M. Muñoz, with Past Potentate W. A. Degress as director, put on a very fine performance, which was well attended. The Nobles were pleased by the display of some new stunts and the Novices were more than satisfied. The work was followed by the customary banquet and dance at the American Club.

CANSAR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Three Nobles of Ansar contributed a humorous skit to the recent state convention of the Knights of Columbus in Springfield. Their number went over big. The Knights well remember that when they meet in force in Peoria the Shriners there hold open house for them, as the Knights themselves did in Des Moines for the Shriners a few years ago.

CARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Not satisfied with giving Shrinedom its 1928 Imperial Potentate, Arabia furnished delegates and alternates to the two national political conventions. To the Republican conclave in Kansas City went these Nobles: delegate-at-large, T. P. Lee; delegates, R. B. Morris, G. B. Kepple; alternates, Clarence A. Miller, Otto Letzerich. Here in Houston these members represented Arabia: delegate-at-large, Thomas H. Ball; delegates, Alvin S. Moody, A. A. Seale; alternates, W. T. Jamison, J. M. Boyle.

CARARAT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The spring Ceremonial was the first to be held in the new mosque, and 55 Novices found out what it was all about. The next Ceremonial will be held in the Royal Building at the stockyards, where there is a capacity for 15,000 persons. Rodeo features will be part of the program.

BAGDAD, BUTTE, MONT.

Twenty trembling but hopeful denizens of the sandy wastes were given shelter and zem zem by Bagdad recently. They were newly fledged Scottish Rite members. There

were visitors from all parts of the state, as guests of the Temple and Potentate George W. Dent.

BEDOUIN, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Bedouin staged one of its successes on June 15th. The festivities opened with an old-time country fair and rodeo in the afternoon at the Oklahoma State Fair Grounds, followed by a barbecue for 2000 persons. In the evening 57 sons of the desert were taken across the hot sands in the auditorium of the State Building. The Divan and uniformed bodies of Akdar and India Temples were present, and all agreed that Potentate James L. Powell and his cohorts had done very well indeed.

The uniformed bodies of Bedouin are all ready for the customary Summer pilgrimages to other towns in its area. They will give concerts by the Band, Chanters and Drum Corps, and drills by the Arab Patrol.

BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

The Temple's bands assisted the Masonic celebration at Coloma of the 75th anniversary of the Mother Lode lodge. State Grand Master Will H. Fischer and 2500 other members of the Craft were there for the events of June 1-2-3. A tent city was erected on the historic spot where gold was discovered in 1848. A speaker's gavel made from wood of Sutter's mill, where John Marshall was working at the time of his discovery, was presented to the Grand Master.

A Ceremonial was staged at Alturas, Modac County, on June 16th, with a special train leaving Sacramento the night before, loaded with members and all the uniformed bodies and wrecking crews. Exhibition drills and band concerts were given in the court house square as well as in the city auditorium, where the Ceremonial was held.

BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEX.

The Temple's Band played a full program in Elgin on June 3rd, in the afternoon. They were in City Park and drew one of the biggest crowds the town has ever had.

BENI-KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The first 1928 pilgrimage was to Lewisburg, in Greenbrier County, where the caravan wended its way on June 7th. The program began with a business meeting at 11:00 A.M. and ended with a dance that lasted until 1:00 A.M. the next day. A

[Shrine News Continued on page 44]

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 38]

turned out in force. Potentate James S. Hibbert and the Governor of Utah, the Hon. George H. Dern, Assistant Rabbah of El Kalah, headed the committee. In the Imperial party was Mr. L. Omer, assistant general passenger agent of the Union Pacific system.

Under formal escort the party went to the Hotel Utah. Then followed a luncheon at the Alta Club, a visit to the new Masonic Temple, the Shriners mobile hospital for crippled children, and a trip to Bingham. That night the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Jones were honor guests at a formal reception in the Masonic Temple.

In Mr. and Mrs. Jones' group that arrived in Butte, Montana, on June 2nd, were Mrs. James S. Hibbert, Noble Rahn and Mr. Omer. Among the delegation of Bagdad Temple members and other notables who formed the Butte reception committee were Potentate George L. Dart of Dillon; J. D. Wallace, chairman of Bagdad's executive board; Past Potentate Charles E. Beebe; Malcolm Gillis, F. K. Mutch, Carl J. Nepper, Henry Coulam; H. L. Hart, Past Grand Master of Montana; W. B. Daly, general manager of mines for the Anaconda Copper Company, a member of the Knights of Columbus. Messrs. Jones and Daly were photographed together, and group pictures also were taken.

There was a reception committee of women as well, including Mesdames J. D. Wallace, J. L. Carroll, Emanuel Downing, H. D. Kistler and Garfield Perier.

The Imperial Potentate was accorded a cordial welcome. He and his party were escorted to the Leonard mines, where all donned "digging clothes" for the plunge underground. Upon returning to Butte the men had luncheon at the New Finlen Hotel, while the one for the ladies was held at the Montana Hotel in Anaconda. After the luncheon at the Finlen the men also went to Anaconda, going back to Butte in time for a dinner at the Silver Bow Club. Then came a reception at the Masonic Temple, where the Imperial delivered an address at the Shrine meeting which preceded it. While all this was going on Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Hibbert were being entertained at Gomer's and later were escorted to the Masonic Temple to attend a meeting of the Eastern Star and to witness the conferring of the degree of Grand Cross of Colors upon a number of Rainbow girls. There were visiting ladies from Helena, Great Falls and Spokane. Following the noon luncheon in Anaconda the ladies had motored to Georgetown Lake and thence to the Summer home of Mrs. Sam Blair. The men visited the Washoe smelter.

While in Butte the Imperial Potentate gave out a press statement about the Shrine hospital work for children and was informed that Butte subscribes \$10,000 a year for its little cripples.

The next stop was at Sheridan, Wyoming, where the party arrived Sunday night, June 3rd, in the business car of Mr. F. C. Gurley, of Alliance, Nebraska, superintendent of the Wyoming district of the Burlington Railroad. At Billings, Montana, they had picked up Potentate Frank B. Connolly and Past Potentate Arthur H. Brown of Al Bedoo Temple.

Dr. I. P. Hayes, Potentate, and other officials of Kalif Temple met the visitors in Sheridan. They were taken in hand Monday morning for a round of varied entertainment, beginning with a trip to the home of Noble and Mrs. Peter Kooi. The visit to the famous Eaton dude ranch had to be eliminated because of the rain. Then they drove to Piney Inn, accompanied by the Kalif Divan, with Potentate Hayes in command. Return—[Continued on page 45]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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(Left) Noble James A. Rich of Mecca Temple is one of the oldest Nobles in Shrinedom. He is now living in Florida.



(Right) Gen'l C. H. M. Agramonte, orator of Anezeh Temple, Mexico City, is the oldest Shriner in the world. He is in his 97th year.



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 42]

parade, band concert, patrol drill and banquet supplemented the initiation of candidates.

BOUMI, BALTIMORE, MD.

One day in May of last year Boumi held Shrinedom's first open air Ceremonial in the heart of a big city. The scene was the city's stadium, with a seating capacity of 115,000, to which 25,000 can be added for special occasions.

Everything went off so well that this year, in the last week of June, Boumi repeated, drawing fezzes from all points of the compass. The parade with Mayor W. F. Broening, of Boumi, in it, preceding the Ceremonial, was several miles long, featuring the Divans and uniformed bodies of Almas of Washington, D.C., Ali Ghan, Cumberland, Maryland; Rajah, Reading, Pennsylvania; LuLu, Philadelphia; Salaam, Newark; Kismet, Brooklyn; Acca, Richmond; Khedive, Norfolk, Virginia, and Boumi. Exhibitions were staged in front of the stadium for the benefit of a great crowd of citizens.

Within the stadium the Ceremonial, held in the afternoon, was witnessed by several thousand Nobles. All the work was done by the regular Boumi cast, under the general direction of Potentate George M. Armor. There was a reception and dancing in the evening.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

In a pilgrimage to Camden 150 Novices were run around on June 9th. Fully 300 Nobles went from Trenton for the event, and there were visitors from Atlantic City, and LuLu in Philadelphia. There was an attendance of 2000.

CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.

This Temple sent 100 Nobles to the special Ceremonial held in Glens Falls on June 8th by Oriental Temple of Syracuse. The Patrol gave one of its famous silent drills and the Band contributed a concert.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Resplendent in red fezzes and multi-colored uniforms, the bodies of the Temple were conspicuous and helpful in the induction of 75 initiates on June 6th. Owing to very heavy rains, the street parade was dropped. Nobles were present from 50 towns in the Temple's jurisdiction and from as far west as California and Oklahoma. Temples represented included Akdar, Alhambra, Islam, Medinah, Boumi, LuLu, Mecca, Kismet, Ismailia, Tigris, Media and Ziyara.

On June 15th the Shrine Lunch Club heard the choir of the Daughters of the Nile, directed by Mrs. E. J. Neville. On the 22nd, "annual kids day," the ladies and children were royally entertained by the Club.

ELF KHURAFEH, SAGINAW, MICH.

A class of 50 was initiated in the Spring Ceremonial, in the presence of local members and visitors from Bay City, Flint, Lansing, Owosso and other points. Past Potentate E. C. Peters presented honorary membership to Potentate Harvey W. Cole of Saladin, while Past Potentate William H. Foote did likewise for Potentate Charles Farquharson of Mocha, London, Ontario. Crippled children assisted by the Temple demonstrated with their "orchestra," accompanying a phonograph record with bells, xylophones, tambourines and other instruments.

COMING EVENTS

August 2nd—Al Kader, Portland, Ore., annual Shrine picnic.

August 3rd—Islam's Oriental tour starts from San Francisco.

August 11th—Aleppo Band at Knights of Columbus barbecue for charity, Lynn, Massachusetts.

August 14th—Nile's pilgrimage to Alaska starts from Seattle.

September 4th—El Jebel, Denver, Territorial Ceremonial, Fort Morgan, Colorado.

September 8th—New York State Shrine Council, field day, Niagara Falls.

October 4th—El Riad, Sioux Falls, North Dakota, Sousa's Band, Sousa in person leading.

October 17th—Tigris, Syracuse, New York, first Autumn Ceremonial.

October 26th—El Maida, El Paso, first Autumn Ceremonial.

November 19th—Tigris, Syracuse, 7th annual circus.



Noble A. G. Ising, Pyramid, Bridgeport, Conn., well known in Shrine and Masonic circles, has also taken an active part in the civic affairs of his city.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

The first meeting in the new home was held on June 12th, following extensive operations. The formal opening was on the 21st, featured by a band concert, dancing and a house warming with Potentate Thornton as host.

CHADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

The Booster Club Gang went for a cruise on the government vessel Kankakee, with a Noble in command—Captain Austin Barnard. B.Y.O.L. was the rallying slogan. (Bring Your Own Laughter.)

CHAMASA, MERIDIAN, MISS.

A good will tour through northern Mississippi was made on June 7-8, under the direction of Potentate Lamar Robinson. Electric Mills, Columbus, West Point and other points were touched, in most of which parades and exhibition drills delighted the populace. Nobles in those places returned the favor with real brotherly hospitality.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

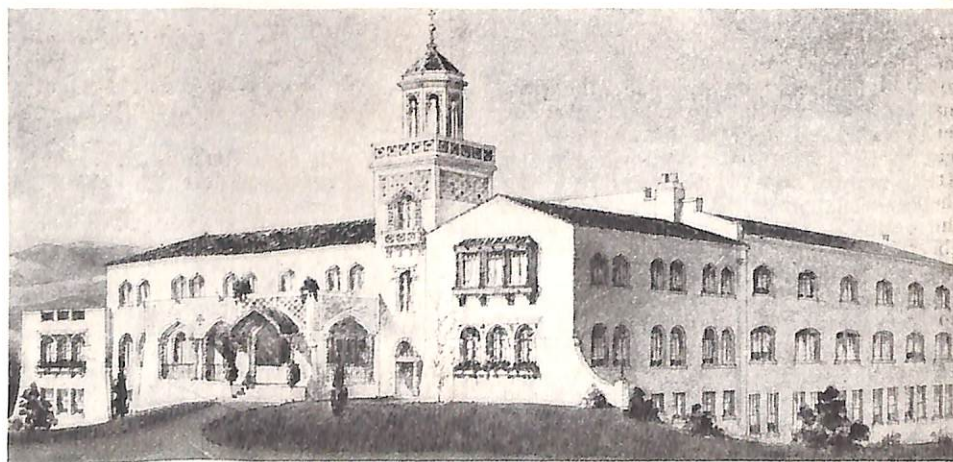
Appreciating the assistance the press gives to fraternal and civic organizations, Potentate J. Tom Owens was host to Dallas newspaper men on June 5th, at a dinner in the Adolphus Hotel.

IREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Potentate Harold N. Rust and Mrs. Rust recently were honored as guests at a reception and dance in the Temple. Both main dancing floors were used. The attendance was about 2000, many coming not only from the Wyoming Valley but from Honesdale, Danville, Sunbury, Williamsport and other places.

The clubhouse of the Country Club is being renovated and a new dining-room added. Also a better carriage and motor-car drive, a porte-cochère, a bigger lobby, more porch space, etc.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 48]



As El Jebel's (Denver) beautiful new home will look when completed.

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 43]

ing to Sheridan in the afternoon, a tour of the city was made, and in the evening, at the Sheridan Country Club, Potentate Hayes gave a dinner for the Imperial party, other guests being the Divan and Past Potentates of the Temple. After that a social evening was spent at the Kooi home.

The next day there was a luncheon at the same residence, an afternoon for Shriners and their ladies, with dinner and dancing that night at the Hotel Lodore.

On June 6th an official Kalif escort took the Imperial Potentate to the Custer battlefield. The motor cavalcade went to the Crow Indian Agency, and there surrendered Noble Jones to the officers of Al Bedoo Temple, of Billings, Montana. Both temples then held a joint ceremony, which the Imperial Potentate pronounced as the most unique and interesting in his career. There, on the site of the Custer battle, midway between Sheridan and Billings, he was made a member of the Crow tribe and his new title is Chief High Eagle. Noble Leon Shaw of Al Bedoo, Billings editor, described the induction as quite in keeping with the spirit of a Shrine Ceremonial, yet greatly different in modus operandi. Through an interpreter, Chief Plenty Coos of the Crows conferred the honor upon the Imperial Potentate, who was given a warrior's coat, indicating full tribal membership. A war dance, chanting and prayer were features of the somewhat weird ceremony. The new tribal chief then gave Chief Plenty Coos a very fine blanket.

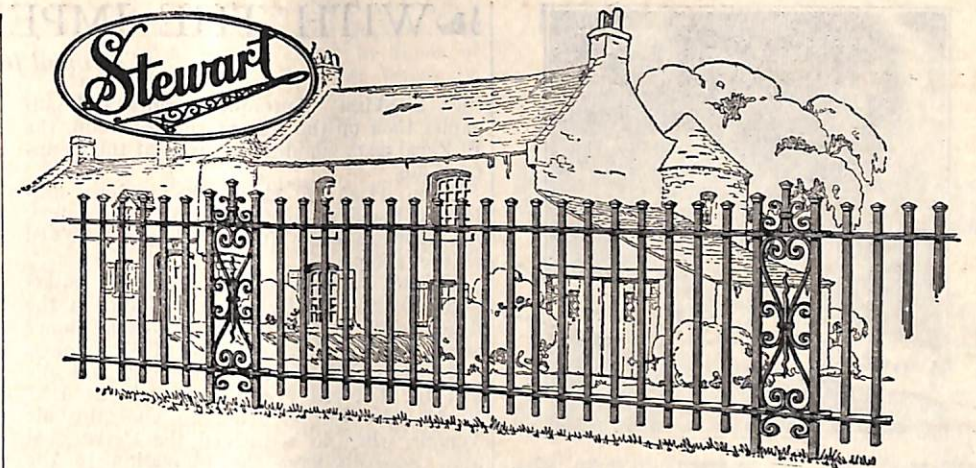
"Chief High Eagle" then accompanied the Al Bedoo Nobles to Billings, where he witnessed a Ceremonial at which a group of Novices crossed the torrid desert. In the course of his address he discussed the fundamentals of sound finances by Shrine temples. He was presented with a beautiful souvenir in the form of a solid silver dish, duly inscribed to mark the occasion. The Ceremonial was one of the most successful ever put on by Al Bedoo. The day was perfect, the class unusually large, and the new ritual effectively carried out.

Leaving Billings, a stop was made in Jamestown, North Dakota, where the local Shrine Club escorted Noble Jones to a famous old four-horse stage coach of pioneer days. He was photographed, holding the reins, while Mrs. Jones sat inside.

Thousands of Shriners and citizens of Fargo, North Dakota, assembled in a natural out-door amphitheatre on June 8th to witness an impressive Oriental pageant and to honor Imperial Potentate Jones, who, with Mrs. Jones and retinue, had arrived early that afternoon. Officials and uniformed bodies of five temples participated in the events. They were from Zuhrah in Minneapolis, Osman in St. Paul, Aad in Duluth, Kem in Grand Forks, and, of course, El Zagal of Fargo.

Banked around the outer rim of the great amphitheatre were hundreds of automobiles in which thousands of persons had come from great distances. Into this setting marched the uniformed bodies of the temples, led by their official divans. They had previously paraded through the main streets of Fargo. They marched around the enclosure, past the reviewing stand of the Imperial Sir, and then formed groups about their special tents, and the pageant continued.

Long before all this occurred the El Zagal hosts had been up with the dawn. At 6:30 A. M. they were lined up at the Masonic Temple, marching from there to the Northern Pacific station to meet the Zuhrah contingent's special train, and the potentates and divans of Osman and Aad. The visitors were taken for a dip in the Masonic Temple swimming pool and [Continued on page 46]



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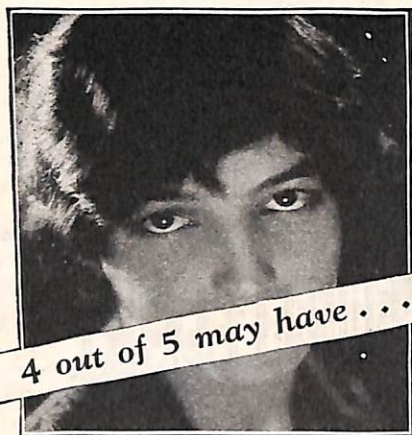
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WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 45]

then breakfast. Automobile rides and golf games took up the rest of the forenoon, the El Zagal team winning the prize at the Country Club.

From 11:30 to 12:30 the various uniformed bodies serenaded down town centers. An Egyptian lunch for all Nobles followed at the Temple.

Visiting ladies were received and entertained by a committee of local ladies at the Commercial Club, and there was a dinner at the Country Club in honor of Mrs. Jones.

All organizations and the rank and file met the Imperial Potentate's train at 1:57 P. M. He was escorted to the Masonic Temple, where he witnessed the Ceremonial and personally gave the obligation to the Novices. The aforesaid parade from the station had been unique. The Imperial Potentate was taken to a specially prepared vehicle on which had been placed a stuffed camel. Mounting the camel, he was pulled to the Temple by all the Past Potentates in the city.

The public parade had been arranged by Potentate John J. Nierling of El Zagal for late in the afternoon, and went off splendidly. Then came the Oriental pageant, under the direction of Past Potentate Alfred G. Arvold. An out-door dinner was served to all Nobles.

There was a banquet at the Gardner Hotel, arranged in honor of the Imperial Potentate by the Divan and Past Potentates of El Zagal. Other guests were all visiting Potentates and officers of other Temples, including Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire.

In the evening Noble and Mrs. Jones received the Nobility and their ladies at a reception. The Oriental Guide, Noble Henry Lynner, sang the "Rose Song," and then gave Mrs. Jones a bouquet of roses. Past Potentate Albert B. Guphill presented the Imperial Potentate with an Oriental rug. Chief Rabbai Frank I. Darrow, after a seance of some intriguing mystery, added two live goldfish to his collection. Zuhrah and El Zagal Chanters sang several numbers. Dancing followed.

On the 9th Noble and Mrs. Jones were breakfast guests in the "Log Cabin" at the North Dakota Agricultural College. In El Zagal Park Noble Jones planted an elm tree close to those previously set out by Past Imperial Potentates Dykeman, Burger and Dunbar. Later he placed a wreath on the grave of Past Imperial Potentate John F. Treat. Luncheon was served at the Gardner Hotel. A trip was taken to Detroit Lakes, a fish dinner being served at Pettibone Lodge, which is in Shoreham, Minnesota. The party then returned to Fargo and departed for Grand Forks.

That city, which is Kem Temple's home, was reached the next morning, the party being under escort of Potentate W. H. Alexander. The local Shriners escorted the visitors to a suite in the Hotel Dacotah. At the luncheon given by the Potentate, Divan and Past Potentates the visitors met them and also their wives. A general reception followed in the afternoon for all Masons and their ladies in the auditorium of the Masonic Temple.

The city was full of Masons at the time, because of the Imperial's visitation, Kem's Ceremonial that night, and a big Scottish Rite reunion, with no less a personage in attendance than Captain and Noble John H. Cowles, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite.

Next on the tour was Winnipeg, Canada, headquarters of Khartum Temple. The party arrived on the night of June 10th and remained until the following afternoon.



(On his arrival at Minneapolis, Imperial Potentate Jones was greeted by Past Imperial Potentate C. E. Ovenshire.)

The Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Jones were accompanied by Past Potentate Bradley of Aad Temple, Potentate Alexander of Kem and Mrs. Alexander, and Noble F. T. Holmes, an official of the Great Northern Railway.

After a visit to the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children (a mobile unit), which is under the direction of Noble A. W. Chapman, who is chairman of the local Board of Governors, they were entertained by Potentate Fred C. Hamilton and the officers of the Divan, with their ladies, at a luncheon at the Motor Country Club. The club is at Lower Fort Gerry, an historic spot on the banks of the Red River, 20 miles from Winnipeg.

The Imperial Potentate delivered an address. In behalf of Khartum, Potentate Hamilton presented Mrs. Jones with a reading lamp.

Return to the city was in time to take the 5:10 P. M. train for Duluth. Khartum officials expressed the hope that the Imperial Potentate would make an official visit to their oasis later in the year.

Duluth was reached on the morning of June 12th, and in his railroad car the Imperial Potentate was breakfast host to Potentate David H. Clough and members of the Aad Temple Divan. Then the entire party went to the Hotel Duluth, where Mr. Jones was welcomed by many other Duluth Nobles.

From there Mr. and Mrs. Jones were taken by automobile on a tour of the Arrowhead area in northern Minnesota, driving up the North Shore to Ilgen City, thence along the Isabella trail, through the Superior national forest to Ely, and then to Burnside lodge, where the night was spent. Past Potentate Thomas P. Bradley, who joined the Imperial party in Fargo, was in charge of the excursion, the personnel of which included Potentate Clough and Mrs. Clough, Recorder A. H. Moe and Mrs. Moe, and Past Potentate W. K. Gill.

The next day was also full of Aad activities, beginning with the journey back to Duluth, which entailed an inspection, while en route, of open pit mines at Virginia. Noble Jones spoke at a luncheon in the Hotel Duluth, which was reached shortly after noon. The program included several instrumental and vocal numbers. Among the guests were Past Imperial Potentate Ovenshire and Mrs. Ovenshire and Potentate Winslow of Zuhrah Temple. An automobile tour of the city was made. A dinner in honor of Noble Jones was given and at the same time Mrs. Clough was dinner hostess elsewhere to Mrs. Jones, with many guests to meet Mrs. Jones.

Piloted by Shrine delegations from Minneapolis and St. Paul, the Imperial Potentate left Duluth late that night, arriving in Minneapolis early the next morning.

The delegation that met the train in Minneapolis had arranged a special breakfast for the Imperial Potentate and his wife in the Union Station, in which Potentate Winslow and the Divan joined. Conferences on affairs of the Order were the next order of business. In the Curtis Hotel at noon Noble Jones spoke before the Minneapolis Shrine Club. That night he and Mrs. Jones were guests of honor at a dinner dance in the Nicollet Hotel, many of the guests being members and ladies of Osman Temple.

June 15th had been proclaimed a day of feasting and merrymaking in St. Paul by Potentate John A. Wright—and so it was. When the Imperial party bowed into that half of the Twin Cities 6,000 Shriners were there with their huzzas. They had come from a radius of 300 miles throughout Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota. Osman was host to the entire eastern section of the Northwest.

The parade was made zippy by the participation of all uniformed bodies of Osman and Zuhrah. An unusual attraction was Osman's new Oriental band with its quaint music issuing forth from strange instruments. The parade disbanded at the Masonic Temple, where Osman then staged its long planned and greatly heralded "long horn" Ceremonial. Fully 125 unbelievers who sought the true word and Allah's approving

smile went through the First and Third Sections. The St. Paul Athletic Club was the scene of a formal dinner in honor of the Imperial Sir, with Potentate Wright as toastmaster. The Second Section of the Ceremonial was then put on in the auditorium.

Before leaving the Twin Cities Noble Jones was presented by Zuhrah Temple of Minneapolis with an elaborate refrigerator that makes its own ice. It was the conviction of the donors that their gift will be the Jones family standby in the Houston dog days.

In an interview given the press Noble Jones expressed the belief that "The Twin Cities Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children has brought these two cities closer together than ever before. When you have your men and women working together in a hospital, bringing health and happiness to crippled children, you cannot have fights and petty jealousy." He visited and inspected that institution and encouraged the little patients to keep on "going strong."

Late that night the Imperial party left for Milwaukee to visit Tripoli.

The tentative itinerary of the Imperial Potentate for the balance of June was as follows:

Milwaukee, Tripoli; Chicago, Medinah; St. Louis, Moolah; Evansville, Indiana, Hadi; Louisville, Kosair; Guthrie; Madisonville, Kentucky, Rizpah; Memphis, Al Chymia; Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Sahara; Little Rock, Al Amin; returning to Houston about noon on July 1st.

MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 36]

aces and a wild joker. Think it over, kid," she advised—and was gone.

Larry did think it over.

He did not see his wife again until the following evening. She came in an hour before dinner. Dejection hung like a shroud upon her.

He sat brooding for perhaps half an hour. And then an apparition burst upon him.

It was Tyra, vivid in her latest and brightest gown—Tyra of old, gay laughter bubbling from her lips, irresistible vivacity in every gesture. Larry was too thoroughly obtuse to detect a trace of hysteria in her sudden high spirits. She courtied and flashed him an alluring glance from the corners of her eyes.

"Tonight," she announced, "I am going to forget that I am worried and tired. Tonight, Larry, I wish you to take me out—anywhere. Just you and I. And we are to go places and dance and joke with one another and be ver', ver' happy. Will you do it, Larry?"

"Tyra!" He started forward impulsively, then halted. "Gosh! Tyra—you're gorgeous!"

"You spoof with me. But I shall try tonight to be everything you wish. Do you think you can make me forget that horrid studio—just for a few hours?"

He caught her spirit and responded to it. His lips expanded to a broad grin. "Try me!" he challenged.

And so for one brief, glorious evening, they became their old selves again—light, jolly, bantering.

He made love to her openly, but not seriously; and she joked with him and made fun of him—and then had moments of bewildering, unexpected tenderness. They dined at a little inn near Santa Monica. No one recognized Tyra—something for which both were grateful. They danced constantly. It was maddening to feel her so close against him; her pliant figure bending and swaying... occasionally, he had to remind himself that this was a game—the diversion of an evening.

It was past midnight before they started home. The depression seemed to have dropped from her.

And then they were home again: tired and happy—and for the moment, carefree. They said goodnight at her door, and they said it with a smile.

The week that followed was one of stress. Tyra's forced effervescence of a single night was not repeated and whatever strain it was she was under exacted its toll. Larry watched closely—and worried, yet dared not question her.

Conditions at the studio wore on the girl's nerves. Gustav Furnhjelm was not there to discuss things with her. He had gone on a vacation.

Aikman was working hard. But he was frankly doubtful of success. "I've got a detective on the trail of this bird Hansen," he explained. "Swayne has him hidden out somewhere. But after all, Tyra, if the worst comes to the worst we can sign the new contract and then do our level best to break it."

So she was moody at dinner; her shoulders drooped and she ate lightly with eyes fixed on her plate. Larry longed to comfort her, to surround her with his friendship. More and more insistently, Julia Morehouse's advice beat in his brain.

His opportunity came one night when Tyra did not go to her room from the dinner table. She went into the living room and curled up on the lounge.

"Feel like talking with me a few minutes, Tyra?"

She swept his averted face with a low-lidded glance.

"Please, Larry. I should be mos' happy," she said.

"Anybody tell you recently that you need a vacation?"

"Oh, surely. I should rest for a month."

"You really should, Tyra. That's one of the things I want to discuss. Just one of them."

"And the other?"

"I'll come to that in a moment. Something is troubling you. I don't know what—and I'm not asking. I'm telling you that you ought to get [Continued on page 49]

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SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44]

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

A group of 149 Masons were made Shriners on June 8th, in the presence of 3000 Nobles in the Broadway Auditorium. A midnight theater party at the Great Lakes Theater followed. The Neophytes were well fortified for their ordeal by a sumptuous luncheon at the Hotel Statler. Old as well as new members gathered around the festive board when the traditional banquet was held in Elmwood Music Hall. There was a glittering street parade. Visiting Nobles were from many states and also from Canada.

Dean Clarence S. Marsh of the University of Buffalo spoke on General Robert E. Lee before the Ismailia Shrine Club.

JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Jerusalem, with its Divan, Band, Arab Patrol, Mounted Patrol, and Nobility and ladies, attended Hamasa Temple's dedication ceremony in Meridian, Mississippi, on June 21st. About 200 persons went along. Potentate Ernest E. Sykes worked overtime to make Jerusalem's participation the success that it was.

He is planning a big shirtwaist Ceremonial for August, and an out of town Ceremonial in the Autumn.

KAABA, DAVENPORT, IOWA

Kaaba held its first 1928 picnic on July 18th, at the Springbrook Country Club, DeWitt, Iowa. It was preceded by a parade in DeWitt and followed by a concert and Patrol drill. Another one will be held on August 22nd, in Burlington, Iowa.

The 50th anniversary of Kaaba will be celebrated on October 18th and a class of from 150 to 200 Novices will be permitted to penetrate the Mysteries.

KALURAH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The largest Ceremonial and jollification in the history of the Temple was held on June 15th. The steer was imported from the West and the sizzler and carver from the South, and everything was done Southern style. All this went on at the Kalurah Country Club, the tennis courts being the scene of the initiation.

KISMET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June 11th was designated Past Potentates Night by Potentate Thomas A. Davis. Noble William Bamber, who reigned in 1908-09-10, headed the cast in the station of Potentate. Other Past Potentates who occupied chairs in the ritual work were Nobles Clifford H. Bradt, James H. Rollins, John A. Morison,

Edward A. Gailer, James W. Downing, William J. McCaffrey, Arthur S. Willdigg, Charles A. Brockaway. The Temple Band gave a concert as part of the proceedings.

KORA, LEWISTON, MAINE

Lakewood was the rendezvous for the Summer field day. The roads to that place from Lewiston and Portland seemed to be alive with Nobles in their cars, and hundreds of them concentrated in Waterville for a short parade. The festivities lasted all day. That night a banquet was enjoyed in Skowhegan, of which Lakewood is a suburb. The big parade and Ceremonial also took place in Skowhegan, with vaudeville following.

KOREIN, RAWLINS, WYO.

Candidates numbering 24 were initiated at the Spring Ceremonial. Plates were set for 300 diners at the banquet in the Temple. The Novices hailed from Rawlins, Rock Springs, Cheyenne, Casper and Parco.

MIZPAH, FORT WAYNE, IND.

Noble W. H. Bogart has been elected Recorder to succeed Noble G. L. Scheffler, who resigned for business reasons. The new Recorder has been a member since 1910, for the last three as president of the Temple Band.

Mizpah's third annual golf tournament was held on June 21st at the Fort Wayne Country Club. This always is a big day for members.

Potentate James H. Haberly is planning several pilgrimages to cities adjacent to Fort Wayne where members have Shrine clubs. He will take along each time the Band, Patrol and Chanters, to entertain the community as well as Nobles.

MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS

On June 2nd Moolah added another page to its history of outstanding Ceremonials. The balance and perfection of its stage setting, costumes, ritual and second section work won universal praise. Chief Lieutenant Theodore Appel, acting Potentate for Potentate George Fox, who was absent because of illness, deserves great credit for so well carrying out the Potentate's preliminary plans and for his aptitude so suddenly called into play.

Herman Mauch was chairman of the banquet committee. Nobles Appel, Acting Chief Rabban William F. Biederman, High Priest and Prophet Jackson J. Hagen, Ceremonial Master Leroy F. Turnbull, and James W. Chilton and Donald Anderson, assistants, led the proceedings. Noble John Albert Hubbard gave the inspired charge in his



Noble Frank C. Clark, of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, is the noted travel manager and head of the bureau which bears his name. He will book you to any part of the world and back again.

usual eloquent manner. Major E. H. Loffhagen was grand marshal; Wade Fallert, director of chanters; Colonel A. A. Marquardt, commandant of the Patrol; Henry J. Falkenhainer, director of the Band; William Boennecke, leader of the Drum and Bugle Corps; John H. Bueschen, second section stage manager.

MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The cool Jacksonville Beach sands for the nonce became the hot sands of the Sahara on June 26th, when Justice Louie W. Strum of the Florida Supreme Court, Potentate of Morocco, led Nobles and Novices to the shore for the mid-Summer Ceremonial. A parade and band concert on the boardwalk and a fish fry and dancing on the pier were outside features of the affair.

MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.

More than 7000 Nobles jammed ferry boats for the jaunt to Bob-lo Island on June 1st, where the monster Spring Ceremonial was held. There was a colorful parade from the Masonic Temple to the dock, the marchers being led by Potentate Tunis E. Stinson, Chief Rabban E. O. Knight, High Priest James Dickson, Jr., and Oriental Guide Guy W. Moore. The Band, Chanters and Patrol were in the line and afterward ably did their part in the Ceremonial which imparted the secrets of the desert to 178 who sought light and knowledge.

MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A gala aerial circus and aeronautical parade by regular Army and National Guard planes from Fort Benjamin Harrison were the outstanding attractions of the Temple's band picnic and outing on June 10th. The Murat Band of 60 pieces gave a splendid concert, "rivalled" only by the "burlesque band." Auto polo games led the long list of athletic events. The revelling was done in Walnut Gardens, 13 miles from Indianapolis.

NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

An unusual broadcast was made over KFOA on May 31st, when all the noises of a circus, including the calliopes, were sent out on the air incidental to the luncheon in a ballroom of the Olympic Hotel, where the Nile Shrine Luncheon Club held a big shindig.

The Imperial Captain of the Guard, Hugh M. Caldwell, christened Nile's baby camel, born on April 22nd.

Potentates from five temples attended the Ceremonial on June 9th, directed by Potentate William A. Eastman. Past Potentate George R. Drever was director.

OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Oasis has decided upon a new mosque and has purchased a lot 88 by 300 by 150 feet, which real estate experts valued at about \$100,000. Announcement of the deal was [Shrine News Continued on page 50]

AUGUST, 1928

MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 47]

away. Somewhere far away from Los Angeles.

"I think you are correct," she said slowly. "I am glad you have suggested it." He spoke less confidently now. "That brings me to the real reason for this talk, Tyra. It is about myself."

Her eyes brightened and she sat up with a sudden quiver of interest.

"About you?"

"Yes. We've been married about seven months, Tyra. Only the two of us and Aikman and Furnhjelm know the true status. Others may suspect it, but we are the only ones who know. And there are two persons who believe that we are really man and wife—in all that the words imply."

"Who are they?"

"My father and mother."

"Oh . . ."

"I don't want to be unduly sentimental," he went on painfully. "I don't want to play on your emotions. But facts are facts. I suppose it is natural that my mother and father should be very fond of me. The idea came to me . . . I would never have mentioned it if you hadn't been so worn out."

"What idea, Larry?"

"My parents are in for rather a wallop, Tyra. Seven months ago they suddenly received a wire announcing that I had married. They read of it in all the newspapers, and I sent them worlds of clippings. Naturally, I had to act the part of the enraptured bridegroom for their benefit. I wrote long letters . . ."

"What sort of letters?" she questioned gently.

"About you and myself. I told them what a beautiful woman you were, and what an exquisite wife! I made them see you as a girl they'd be happy to have as a daughter-in-law. Can you imagine how they will feel, Tyra, when—in a few months—they will hear abruptly that I am divorced? Can you imagine what it will mean to them to have a daughter-in-law for a year, and never to have seen her?"

Impulsively she covered his hand with hers.

"Knowing that you need a rest—that you should get far away from California for a few weeks—it occurred to me how wonderful it would be if you would consent to go to Alabama with me."

She drew in her breath sharply.

"You and I, Larry? Just the two of us?"

"Certainly. I think if I could wire my folks that I was bringing you home for a couple of weeks, it would make them the happiest people in the world. I promise you it would not be embarrassing . . ."

"Poof, Larry! I would not be embarrassed. I should adore to meet your parents."

Her whole soul thrilled to the idea of this queer honeymoon with the man she had been married to for seven months and whose wife she would probably never be.

"I'll speak with Mr. Aikman tomorrow. If he thinks it is a good idea, I will go."

He caught her hands in his. "You don't know how happy you're going to make two charming old people, Tyra."

"I shall be mos' happy." Her eyes lighted and she leaped to her feet.

"We can take the car and go to Mr. Aikman's home, and I shall speak with him to find out if it will be right for me to make this trip and if he says yes—then we shall send a telegram to your mother."

The mood of depression had dropped from her like a discarded cloak. She was vivid and eager.

"Gee, Tyra—you're a wonder! I know it's asking a lot of you—"

"Not so!" Her eyes sparkled and he saw the wraithlike little dimple at the corner of her lips. "The trouble about you, Larry Wycoff, is you do not ask for enough things.

Perhaps if you did, life might be more sweet for you."

Like two children they raced to the garage and threw themselves into the car. With Larry at the wheel they broke all traffic laws in getting to Aikman's Wilshire home. Larry waited in the car while Tyra went to the door.

Aikman begged them to come in, an invitation which they steadfastly refused. Then, in a secluded corner of the big veranda, Tyra told him of Larry's suggestion.

"That's great, Tyra! Simply notify Swayne and Felder tomorrow that you are leaving. Don't say where or with whom. They'll be wild. They'll think I've started something."

She danced back to the car and told Larry the news. They sped downtown to a telephone office, and Tyra insisted on writing the wire.

"Am bringing Larry home with me for a two weeks' rest. We arrive Habersham next Thursday afternoon. Love

"TYRA."

Habersham, Alabama, does not pretend to be a bustling, flourishing city. The government census credits it with six thousand inhabitants, and its local boosters claim ten thousand—but its chief asset is its mellow charm.

It is a town of broad, tree lined streets; of dignified old houses; of easy friendship and warm hospitality.

But small as the town is, it is one of the real social centers of Alabama. It is as prideful as Montgomery and Tuscaloosa.

All the way across the country Larry had been delightful. From the moment they boarded the train, he had been like a boy—bubbling over with spirits.

Long since, Tyra had come to love her husband. But now she adored him. It was a Larry removed from a background where he did not belong and placed in an atmosphere which was his own.

With each thrumming beat of car wheels on rails, Tyra felt her troubles slipping from her.

The train groaned to a protesting halt. Larry seized Tyra by the arm and started forward.

The station platform was crowded. He felt warm all over—warm with pride of his wife and of his home town. The city had turned out to greet Tyra—not alone because she was Tyra Karlson, but because she was Tyra Karlson and his wife.

Her eyes were bright and starry. Larry leaped down the steps and turned to help her. There was a gasp from the crowd and a chorus of "There she is!" One or two called out—"Hey! Larry . . ."

And then, standing near the baggage room, he saw his parents.

They were an impressive couple: Larry's father tall and spare with features of cameo sharpness; Mrs. Wycoff tiny yet dignified with snowy hair and big, kindly eyes.

Larry's fingers wrapped about Tyra's arm, and she fairly ran to keep pace with him. The crowd stood back, smiling warmly.

Then, quite frankly and naturally—without hesitation or affectation—Tyra went to her husband's mother. Mrs. Wycoff's arms enfolded the girl.

Then Tyra turned to Larry's father. The roguish violet light was in her eyes, the faint suggestion of a dimple at the corner of her lips. She clasped Shelby Wycoff's hand and lifted her lips for his kiss.

"I love you both," she said impulsively.

Tyra's heart went out to the quiet, friendly citizens of this sleepy little town and she met look for look and smile for smile.

Larry singled out a half dozen of the more prominent persons [Continued on page 51]

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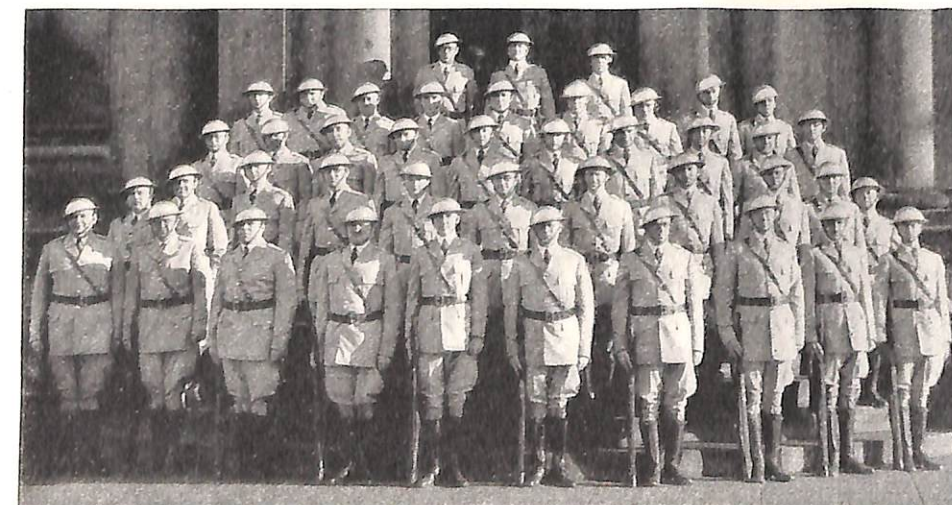
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Kora Temple's Legion of Honor, Portland, Maine.

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]

made by Noble W. S. Liddell, president of the temple widow's fund and Past Grand Master of North Carolina Masons. The type of building to be erected, and when, and whether it is to include a theater, are points not yet decided.

ORIENTAL, TROY, N. Y.

In honor of Potentate Ralph W. Rennie the Temple went to Glens Falls, his home town, on June 8th and held a Ceremonial that drew more than 2000 Shriners to the Armory and many times that many spectators to the outside festivities. City Park, for instance, was jammed for the band concert by Oriental's Band. Nobles and some uniformed bodies were present and participated in behalf of Cyprus of Albany, Tigris of Syracuse and Cairo of Rutland, Vermont.

The Glens Falls Post-Star wrote an editorial of welcome, saying of Shriners that "They walk in Allah's sight by day, "And nestle in his smile by night."

PALESTINE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The last week in June was a festive time for those who dwell within Palestine's domain, because of a combination Ceremonial and outing. The Novices were received in short form in Freemasons Hall early in the morning of the Ceremonial day, and at 10:00 A. M. there was a street parade. Then everybody "hopped in, Nobles" for the auto caravan to the hidden oasis. There were athletic contests, indoor card games, a boat ride, and lots to eat—and everything was free to members of the Temple.

PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A motley aggregation of noisy sons of the desert was rounded up on June 9th and taken to the Pyramid to learn the lessons of obedience. There were 87 Novices who withstood the Moslem Test and thus became members of the Faithful. More than 1700 Nobles witnessed the ritual and the performances of the uniformed bodies.

SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

Nearly 10,000 Shriners of New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, with dozens of scattered ones from many other states, saw Salaam break the record of all of Shrinedom on June 23rd, when it initiated 500 Novices in Jersey City. Tentage for a full fledged three-ring circus was used for the proceedings. All of Salaam's

(Nobles Earl Longstreth and John W. Guy (center) were so anxious to cross the hot sands at Aabmes Temple Ceremonial they flew all the way from Turlock, Cal., to Oakland.



uniformed units participated in the parade, including the Scarlet and Gold Hussars Mounted Guard.

The Ceremonial was held on the field named after Noble John J. Pershing, where the banquet also was held from 5:00 to 7:00 P. M., in still another large tent. The general chairman, as right hand bower for Potentate Robert A. Alberts was Noble Clarence Owens. Other chairmen were George Scheetz, Jr., Newton W. Bolen, James F. Russel, Henry Christensen, Samuel R. Fletcher, R. S. Lawson, Frederick H. Mertens, Dr. Harry H. Rich, Colonel George M. Buttle, Harry D. Adair, Charles F. Boldt, Royal E. Perrin, general aide, Harvey N. Petty. Colonel Buttle was grand marshal, assisted by Colonel George T. Vickers, Colonel H. Herman Schwarzkopf and Chief Joseph D. Lowden.

Mecca, Kismet and Crescent Temples contributed their uniformed bodies, joining Salaam's.

SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.

The Temple's Spring Ceremonial in Raleigh, N. C., on June 7th was a great success, reports Recorder Caleb D. Bradham. More than 8000 Nobles, their families and friends were registered. Nobles from the Carolinas and Virginia poured into the city.

Every Divan officer and every Past Potentate was present. It is felt that the Nobility of North Carolina never had such a joyous time. Representatives of Khedive, Acca, Boumi, Beni-Kedem, Oasis, Hejez, Omar, and other distant temples joined the happy throng for two nights and a day.

Sudan's Golden Concert Band, under the leadership of Major P. W. Price, President of the Band Directors Association, and Captain John H. Parker's Arab Patrol excelled all previous efforts. The wrecking crew, in new uniforms, brought a touch of the hot sands of the desert to the Novices.

SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Potentate Reginald A. Daniell, desiring to keep the Shrine before his members, inaugurated a system of having a double Ceremonial, one on June 7th for the members living in Pittsburgh and one for the Nobility outside. He secured a class of 205 and divided half of them to be initiated the first night and the balance on the second night. The entertainment and all events were the same on both evenings. The method met with the unanimous approval of the membership and over 4000 Nobles were taken care of each night.



(Noble J. E. Sandmyer is a veteran Shriner and prominent in both Masonry and the Shrine. He lives in Newark, N. J.

On June 14th a Ceremonial was held in the Scottish Rite auditorium at New Castle, Pa., about sixty miles below Pittsburgh. The Shrine Club at that point under the guidance of Noble Fred L. Rentz was instrumental in securing 110 petitions, consequently the Potentate deemed it proper that a Ceremonial should be held. A special train on the P. & L. E. R. R. took the uniformed organizations to New Castle, accompanied by several hundred of the Nobility.

Upon arrival at New Castle the lines were formed and a march made to the Scottish Rite Auditorium, where the units changed to their uniforms. A business meeting for balloting on candidates was held at 3:30 P. M. Promptly at four o'clock a parade was held, traversing the principal streets of the city, returning to the Temple for dinner. This was followed by moving pictures, a concert by Syria Band, drills by the Arab Patrol and Legion of Honor and at seven o'clock the Ceremonial proper took place, after which vaudeville and moving pictures formed the entertainment.

This was a gala day in New Castle, hundreds of the Nobility who have not been able to witness a Ceremonial at Syria Mosque for years, were on hand and were royally entertained. The seating capacity of this beautiful auditorium, 3500, was entirely filled and several hundred found standing room. The banquet hall seats 2700 at one sitting and a regular plate dinner was served.

The ritualistic work and stage settings were wonderful, the second section and the vaudeville was enjoyed immensely by nearly 4000 Nobles who crowded into the beautiful auditorium. A. H. Fiebach, Potentate of Al Koran Temple at Cleveland, accompanied by W. Steinbrenner, Assistant to the Potentate, were the honored guests, including Fred J. Reutelhuter, Recorder of

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]



(These Shriners and pint-size Shrinettes made a bit in Morocco's Ceremonial parade.

MARRIAGE, LIMITED

[Continued from page 49]

who pressed forward to welcome him. Larry was so proud and so happy that he could not contain himself. As they reached the somewhat rickety little car which his father drove, he leaned over and pressed Tyra's hand. She answered the pressure and smiled into his eyes.

Larry sat in front with his father. Tyra and Mrs. Wycoff climbed into the tonneau.

They halted at the curb before a great, spraddling house, somewhat sorely in need of fresh paint—but dignified and proud for all its shabbiness. It stood in the midst of huge grounds; half concealed by a wealth of shrubbery and stately shade trees. Tyra caught a glimpse of two very dark faces at the front door—broad red mouths and gleaming white teeth—which disappeared as Larry leaped to the curb to assist her and Mrs. Wycoff to alight.

Tyra never could remember just what it was they talked about all through that delightful first evening in Larry's home. It was about nothing in particular—nothing of importance—yet there crept into her soul a great feeling of peace.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Wycoff insisted that everybody go to bed. She could tell that Tyra was fatigued. She and her husband escorted them to their rooms. They said good night—Mrs. Wycoff kissed Tyra and Larry . . . and then they were gone.

Larry faced his wife. They were alone in a private room together for the first time since their marriage nearly eight months before.

Larry's face was brick red. But Tyra was calm and self-possessed. Larry walked rather stiffly across the room and opened a door which led out into what was called a sleeping porch. On it was a double bed.

"I told mother we would like to have these rooms," he said awkwardly. "That one will be yours. I shall sleep out here. I hope, Tyra . . ."

"You dear foolish boy," she said softly. "Don't you know I don't require explanations? And of course I understand that your parents must not know—how things are between us."

He turned away, but she stopped him. She was standing near the foot of her bed, and he glimpsed in her eyes the maddening roguish light.

"Larry," she said, "if you are going to be like your father when you are his age—I hope I shall know you then."

He smiled, then flushed, and turned away. He closed the door. He did not immediately undress. Instead he stood looking off through the oak and pine. But his thoughts were on the other side of the door.

The simple, quiet, unaffected little southern town took Tyra to its heart. In the afternoon they fell into the town custom of walking downtown about five o'clock and strolling around the Square. The high spot of each such stroll was Tyra's ice-cream soda.

Larry and Tyra were leaving Framingham's Drug store. Tyra's eyes were sparkling as she slipped her arm into Larry's.

Suddenly he felt her fingers tighten.

She was standing rigid as a statue. Her cheeks were dead white and her eyes, wide and staring, were strained across the Square toward the Court House.

Frightened by her manner, he followed the direction of her eyes. He could see nothing . . . unless it was the large figure of a man, quietly dressed, who was strolling indifferently along the street.

Larry bent swiftly and whispered; "Steady, Tyra."

She gasped, and seemed to recover from the sudden shock.

"Let us go home, Larry. Quickly!" [To be concluded]

New! The Halvorfold
EXTRA THIN MODEL
Patented Loose Leaf
Pass Case, Bill
Fold, Card Case

100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong
"Made to Order" for Nobles

Newly patented, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card case—just what every Noble needs. No embarrassing moments furnishing for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear.

Now, ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, phone, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold. Made of high grade, black GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, soft texture that shows real quality. All silk stitched, extra heavy, no flimsy cloth lining. 1-10 14K Gold corners and snap fastener. Size, 4 1/2 x 6 closed, just right for hip-pocket (fits into only 3/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 23K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.60 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE to Nobles my genuine calfskin key case (illustration at right) merely for the privilege of showing you the HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!

Free Examination!
Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine calfskin key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00. If you like it, I will send you the HALVORFOLD and key-case for only \$5.00. No obligation to buy. I trust Nobles as quality buyers and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

Send Coupon today for HALVORFOLD and Key-Case

AGENTS: We have few territories still open for representation. Lodge Secretaries find this a source of quick, easy profit. Ask for our Special Agent's Offer. See coupon.

HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 9-5R, 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. Either way the key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection mention here your Temple Emblem

Name Address

5% Off to save bookkeeping. If you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. Check square if interested in agent's proposition.

HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 9-5R, 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. Either way the key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection mention here your Temple Emblem

Name Address

5% Off to save bookkeeping. If you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. Check square if interested in agent's proposition.

C. M. Smyth says:
"You Taught Me
How to Make
Big Money"

in Detroit with your wonderful merchandise and splendid co-operation." We paid Smyth \$4000.00 in 1926 and \$7000.00 in 1927 and will show honest and energetic full or part time men and women everywhere how to make large and steady earnings selling our nationally known Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Personal Stationery, etc., to friends, also to banks, business houses, professional people and individuals. We pay large commission in cash every day with liberal monthly bonus. Don't wait till tomorrow but write me personally today for full details, territory and magnificent free sample equipment.

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THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

DEAFNESS IS MISERY
Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to the theatre, church because they use Leonard Invisibly Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, INC., SUITE 698, 70 5TH AVE., NEW YORK

Take off that excess FAT

Without dieting, or drugs, or exercise, you can take off pounds of fat, reducing abdomen 4 to 6 inches in a few weeks.

MIZPAH REDUCER

shows results almost immediately, and relieves that tired feeling generally—excess fat is burdensome and wears down the whole system. Made of best quality Para rubber and Egyptian thread especially woven for this purpose: can be boiled to cleanse without injury to the rubber. Made also in superior quality of Rayon.

No lacing, no fussing; simply step into the Mizpah, pull it into place where it stays, without rolling or slipping, conforming to every movement of body.

Made and guaranteed by one of the largest, oldest and best-known makers of surgical belts.

Price, superior quality of Rayon, \$8.00 each. Egyptian Thread, \$5.00 each. If not entirely satisfactory money cheerfully refunded in one week. Suitable for either men or women.

State waist measurement at "A" and height

THE WALTER F. WARE CO. Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 107 Makers of the No. 44 Mizpah Jock.

RADIATOR EMBLEM

Solid bronze, Nickel plated. Size 4 in. x 4 in.

Prepaid \$1.50

HUNT BRASS WORKS
1617 Winona Ave., Chicago

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 4)



This illustration shows the main building of the McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic at Excelsior Springs, Missouri—the largest institution in the world devoted to the treatment of piles and other rectal troubles. (Only curable cases are accepted.)

A Treacherous Affliction Healed Without Surgery

THE old theory that piles could be healed only by surgery has been wholly disproved. This treacherous affliction which slowly but surely undermines the health of its victims can be healed—totally and successfully—without recourse to surgical aid.

Patients From All Parts of United States and Canada

The McCleary treatments have a record of 28 years success to recommend them to you. During that time, more than 14,000 patients from all parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries have been satisfactorily treated. Scores of these had been given up as incurable and many others were chronic cases of long standing.

Absolute Relief or No Pay

No matter how long you have been troubled—

No matter how distressing your case may be—

No matter how many treatments you have had without avail, if your case has not been neglected so long as to be incurable, we can promise you absolute relief or no pay.

If you or any of your relatives or friends are interested, we will gladly mail you our free book, "Piles Cured Without Surgery." This book fully describes the McCleary methods of diagnosis and treatment, and tells you exactly what is offered here at a very nominal cost.

The McCleary Sanitarium

C-290 Elms Boulevard
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic
C-290 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Please send me book fully describing the McCleary Method of Treating Piles Without Surgery.

Name.....

Please print name and address plainly

Street Address.....

Town or City.....State.....

homes when they are discharged. The girls also do fancy work. Toys are made and given bright colors. In their spare time the boys make brushes.

The Chief Physician is Dr. Leroy C. Abbott, and all the work done there by him and other doctors, including the operations, is free of charge. There are three operating rooms and two days a week are set aside for surgery. Among their wonderful cures is that of a little girl, 11 years old, whose spinal trouble was so severe that she had to walk on all fours like a dog. Today she walks like a West Pointer on parade, assisted only by a brace on one leg, and she has hopes of getting along without even that prop some day. One girl had a short leg and made matters worse by turning in the toes of the other foot in an attempt to equalize. The result was that the toes began to grow that way. The short leg was stretched and the toes were straightened out, so that now she walks correctly with the help of a special shoe. Many other instances of misery turned into joy could be cited.

The late Noble Floyd F. Brower left an estate of \$150,000 which will eventually go to the hospital in Portland, Oregon. The widow, Mrs. Maude Brower will enjoy the income from two-thirds of the estate during her life, and a sister, Mrs. Bertha B. Harris, will draw from the other third in like manner. Upon their deaths, and that of certain other beneficiaries, the estate goes to the hospital. The trustee is the Security Savings and Trust Company.

Noble Brower, who was 52 at the time of his death, was president of the Columbia Optical Company.

At the national convention of the Daughters of the Nile, held in Buffalo, it was announced on June 1st that the Order will establish and maintain convalescent hospitals in conjunction with fourteen of the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children. A statement to this effect was given to the press by Mrs. Virginia Crouse, of Los Angeles, the newly elected Supreme Queen.

The convention decided to raise the fund through a per capita tax upon their 44 temples in the United States, Canada and Hawaii. Further details were left over until the national convention in Los Angeles next year.

Noble Walter W. Williamson, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Montreal hospital, reports that the boys there who constitute the 113th Montreal Boy Scouts Troop recently won 33 prize ribbons with 57 entries at the Montreal Boys Hobby Show. The work was done under the able direction of Mrs. M. A. Corcoran, manual therapist of the unit. Their basketry and rug weaving exhibits were easily the best in the exposition. Other excellent exhibits included leather purses, fancy leather flowers, small carved totem poles very reminiscent of far away British Columbia, a collection of well mounted butterflies, under glass and framed, and a series of water colored pastel pictures.

Bird houses were also displayed, and one of the most interesting was not even on display. It was made by little Tommy Smith, who is still bed-ridden. He worked cheerily away on his cot on the sunny balcony while the other boys romped around. By dint of much labor he built the bird house, driving each nail with great care. And he got a lot of dust from his sandpapering in his bed. At last it was finished, even down to green paint. A brother Scout then climbed a tree with it, and now Tommy can see the pair of wild

birdies which took up their abode in it. Now the Montreal hospital girls are preparing for a handicraft display of their own, and the result is awaited with a great deal of interest.

Noble E. Palmo Dowell, aide to the Potentate of Boumi Temple, sends in a clipping from the Baltimore American, with a featured article on "Baltimore Day by Day." The conductor of this popular local column is Mr. Richard D. Steuart, whose pen name is Carroll Dulaney. He writes: "I am not a Shriner, but it seems to me that it would be hard to find better work than that which the members of that Masonic Order are doing throughout the country in the hospitals for crippled children which they maintain."

"Some idea of this work was gained from a motion picture which was shown the other night in the ballroom of the Garden Theater under the auspices of Boumi Temple. The picture is called 'An Equal Chance,' and it was explained by a Shriner from Los Angeles (Noble Reynold E. Blight) who certainly possesses to a marked degree that gift of 'gab' which seems to be inhaled with the California ozone."

"To see these poor, afflicted children, many of them like the doll's dressmaker of Dickens, whose back was bad and whose legs were queer, restored to health, and their misshapen limbs and twisted bodies made normal, and to realize that they have been given a chance to grow into healthy, useful citizens—if that is not a work worthwhile then I am a Prohibitionist!"

"And so, whether you are a Shriner or not, you simply must give them a hand for what they are doing."

HOSPITAL FILM IS FREE

The Shrine hospital film, "An Equal Chance," is available for Shrine temples and Shrine clubs during the fall and winter season merely by addressing Allen H. Ratterree or Reynold E. Blight, 2632 West 7th street, Los Angeles. The only cost will be expressage. The expense production was carried entirely by Noble Allen H. Ratterree, of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, as his contribution to the cause.

With the film is sent a musical score, instructions regarding the best mechanical showing, publicity material and an outline of a talk to follow the presentation. It is a three-reel feature produced by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company and many of the best known players are in the cast. It runs off in about thirty minutes.

Last season Noble Blight presented the picture before 150,000 persons at Shrine Ceremonials and gatherings in all parts of the United States and Canada. It created a sensation and deepened interest in the work.

The picture tells the story of a little crippled boy found in the slums by a Shriner who takes him to the hospital, but lack of accommodations bars him. Later he gains admission and after extended treatment is cured and returned to his rejoicing parents. The spectators see the hospital wards and the children and the work being done. There are no gruesome details.

Some letters from grateful parents:

"I am glad to say Clarence got home all right and has been quite busy playing. He says he misses the kids at the hospital but is glad to be home anyway. He started to school this morning happy as a lark."

"He looks awful good, and judging by his looks I think he must have had

enough to eat. He is lots fatter than when he went. Thank you for the nice blazer he has, and shoes also. He said he was going to write to you when he had time. His feet are a lot straighter now and walks so much better. I hope his hand turns out as good as his feet.

"Well will close for this time. Will write you in a few weeks and let you know how he is."

"Raymond arrived home safely and he is looking so good. 'Everyone that he met commented on how much better he was looking than when he left here. He walks so much better and straighter than he did."

"I would like to thank you all for your kindness to my boy. I have a great deal to be thankful for and I hope to live to see Raymond honorable enough to become a Mason and later a Shriner, for they have been the means of doing wonders for him again."

"I thank you all,

"Very gratefully
"Mother."

Copy of a letter from a Noble who sponsored a case in one of our hospitals:

"I have called to see Selma since they brought her home and was agreeably surprised to note the improvement in her physical condition. The operation on her leg was more of a success than any of us had hoped for. I also talked with her grandfather, with whom she makes her home, and he is also very much elated over the improvement and treatment extended his grand-daughter, inasmuch as the various specialists he had consulted previous to our sending her to one of our Units, had given him no encouragement. They all pronounced her case hopeless."

"It is work of this sort that impresses me as a Noble of the great amount of good which our organization is doing. I wish to thank all for the interest shown in having this little helpless girl admitted to the Hospital and hope that our great organization may continue to grow in this great service."

"I am ashamed that I haven't let you all know about J. H.'s home-coming. We all were just simply crazy to see him and so overjoyed we never thought of anyone but ourselves. He is doing just fine now and can walk on his feet."

"May God bless one and all for the good you all have done for him. Our prayers are always for the Shriners Hospitals."

"Father and Mother."

"We appreciate fully the great work done by your institution for our dear little girl. She can use her hand so much better. And then it is straight and so much more sightly. We could never say enough for the Shriners Hospital and the splendid management."

"Very truly yours,
"Father."

The two letters below are from the mothers of children under the care of Aladdin Temple at the Columbus Children's Hospital. Dr. William D. Murphy is Past Potentate of Aladdin:

"Dear Dr. Murphy:

"I feel as though I would have to write you a few lines to show you how thankful we are for what you have done for Florence. It certainly was great. Everyone who sees her thinks it was an awfully good piece of work. Especially do I want to thank yourself, Dr. Schafer and the nurses that helped to care for her. Am awfully sorry that thanks is all that I have to offer now."

"Dear Miss Thompson:

"Received your letter last week; also the picture. Was glad you enjoyed them. Would be glad to see them printed. Well, my little boy is very anxious to leave home as the time goes by. He has Dr. Murphy's picture here. Some of the Shriners gave him it. He sits and looks at it and says 'I love my Dr. Murphy.' About two weeks ago when he stood alone for the first time he wished his Doctor could see him. He stands very erect in his little automobile and holds to the steering wheel. He pushes it along and takes a few steps himself. He sits in his little chair by a large chair and holds to the arm of the large chair and pulls himself up and sits down without help. He has gained in flesh, being heavier than he was when he came home."

This letter has been received from a former patient at Sydney, N. S.

"I received your letter and was glad to get it indeed. Gerald got home last night and I was down today to see him."

"How is Bill and Rufus? I suppose Bill was telling you he got a letter from me. I certainly was glad to get home. I arrived safely and I had a grand trip coming down, and I saw whales and black fish. I came on the steamer with Captain —"

"I was down to a scout rally here the other night and we had a wonderful time. A fellow by the name of John was presented with a gold medal for saving a boy from drowning in Sydney Harbor who fell off the pier and John was in a row-boat and he dived down twenty feet of water and brought him up in a drowned condition and took him ashore and used his first aid and pulled him through."

Eggs and rabbits and everything appeared out of space and as mysteriously vanished the other day in the Shrine hospital in St. Louis. Many crippled children were found to have real eggs in their pockets and even in their mouths.

Elmer, especially, couldn't account for it at all, insisting that he had never been on a poultry farm in his life. But more puzzling than all the rest was how real live rabbits dissolved right after the children carefully wrapped them up for shipment home to papa and mamma.

Gasps, gurgles and guffaws were heard for more than an hour. The atmosphere was static with question marks. The only explanation was that magic must be at work.

And so it was. Howard Thurston was performing his wizardry for them, and the 200 clamoring youngsters would not let him go until he promised to repeat the rare entertainment on his next visit to St. Louis.

Little Estelle Verdugo was eight years old and had never walked because of legs warped since birth. One year ago Shriners carried her aboard a train in Phoenix, Arizona, bound for the hospital in San Francisco.

Ten months passed away—"came the dawn"—literally for Estelle and her family. Imagine the heart poundings of her mother and brothers and sisters in Phoenix a few weeks ago when before their astonished eyes Estelle tripped lightly down the Pullman steps and ran—yes, ran—into dear mamma's arms!

The best orthopedic surgeons in the Northwest had indeed done their best, and all without charge to Mrs. Verdugo, who had almost given up hope that Estelle ever would be anything all her life but a twisted and helpless cripple.

A group of Shriners, led by Potentate Cliff Carpenter of El Zaribah Temple, also greeted Estelle at the station.

[Hospital News Continued on page 55]



KEEP physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—without any effort. Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way To Health

The rapidly oscillating girdles of the "Health Builder" give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

The Health Builder Keeps You Fit

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Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room AC-198, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me the Free Book, "Keeping Fit"—Today

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50]

Al Amin Temple of Little Rock, Ark., who was visiting friends in Pittsburgh and who made the trip to witness the Ceremonial.

The Nobility of New Castle and especially Caravan No. 5 Fred L. Rentz, President and Walter C. DeArment, Secretary, worked untiringly in seeing that every one was well entertained and made welcome. The Mayor of New Castle, Noble Wm. J. Gillespie, made a speech of welcome and delivered to Potentate Daniell the key of the city.

TIGRIS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Early in June Tigris held a very successful Ceremonial, initiating 48 candidates. It was the first large affair to be held in the remodeled mosque.

The annual outing took place on June 23rd, with open air games and feeds the order of the day.

Preparations are already being made for the program of the New York State Shrine Council at Niagara Falls on September 7-8.

TRIPOLI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The annual cherry blossom tour of the Tripoli Motor Club, from Milwaukee to Sturgeon Bay and through Door County, was held on June 2nd and 3rd. The departure received an escort of motorcycle police for several miles.

Tripoli members are luxuriating in their new mosque, with that satisfied feeling that comes with the possession of a valuable property without debt.

WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

Wahabi is the first Temple in North America, so far as is known, to follow Brother Lindbergh's request that prominent buildings in cities put signs on roofs. Wahabi has done this, covering the Masonic Temple roof with a gigantic Shrine emblem, an arrow of equal proportions and the words "Jackson, Miss." Moreover, it is the first airport sign in Mississippi.

YAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.

On June 14th the cornerstone of the new \$2,000,000 mosque was laid on Peachtree Street, opposite Ponce de Leon Avenue. Grand Master Raymund Daniel and other officers of the Grand Lodge of Georgia officiated at the ceremony, assisted by Potentate Tom Law and his Divan. Past Grand Master and Past Potentate George M. Napier contributed the trowel used by George Washington in laying the cornerstone of the capitol in Washington. It was then turned over to the Potentate.

ZA-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES, IOWA

More than 1000 Shriners and their families participated in the annual Shrine

picnic at Sycamore Park on June 11th. The program for the day consisted of music by the Band, and the Bugle Corps, a picnic supper and games. There was dancing in the evening.

ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.

One hundred and twenty-one Novices trudged across the hot sands to the oasis of Zembo on June 1st, being a collective peg upon which the wrecking crew and ceremonial cast hung one of the peppiest Ceremonials seen by the Nobility for a long time. The program opened at noon with a luncheon by the Zembo Shrine Luncheon Club. The parade was the largest ever held by the Temple, one feature being the first public appearance of a mounted unit of forty Nobles. There was something doing from noon to midnight.

ZEM ZEM, ERIE, PA.

The Temple officers have been making out of town pilgrimages, and on various days in June the Chanters, Band and Patrol gave the glad hand in Bradford, Sharon, Warren, Oil City, New Castle, Ridgway, Meadville, Mercer and Franklin.

ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Zuhrah's Spring Ceremonial found 86 candidates in line for the trip to Mecca. The grand entree and accompanying events were snappy, embellished by many new features. The Nobility thoroughly enjoyed several novel stunts introduced by Dr. F. Denton White, the director. Potentate Walter E. Winslow received general congratulations on the success of his first Ceremonial. The Temple's Divan and uniformed bodies took a prominent part in the anni-



Lieut. Halstead, who recently risked his neck in aerial stunts for a Shrine Benefit for Murat Temple, Indianapolis.



Noble Clem T. Reese is the man who does so much to keep Islam of San Francisco in the Shrine sun. He is Historian of that temple, and also Outside Guard.

versary Ceremonial of El Zagal in Fargo on June 8th. A special train of seven sleeping coaches, commissary car and observation car was needed. Stops for concerts were made at six places going and coming.

EL JEBEL'S NEW COUNTRY HOME

El Jebel Temple in Denver is building a handsome and commodious country home, which will also have the added value of not being far out. It is located in the north-west part of the city and will be the official mosque, the cost to be \$300,000. A drive of 15 minutes from the business heart of the city will get the Nobility to the site, where the Temple already owns 192 acres with a golf course.

A notable feature of the project is that El Jebel has the money on hand, and there will be no assessment or raising of dues.

The auditorium will seat 3500. There will be one main and three private dining-rooms, a large general lounge, ladies' rest room, a ball and banquet room 90 by 110 feet, billiard and card rooms. In the basement will be the drill hall and gymnasium, golfers' grill, kitchens, storage space, uniformed organizations rooms, etc. A swimming pool is to be added later. An added attraction of the second floor plan will be a large and sunny roof deck. (Photograph page 44.)

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

Dr. Oscar Munroe Lanstrum, for several years permanent Representative of Algeria Temple to the Imperial Council, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children, dropped dead in his office in Helena, Montana, on June 20th. He was Republican national committeeman for Montana, recently reelected, and had shortly before returned from the convention in Kansas City. He was a prominent figure in national Shrine circles.

Noble Lanstrum was born in Galesburg, Illinois, on November 26, 1869, received his A.B. and A.M. at Knox College and his M.D. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago. After practicing a short time there he moved to Montana, becoming managing editor of the Montana Daily Record in Helena in 1904, holding that office for more than 22 years. He married Lilian Gertrude Conrad in 1897 and they had three sons.

Noble Lanstrum was a trustee of Knox College, and of Montana Wesleyan University, and a member of two Greek letter fraternities. He was a 33° Mason. He was a director of the Montana Trust and Savings Bank and of the Montana Life Insurance Company. He served two terms in the Montana Legislature and was Republican nominee for United States Senator in 1918.

Noble Hobart H. Todd, Potentate of Damascus Temple in Rochester, New York, died there on June 19th, after an illness of [Shrine News Continued on page 56]

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 53]

"Dear Miss Superintendent: Mrs. Yamm accompanied our grandson, Billy Jack, to your hospital Friday, and we surely feel pleased with the wonderful report she gave us of the Shrine Hospital and all of its co-workers.

"We deeply feel the loneliness of Billy Jack, but our hearts go out in thankfulness that our dear boy is in such good hands and our appreciation to the Shriners and their staff of co-workers cannot be explained by pen. Her praises were most flattering and congratulating of your home and work.

"Ever hoping Billy Jack will prove most worthy of anything that may be done for him.

"We are anxiously waiting to hear from you and to know just how our boy is coming. Thanking you from the depths of our hearts, I remain,

"GRANDMOTHER."

The following incident is an example of the interest in unfortunate children which results from Shriners' activities:

"Portland, Oregon, March 7th, 1928. "To the Officers and Directors of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, "Portland, Oregon. "Gentlemen: Being mindful of the lofty

aims and objects of your most worthy hospital, and realizing the inestimable benefits bestowed through it on those most in need of our sympathy, our love and our assistance, I desire the privilege of donating the enclosed check of \$1,000 to further the noble cause.

"It is my wish that said funds be kept intact and invested in some first class bond or bonds, and that on Christmas of each year the income from said fund be used to buy for the hospital some one or two articles that will be of the most advantage to the inmates, whether for amusement, education or comfort.

"Very sincerely, JOSEPH SHEMANSKI."

Here is just one more letter from a grateful parent of a child for whom Shrine hospitals have made life really worth while.

"Dear Miss Superintendent: I don't know how to thank you, or show my appreciation for what has been done for Alice, but I surely am grateful and want to thank every one who helped to care for her.

"It certainly is wonderful to have the service of a wonderful place like the Shriners Hospital, and the attention of such kind and competent physicians, and all I can do in return is to thank you from the bottom of my heart. "MOTHER."

SNEEZERS & WHEEZERS

[Continued from page 19]

and mounted hunting trophies, heads of buffalo, deer and other game hanging in dining-room or library. But one of the most curious sources of asthmatic trouble of which I learned was told me by the physician who treated an elderly lady whose attacks occurred without any regular periodicity. Sometimes she would have an attack every day for a week or so; then she might not have another for ten days or a fortnight. One day in the course of conversation she said that she had just been making one of her visits to the Zoo.

"I just love the lions," she said. The doctor, suspecting that he had hit upon a clue, went to the Zoo and, with the aid of a keeper and at really considerable risk to himself, obtained a large lock of hair from the mane of one of the lions. By the skin test method the lion's hair was proved to be the cause of the lady's asthma.

Sometimes the symptoms of allergy are the violent ones of asthma, sometimes the milder but still distressing symptoms of hay fever. There is no rule about it; it is a question of individual sensitiveness and the form which each person's allergy takes. It is probably more common for hay fever to be caused by the vegetable pollens than it is for these substances to cause asthma, and it is of very little use for persons susceptible to vegetable pollens to try to dodge them. Many of them are carried by the winds for miles. Rag weed pollens have been picked up in airplanes at a height of two miles. Fortunately, it is easier to immunize most hay fever victims against these pollens than it is to provide similar immunization in severe cases of asthma.

In the case of one young woman, a student at Barnard College, her extreme sensitiveness to anything containing hens' eggs is so strong that even to eat a piece of ordinary plain cake will send her to bed. On the advice of her physician, duck eggs and goose eggs are used in preparing special food for her while she is undergoing the

two year course of intensive treatment which, it has been found, is usually necessary to provide complete immunization in the case of allergy excited by foods.

It is not so easy to dodge some of the foodstuffs which bring on asthmatic attacks. Persons sensitive to wheat not only have to avoid all the ordinary kinds of bread, for all of them contain wheat flour, whether labeled rye or corn bread, but they cannot eat sausage, thick soups, gravies thickened with flour, spaghetti or macaroni in any form, or a number of other foods which are not ordinarily thought of as containing wheat.

Unfortunately are the sufferers who are sensitive to several common foods at one time. Two cases have been reported of men who were sensitive to three different kinds of food, wheat, eggs and milk. One of these patients was well-to-do and managed to work out a satisfactory domestic dietary containing none of the offending substances. For the other patient, who did not have the time or the means to pursue a similar course, there was no cure except the long, slow process of desensitization to all three kinds of food.

Some asthma patients are sensitive to turkey, pigeon or parrot feathers and not to the feathers of chickens, ducks or geese. One interesting case was that of a New York woman the cause of whose trouble puzzled two or three physicians who were called in consultation for a long time. They could find nothing in or about her house to which she reacted. Finally one of them noticed that some English sparrows had built a nest on the fire escape near a window at which she customarily sat with the window open in warm weather.

Canary birds, curiously enough, are very rarely the cause of asthmatic symptoms. The effluvium from dogs' hair is, however, a not uncommon cause. Some individuals are affected by a particular breed of dog, and not by others. [Continued on page 57]

To Meet This Ridiculous Practice

of waiting till you are well-established and earning more before you buy full protection for your wife and babies, we have made the Buffalo Life Policy. The time your wife and children need fullest protection is while those children are young. As you grow older and better able to buy protection by the old method they are also growing older and more able to look out for themselves should anything happen to you.

A Buffalo Life Insurance Policy allows you full protection now at rates you are able to pay. Low rates while your earning power is not mature, higher rates as you are able to pay them. But all the time full protection. The best policy for anybody, but particularly for a young man.

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Address



"Tilly" (112 years old) consented to pose with three of her colleagues as an interesting background for Syrian Temple's Potentate, Charles H. Meeds, and Noble J. G. Robinson of Robinson's Circus.



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54]

several weeks. He had insisted upon remaining active as long as possible, attending the Imperial Council sessions in Miami in May, and upon returning to Rochester he visited all sick Nobles on the Damascus list.

Noble Todd was born in Fairfield, New York, on August 7, 1870. He graduated with honors from the Fairfield Seminary and became a teacher in New York City. After a short time he resigned to do welfare work among the poor, becoming assistant superintendent of the House of Refuge there. After more than three years of that he was appointed superintendent of the New York Parental School in Flushing, Long Island, where he spent the next eight years.

In 1917 he was offered the position of superintendent of the New York State Agricultural and Industrial School, in Rochester. Upon accepting he transferred his Masonic affiliations from Brooklyn to Rochester. He would have retired on a state pension on September 1st. Only Mrs. Todd survives of the immediate family.

Noble Fred A. Jones of Hella Temple in Dallas, leading engineer and builder of Texas, and brother of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones, and C. A. Jones of Greenville, Texas, died in Dallas on May 22nd. Many of the most important buildings in Dallas, Houston, Galveston, El Paso, and some in Mississippi and Tennessee, Texas interurban systems, telephone exchanges and reservoirs were built by Noble Jones in his short career of 53 years.

He was born in Dallas, the son of Frank and Nannie Hunt Jones. He graduated from Fannin Academy in Bonham, from Richmond College, in Richmond, Virginia, degree of A.B., and from Cornell University, in electrical and mechanical engineering, receiving that degree at the age of 23. To list his subsequent operations would be to name the principal building operations of almost every chief center of Texas.

In the World War he represented the Secretary of War in the inspection of training camps and aviation fields and conducted examination of civilians for officers training camps.

On September 5th, 1910, Noble Jones married Miss Gussie Holland, daughter of the late Colonel Frank P. Holland, once Mayor of Dallas, and owner of Holland's Magazine and of Farm and Ranch. Mrs. Jones and three sons survive.

Noble Morton G. Mason, of El Korah Temple in Boise, Idaho, died recently. He was a K. C. C. H. in the Scottish Rite. He was born in New Lebanon, Indiana, on May 8th, 1878. His wife, parents, sister and four brothers survive. He was a Spanish War veteran.

Noble Lazard Kahn, president of the Estate Stove Works, of Hamilton, Ohio, who was a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, died at his home at the age of 77. He was a member of Syrian Temple in Cincinnati.

Noble E. C. Cole, of Yaarab Temple in Atlanta, died on May 28th in Cartersville, Georgia. A wife and three children survive. He was an owner of the Coca Cola business in his home town and was past president of the Georgia Bottlers Association and had been an officer of the national body.

Noble John Martin, of Islam Temple in San Francisco, chairman of the board of the Midcontinent Utilities Corporation and a former president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, died in San Francisco on May 23rd. He was called "father of hydro-electric development in California." He was in

his 70th year. Four sons and a daughter survive.

Noble James M. Henry, city building commissioner of Fort Wayne, Indiana, died on May 24th at the age of 72, survived by three sisters and a daughter. He was a Past Potentate of Mizpah Temple. He built the court houses in Greenfield, Indiana and Hillsdale, Michigan.

Noble William Airheart, Moslem Temple, Detroit, died there after an illness of two years.

He was a 33° Mason and also a member of the Knights Templar. In 1913 he was thrice potent master of the Detroit-Carson Grand Lodge of Perfection. He was born in Roanoke, Va., in 1871 and was educated in the Virginia Military Institute. He went to Detroit in 1906 and for several years was manager of the Underwood Typewriter Company there. He was a special representative of the Berry Bros. Inc. at the time of his death. His wife and a son, John, survive.

WITH A PERSONAL TINGE

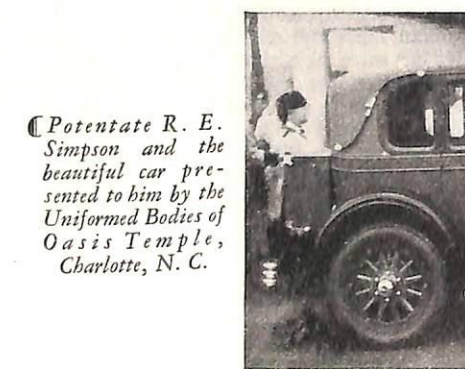
Noble James A. Rich, than whom there are very few Nobles with an earlier membership in Shrinedom, is a patriarch of Mecca Temple, the oldest in the Order. Noble Rich, who is 83 years old, now lives in Florida. (Photograph page 42)

Noble Edward C. Widman is chief clerk of the city engineer's office in Rochester, N. Y. He is a Representative of Damascus Temple to the Imperial Council and never misses a convention. At the one in Atlantic City last year he played the Chinese bells, and another evidence of his affinity for things Oriental is his picture on page 58.

General C. H. M. Agramonte is 97 years old and the oldest Shriner in the world. He is Orator of Anezh Temple in Mexico City, and officiated as such at the Ceremonial only a few weeks ago. He is a prominent lawyer, known throughout the Republic of



(The Mo Pac Melody Makers ("The Singing Engineers")—Alzafar's famous quartet, San Antonio.



(Potentate R. E. Simpson and the beautiful car presented to him by the Uniformed Bodies of Oasis Temple, Charlotte, N. C.



(Noble William P. Rizer is Recorder of Ali Ghan of Cumberland, Md. It is the baby temple, but it is lustrous and ever growing, one reason being the enthusiasm and activity of Billy Rizer.

Mexico for his civil activities, now that his days of military renown are over. The General is a firm believer in the dictum that "peace hath its victories no less profound than those of war."

Serenity of disposition and a willingness to live and let live constitute the keynote of Noble Agramonte's point of view, doubtless accounting for his longevity.

The photograph of this distinguished leader of the Nobility was taken in his private garden in Mexico City, beside one of his Aztec relics. (See page 42)

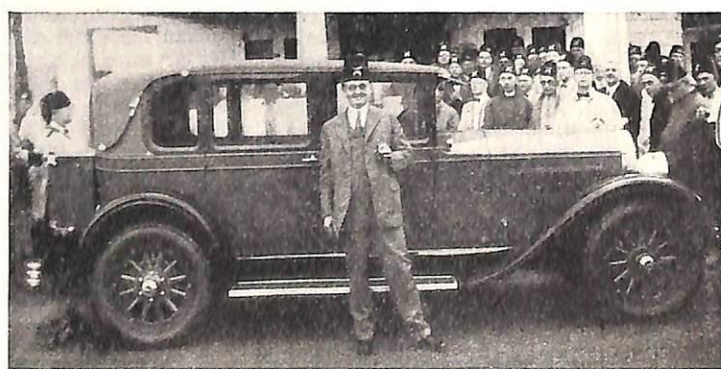
Lieutenant Governor William G. Pickrel of Ohio and Representative Martin Davey of the same state, both Nobles, led a delegation of 500 members of the Grotto, most of whom were Shriners, to the Grotto supreme council sessions in Richmond, Va. On the way they stopped off in Washington and were received by President Coolidge.

Noble Charles S. Downing won the LuLu Temple golf championship in a field of 175 entrants. He made the round in 75 on the course of the LuLu Temple Country Club at Glenside. The match was sponsored by Noble L. E. Adams, president of the Club, and inasmuch as it was open to all Nobles in the Order Noble Downing is now being hailed as "champion golfer of the Mystic Shrine of North America."

Noble William Nat Friend of Aahmes Temple has been appointed Postmaster of Oakland, California, by President Coolidge. William Hovey Friend, his father, held the same post under McKinley. Noble Friend is both clergyman and lawyer.

Hon. James A. Hamilton, Industrial Commissioner of New York State, and a prominent member of Mecca Temple, represented his state at the recent annual convention of the Association of Governmental Labor Officials of the United States and Canada, held in New Orleans. He delivered an address on the subject of "Commission versus Court Procedure in Compensation Settlements." On the way back he stopped off in Jackson, Mississippi, where he found Wahabi Temple giving a big Ceremonial party, which he was warmly invited to join.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]



[Continued from page 55]

In one case of allergy the patient had no other symptom except a pronounced rash breaking out all over the body. It took considerable patience and deductive reasoning on the part of the physician to discover that this rash always followed the licking of his patient's hands or face by a pet dog. Mice in the house are a not uncommon cause of symptoms of allergy.

One entire rural family was subject to asthma, which they naturally attributed to inheritance from their parents or grandparents, who had also been asthmatic. Using the Sherlock Holmes method a bright country doctor discovered that these attacks always came on in the evening, after the "men folks" had been working the horses all day. They brought in enough horse dandruff on their garments to infect the whole family. As they had to earn the family living by farming, the only possible cure in that case was immunization by means of an extract derived from the currys of the horse.

In innumerable cases the chamois skin used by women to apply rouge or powder has proved to be the guilty party in similar attacks.

A curious case which called for all the deductive analysis which the greatest detective in fiction ever applied to the solution of a murder mystery was that of a man who reacted to no test which his physician could devise, but whose attacks were relieved on one occasion when he went out into the Maine woods for a fishing trip. He had no symptoms after the first two or three days out, but they returned as soon as he got back to town. Close questioning for several days failed to reveal any change in his feeding or other habits while in the woods, until he happened to mention to the physician that he had lost his handbag with all of his toilet articles in it, out of a canoe. "You bought new ones, of course?" asked the doctor.

"No, there wasn't any place to get any, so I borrowed a comb from one of the other men and improvised a toothbrush by chewing the end of a spruce twig into a brush."

"Come in and see me day after tomorrow," said the doctor. He had the laboratory obtain some hog bristles and make a test extract of them, to which the patient reacted violently.

"Throw your new toothbrush away and see what happens," the physician instructed the patient. The attacks ceased, and a special sort of toothbrush made of fiber instead of bristles now adorns the former asthma victim's bathroom shelf.

One girl of my acquaintance suffered severely for several years from mild symptoms of asthma which, after careful questioning, her doctor discovered always followed a party or entertainment to which she had gone in company with certain young men. When she went with certain escorts no trouble followed, but when she went with others, whom she named, she always had these attacks, coming on two or three hours after she had got home.

The doctor asked her for two or three days in which to study such data as she was able to furnish him. He telephoned to each of the six or seven young men she had named, asking them each the same question and checking their replies with the information the girl had given him. When she called again he was ready for her.

"There is just one thing for you to do," he told her. "Pick your man and don't go out with anybody else. If he is one of these four," he went on, naming them, "you do not need to ask him to make any change in his habits. But if the man of your choice is one [Continued on page 59]

Worth Money to Ruptured!

Here is an amazing offer to victims of rupture—an offer that has proved to be worth hundreds of dollars to many who have accepted it. Yet it costs you nothing. A famous rupture specialist with a record of more than 20,000 cases will send you free of cost a newly-edited

book that contains amazing new discoveries about rupture relief... case histories galore... illustrated in detail. A few of the facts contained in this free book are given below. But do this right now. Tear out the coupon at the right and send for this unusual book!

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Mail this coupon to New Science Institute, 3851 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio.

Can Rupture Be Exercised Away? Get Newest Book Now FREE to Ruptured

IT WAS twenty years ago when I first got ruptured. Today I consider myself entirely cured. Your system is nothing short of marvelous." John Miller, Jr. "Some months ago I ordered your outfit for the treatment of rupture of my son. Our doctor fitted it on him and he was skeptical it would help cure the condition, for it was one of the worst ruptures he had ever seen. Five months later I took the boy back to the doctor. He examined him and pronounced the rupture completely healed." D. E. Lytle, Orrville, Ohio.

These are but two of many astounding letters received from people, many of whom had despaired of obtaining relief from the torture and agony of rupture.

Not A Truss

What is this wonderful device that has made thousands feel again the joy of living a full life? It is not a truss like men wore in the days of Lincoln. It has no steel springs, no leg straps, no bulky cushions. It can never slip off the rupture. Wearing it, you can still cough, run, jump, bend or sleep in any position. In fact, many are able to work every day—exercise as much as they desire—probably we should say truthfully actually *exercising rupture away!*

Imagine a simple little device weighing less than a feather—little larger than a quarter—that rests firmly against the rupture without the need of strapping

tightly. Think of a flesh-soft pad that yields with the slightest movement of your body—filled with millions of air-cells that breathe fresh, cool air into the spot around the rupture. And all the while blood circulation is more free and more unhampered. Thus nature is allowed to knit new tissues together so that rupture often disappears completely without a trace remaining—in unbelievable time. Incredible? Yet the facts are ready now!

Never Before A FREE SAMPLE Like This

Now Or Never

Be fair to yourself. Get the complete facts about Magic Dot and the offer that permits you to feel this marvelous relief, before you decide to buy. Don't go through life in constant pain. Relief from rupture is certainly

worth the 2c stamp it costs you to send the coupon above. Send it—not tomorrow or next week—but NOW!

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Life's Secrets!

Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs. Impotence, Law of Sex Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 612 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper. **Send No Money** Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postage only \$1.35, plus postage, on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory. FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 8201, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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You'll Look and Feel Like a NEW MAN The new Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt for MEN will take inches off your waistline. Gives you true athletic posture, wonderful ease and comfort and relieves that tired feeling. No lacers—no buckles—no straps. "On and off in a jiffy." Guaranteed one year. **Two Weeks' Trial Offer!** and Free booklet, "THE TRUTH." Packed with proof. Write today. Women: Ask about our new creation—the "Elastex" Reducer. The Little Corporal Co., Dept. 8-X, 1215 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 56]

Noble Harry C. Anderson of Murat Temple in Indianapolis has been elected Grand Commander of the Indiana Consistory of the Scottish Rite. For eighteen years he was on the Arab Patrol and secretary of it for three. He was in the Scottish Rite class of 1905 of which Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks was president.

Noble David J. Jones, superintendent of schools in Eugene, Oregon, has been appointed professor of history at Intermountain College, in Helena, Montana. In 1910 he won the international solo contest in Brussels.

Noble W. W. Ellison has been appointed San Antonio manager of the National Bread Company, manufacturers of Holsum bread, with stores in 20 cities.

Noble James W. Barber, Recorder of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, has been re-elected treasurer of the Western Pennsylvania Golf Association. He represents the Chartiers Heights Country Club, and has been treasurer of the Association for 17 years. The organization is made up of 53 clubs.

Just think of being so eager to cross the hot sands as to leave a nice oasis in an airplane and literally fly to the putting of the Moslem test. Nobles Earl Longstreth and John Warren Guy did just that recently, winging from Turlock, Cal., to Oakland, where they were duly initiated by Aahmes Temple. Then they flew home. In the picture, page 50, left to right: Bob Abernethy, Recorder of Aahmes, Mr. Longstreth, Mr. Guy, Noble Herman Engelhardt, the Temple's out of town chairman. In the plane is the pilot, Lon Foote.

Noble Arthur G. Cohee, of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, is sales manager of the metropolitan sales division of E. R. Squibb & Sons. It comprises the boroughs of Manhattan, Kings, Queens and Bronx, and the counties of Westchester, Suffolk and Nassau. Mr. Cohee, who has been seventeen years with Squibbs, serves in the Kismet Patrol. For four years he was president of the Long Island Drug Salesmen.

George I. Fullerton, one of the well known attorneys of Florida, and an extensive citrus grower, is President of the New Smyrna Shrine Club for 1928. Noble Fullerton is also the State Treasurer for the Affiliated Exchange Clubs of Florida, Past Master of the New Smyrna Blue Lodge, York and Scottish Rite Mason and a life member of Morocco Temple; also a member of the board of directors of the New Smyrna Chamber of Commerce and a member of the New Smyrna Yacht Club.

Dr. H. E. Sharrer, Past Potentate of Orak Temple, Hammond, Ind., president and general manager of the Northern States Life



(Noble George I. Fullerton, President of New Smyrna (Fla.) Shrine Club.)

Insurance Company, has seen to it that many a good boy shall rise up and call him blessed. He has organized "The Knot Hole Club" in Hammond and Calumet City, Ill. Its honors, emoluments and high privileges boil down to only one perquisite.

But, oh boy, what a perquisite! Nothing less than free tickets to the baseball game—than which there is no greater balm in all boydom's Gilead.

But not so fast, my young hearties, as ye hasten away from the knot hole in the fence. To get this Annie Oakley to all games played in Hammond by the LaVendor ball club, a member of the City League of Chicago and vicinity, you must be recommended by your school teacher by virtue of good conduct and diligence in studies. And no sudden-belief-in-Santa-Claus-just-before-Christmas-pose, mind you. Before the coveted certificate is issued a boy's record must be satisfactory for several weeks.

Well, there must be a lot of good boys in those two towns, inasmuch as nearly 6,000 have qualified for membership, and now the club has its own reserved stands at the Hammond ball grounds.

From Norway to Pasadena, California, via Honolulu, and from a seafaring life to running a department store as a landlubber is the record of Noble H. T. Sundbye. He is vice-president and general manager of Meyer's Department Store.

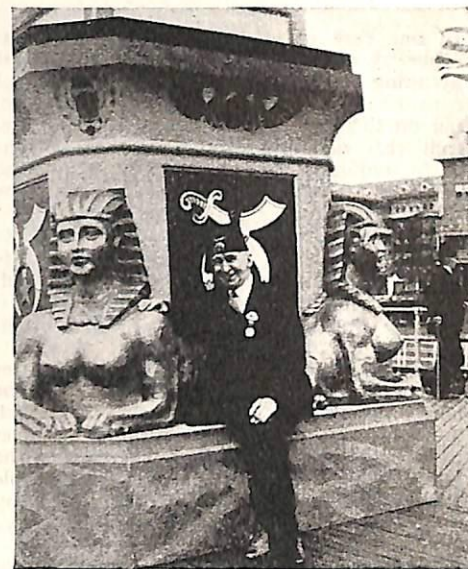
Noble Fred W. McIntosh, widely known Shriner, Western Agency Supervisor for the Monarch Accident and Life Insurance Company, has returned to Des Moines from a Western trip, in the course of which he found enough Iowans in California to run the entire State. He was a guest of the Los Angeles Shrine Luncheon Club and 100 of the 1200 Nobles present were former Iowans. Fred said he saw 100,000 ex-Iowans at the Iowa annual picnic in Southern California.

Noble Harry T. Ellis, of LuLu, Philadelphia, recently was the guest of honor at a dinner to celebrate his 50 years of service with the B. F. Dewees Store, of which he is general manager.

Noble Robert D. Williams, a Representative of Mecca Temple in the Imperial Council, who also is Deputy of the Order of DeMolay in New York State, recently delivered an address at Columbia University, where he assured the assembled members of the Order, students from many States, that he would recommend approval of the Columbia University DeMolay Club which they expect to join, under the direction of DeMolay J. E. Jones of White Plains, New York.

Noble A. G. Ising, of Pyramid Temple, Bridgeport, Conn., lives in Danbury. He has been Secretary of Eureka Chapter No. 23 of the Royal Arch for 22 years. He is also a Scottish Rite and Knight Templar. He was City Clerk and Town Clerk in Danbury for nine years and Postmaster, first class, for eleven years. He has been City Assessor and Town Assessor since 1921. His war service was in the Army Ordnance Department for the years 1918-1920. (See photograph page 44)

Noble J. E. Sandmyer is a veteran Shriner and lives in Newark, New Jersey. A red letter day in Masonry to him was that on which he and his father-in-law, W. S. Mather of Newark, raised his sons, W. E. and J. E. Sandmyer, to the sublime degree of Master Mason in Northern Lodge of Newark. He is a pioneer in the steel construction business and is still active. (Photograph page 50)



(Noble Edward C. Widman of Damascus is chief clerk in the City Engineer's Office of Rochester. This photograph was taken at an Imperial Council Session.)

SHRINE CLUBS

Saying it with bull is generally done vicariously, but the Marianna (Fla.) Shrine Club actually produced the bovine to speak for himself, at the recent Ceremonial held there by Morocco Temple, of Jacksonville. The Nobles and their pint size Shrinettes made a great hit in the parade. (Photograph page 50)

Noble Robert A. Totty is president of the Petersburg (Va.) Shrine Slub. Other officers are: Wm. Koenig, first vice-president; W. F. Harris, second vice-president; Charles N. Romaine, secretary-treasurer; W. V. Robinson, sergeant-at-arms. Directors—Dr. H. R. Boyd, Dr. William A. Reese, C. Bernard Smith, Charles King and F. B. Nathan.

Nobles around Oswego, N. Y., have organized the Oswego County Shrine Club, most of the members hailing from Media Temple, Watertown.

Ismailia Temple has clubs in extreme western counties of New York from Lake Ontario to the Pennsylvania line. Some have unique features, such as the one at Silver Creek, which has officials with such bizarre titles as Sheikh of the Tribe, Keeper of the Branding Irons, Imperial Bench Greaser, Knight of Plez-up, Knight of Phun. The Lockport Shrine Club, although only about a year old, has 76 members and has been very active with business meetings, banquets and dances, due largely to Noble Art Leard and his talented syncopators.

There are 94 members in the Club at Tonawanda. Its outstanding activity generally is its big annual ball.

The Gowanda Club has a ritual of its [Shrine News Continued on page 62]



(Noble Arthur G. Cohee is a member of Kismet Temple's (Brooklyn) famous Patrol.)

SNEEZERS & WHEEZERS

[Continued from page 57]

of these other three, tell him you won't go out with him again until he gets rid of that coonskin coat."

As it turned out, the doctor's advice brought the girl to a decision over which she had been hesitating and shortly thereafter one of the seven young men surprised his friends by announcing his engagement and offering his coonskin coat at a bargain.

It is the experience so far that the majority of cases of asthma can be entirely relieved and the symptoms greatly ameliorated in the rest. The preferential method, when possible, is to get rid of the offending exciting cause. A change of environment, as some of the cases I have described indicate, is the next preferential method of treatment.

Desensitization takes a much longer time in asthma than it does in hay fever. In the case of hay fever it is quite simple. Almost every vegetable pollen will affect one sensitive person or another. Only the skin tests, however, can tell accurately what particular pollen is the cause in any particular case.

An annual desensitization usually keeps the individual immune in these cases due to inhaled pollens. Desensitization when the trouble arises from food taken into the stomach is a much slower process. But cure or relief is possible today in almost every case of either hay fever or asthma.

So the next time you feel that attack of hay fever coming on, or wake up in the night feeling as if you were going to choke to death, don't start for New Mexico or Bermuda, but go to your doctor, tell him you want to find out what it is that is giving you all this trouble, and if he doesn't know—which is true of many physicians who have not kept up-to-date with the new things in medicine—tell him to ask his County Medical Society or the American Medical Association for references to the latest authorities on allergy.

WHAT PRICE VERACITY

[Continued from page 23]

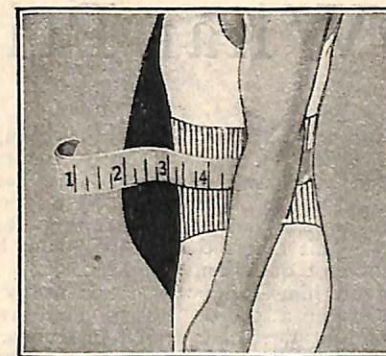
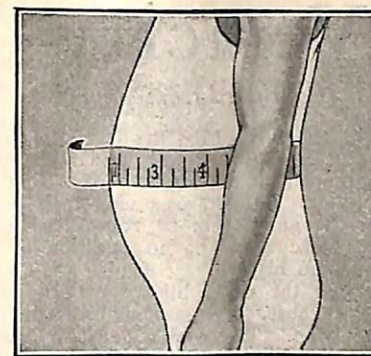
He turned and shouted "Won't ya?" to his principal.

Obviously, the time had come for a positive affirmation. Though still somewhat groggy from overeating, Joe rose and delivered. "Cert'n'y! I'll do better'n that. See this here gun?" He carried Betsy with him as he advanced toward the disputants. "See me hand it over to him?" He gave the gun into the cook's keeping. "I don't need it, see? All I want is to just get kind of into condition an' when I meet the feller I mean, why just to put my han' on him!" Here Mr. Ross spoke up to say "Phoo!"

"Im and me'll mutiny on you. We'll tyke the worth of it in matches, that's wot, an' we'll burn everythink down to the water line. Chew on that you—" The cook interrupted himself by slamming shut the upper half of the door.

Later the cook defined his purpose to Joe Hatch, and at the same time made an examination of the raw material offered. He had Joe stand while he felt and prodded and thumped over him. Cooks weren't just like ordinary men, he explained, not real cooks, that was. Give him a proper hearty man with the run of some decent stores to cook, and he could turn out nearly any sort of bloke you wanted.

Thus approved as to his armature and appetite, Joe Hatch had but to retain his native love of food to become plastic clay in the cook-sculptor's hands. That he did so requires no saying. And outside the sphere of his men—[Continued on page 60]



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What Price Veracity

(Continued from page 59)

tor's interests, as Mr. Ross' hired man, in balder terms, he made a fairly creditable showing. He was mindful of the cook's injunction not to overtrain, but by a series of devices he achieved an appearance of brisk energy in his labors that impressed his boss if it did not quite convince him.

Left to himself, Joe was not nearly so apt to set up a record. But he could invent excuses that were new if not disarming, so that Ross had always some fuel at hand wherewith to stoke his exasperation, kept alive by the memory of the strap trick.

Not till Athabasca Red and his four-bull team passed, outbound for Edson and a load of freight, was anything resembling an idea vouchsafed to Mr. Ross. Although at the time, it seemed to him to be only one of the misfortunes of an unfair fate. For in passing, Athabasca Red had peevishly torn most of the shirt off Alexander Ross when, in Red's opinion, there had been unwarranted delay in getting the ferry across to him.

"Reached down fra' his seat and snatched me," Mr. Ross explained to Joe rather than allow the cook to tell it. "I'd no mind to gie th' great bully his pleasure in spankin' me, ye see; I eluded him!"

"Mean to say you let him get away?" Joe gasped. "Without even bouncin' a few rocks on him?"

THE cook nodded his approval. Mr. Ross had been squinting his eyes and letting an idea get born in his head. Now he said "Phoo" and went to renew his shirt. Athabasca Red and his four draft bulls continued their deliberate way toward Edson, and everything was as before save that Mr. Ross was out one shirt, second-hand, and was in one cunning scheme.

Regardless of any other disappointment he may have been to his parents, Athabasca Red was surely a satisfactory quantity of offspring. As a man he occupied approximately the same space and outline as a shipping box.

Red, who affected vast quantities of whiskers and hair of a bright vermilion hue, was by way of being the old bad boy of the Edson trail. His special cussedness was hogging the road. Let him but meet some distraught and anxious homesteader along the narrow, overhung reaches of that trail and Red would order him out of the way and illuminate the command with a burst of profane expletives long since worn barren by mere repetition. Failing to make an impression by this, Red would haul down an underweight and pitch him incontinently into the adjacent scenery. Or, reaching a stopping-house at eventide, invariably late by reason of his low-gear'd bulls, Red loved to drop his traces at the exact spot most likely to block all traffic.

Thus Athabasca Red, enroute to Edson and return, a loud-mouthed, overbearing buffalo, always a nuisance, frequently an outrage and, in the way of his liquor, potentially a menace. Thus Joe Hatch, amiably engaged in training for a gladiatorial combat and innocently believing that it would never come off. And Alexander Ross who was surely no fighting man at all, plotted to make two of his creditors pay each other in his stead. Whoever lost, Mr. Ross would win—an agreeable situation, truly.

His plan matured at last. From the east end stage driver he learned that Athabasca Red was a bare two hours out and was, moreover, liquored up for bear. Wherefore, Mr. Ross sought out the gloomy depths of his cavernous log stable and smiled a whole smile to himself. Later, he had to do it again, for

behold, the young Miss Bradley lately of the Kleskun Hills, arrived together with her pa, and stopped for the night at Mr. Ross' hostelry. This, he felt, was well nigh perfect. With the gurrl there to rouse his boastin' spirit, there would be no question of Joe's keeping up his end.

It was the cook, blind partisan to Joe Hatch's cause, that served unwittingly to betray him. The cook's idea, it was, to have the Bradley girl and her pa mess in the kitchen with him and Joe, seeing Joe knew her enough to start chinning the minute she arrived.

The kitchen foursome was a clean success. The cook talked in a moving way of nearly everything, and Bradley père filled in with appropriate exclamations. Bradley fille made pert rejoinders to all remarks and Joe grinned and rubbedbed at her hair and eyes. Mr. Ross hovered beyond the half-door leading to the dining-room and calculated his time in minutes.

"What you been doin' this summer?" Joe asked her.

"What do you suppose? Shearing sheep? I've been keepin' house for pa."

"Like it up here?"

"What is there to like?"

The cook here broke in. "How wide were 'e, Joe, this blighter you lookin' fer?"

"Wide as this table!" Joe answered absently. The girl certainly looked better than he thought she did, Joe told himself. He was a derved fool that he hadn't went up there to—

"Wide as this table," the cook relayed to Mr. Bradley. "And thick! Joe, how thick were 'e?"

"Thick as a trunk!" He wished to gosh he had gone up to see her; maybe she wouldn't be goin' outside now if he had.

"Blime! Thick as a trunk!" The conversation was already quite complicated, but here Mr. Ross spoke. "A smooth-faced, darkish man, I mind ye said."

The cook heard the suggestion made by Mr. Ross and he opposed it on principle. "Nah, it weren't! Hey, Joe, wot color 'air?"

"Red!" Joe blurted out. He was looking at the Bradley girl and his tongue had been discharged by accident.

"An' slick-shaved, Joe?" the cook persisted.

Mr. Hatch was under some confusion; a denial might go better. "No! He had bushy whiskers, last I seen of him."

"There, you!" the cook submitted to Mr. Ross. "A bloke wiv bushy red whiskers. Chew on 'at! An' when Joey lays 'is 'ands on 'im," the cook resumed to Mr. Bradley, "why then is where my feedin' comes in, see? 'E'll tear 'im—eh, Joe! Jist only yer 'ands, ain't it?"

"That's all! Just lay my han' on him," Joe volunteered. "Ain't you comin' back in with yer pa?"

"Me? What would I come back—"

Loudly, from Mr. Ross at the doorway: "Yon's a pairfect description of th' Athabasca Red! Big an' thick, wiv red whiskers an' hair. Ye have to look no further for yer man!"

The cook was first to catch the smell of treachery. He rose from his seat. "Nah, then—!"

"Whust!" commanded Mr. Ross and raised his hand imperatively.

In the straining silence they could hear, outside, the noise of a bell; a cow-bell that sounded plainer with the slow rhythmic jangle of its approach. Somebody was pulling in. Mr. Ross seized the golden moment. "Mind ye, it's part of yer regular duty," he pronounced upon Joe Hatch, "to be out an'

see there's no stoppin' midst the trail!"

The Bradley girl squeaked, "Oh, that must be Red now!" They were all impelled to gaze in dreadful fascination at Joe Hatch. Mr. Ross alone excepted. He appeared to be holding his face in readiness for sardonic laughter. Joe Hatch was the least perturbed among them.

He stepped boldly into the night. Athabasca Red lost no time in bringing matters to an issue. He saw the lighted lantern in the trail ahead of him and drove toward it until his bulls halted in uncertainty.

"Pull out to th' right before you unhitch," Joe instructed. Red's bellowed reply was largely unintelligible, but it conveyed, substantially, that he would stop there or wherever he so-and-so pleased. He roared mightily at his lead team and banged down with his whip. Now bulls are noble draft animals, for slow-motion time; they have patience and many other splendid qualities, no doubt. But no bull is fitted by temperament for the job Red undertook with his. As he got the range with his whip and began to raise long strips of hair, the lead pair wagged their heads nervously and came on till the whites of their eyes glistened in the light.

But Joe Hatch was conversant with his beef—on the hoof or on the table. He stepped suddenly forward and whirled his light under the lead pair's noses. They promptly responded by flagging their tails straight into the air, uttering a concerted "Woosh!" and taking to the woods in demoralized flight. With them, amid the snapping of cloven hoofs, the frantic rattle of cow-bell and trace chains, and loud distracted cries of "Whoa!" went the pole team, Athabasca Red and his loaded sleigh, in the order named.

They progressed in a plunging canter through the perilous forest depths till they found two trees that grew much too close together to admit of the sleigh-rack's passing. There the flight ended abruptly in a splintering, crashing burst of sound.

"At's dockin' 'em!" shouted the cook from his kitchen door. And to Alexander Ross, framed in the light just beyond he added, "Ow's 'at, you blawsted keg of tripe?" They all had witnessed it, the cook and the Bradleys from the kitchen door, and Mr. Ross and the stage driver along with sundry others, from the dining-room. They shouted to each other that it was fine but—Joe Hatch turned thoughtful and proceeded to the stable just opposite. He let himself into the central section, closing the door behind him. To the others, it appeared simply that he meant to complete his duties by putting hay in the mangers for Red's bulls. "E's cool!" the cook expressed it.

JOE HATCH was far from cool, however, though there was in truth a damp and chillish perspiration rising on his neck. His heart thumped loudly in his chest, and a fluttering frying noise was filling his ears. What, he asked himself, had he done now? How in the name of mud had this thing started? It was fair enough telling a man to pull off the road before he stopped, but stampeding him into a wreck was different.

It was not difficult for Joe to determine the immediate cause of his calamity. If that infernal Ross hadn't tricked him into saying what he said—

Is broke out all over Joe, each one pointing his memory to its predecessor. And so he was presently back to the previous spring, swearing his swears of abstinence and [Continued on page 61]

truth in a penitence born of misery. And hunger! Then promptly he had begun to lie again at the slightest opportunity. It didn't look like he would ever learn sense, Joe thought. Trouble was, he run off at the mouth so big, people itched to see him in a jam. They would be waiting now for this Red to find him and beat his lights out.

This central portion of the stable was a space devoted to the storage of fodder and feed, along with such extra tools and vehicles as Mr. Ross possessed. Directly in front of Joe stood a heavy wagon, designed for freight duty and mistakenly brought this far from solid roads by some homesteader. It stood facing Joe and the door with its heavy iron-tipped pole held in the air by a slender length of board that was propped well back under it. Joe peered beyond and saw his pitchfork leaning against the tail-board. He might as well—

"Hey!" growled a thick voice in Joe Hatch's ear, and a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was Athabasca Red who, finding himself irreparably insulted by the wreck of his sleigh and four, had come seeking a certain bull-scaring young squirt with thought of taking him apart and feeding the fragments to his bulls. But Joe Hatch was no longer there.

It is not suggested that Joe fled. He merely left the spot in a headlong, standing dive straight under the front axle of the wagon. Nor did he pause, hesitate or trouble himself with obstructions until he had scrambled the wagon's length on hands and knees and emerged at the other end with the pitchfork in his grasp. Then he stood up and looked about him. The lantern threw its yellowish glare on roof and walls and on the long sad faces of horses fronting on either side, incuriously grinding hay between their molars. But there was no Athabasca Red.

Indeed, but for hearing a faint mumbled moan that sounded from in front of the wagon, Joe might have thought himself the victim of a false alarm. He approached cautiously, looking for particulars. Athabasca Red was still there, beyond a doubt, but not the Red of old. This one squatted bonelessly on the floor with tentacles spread out in all directions, much in the manner of a weary octopus. And, still resting firmly on top of his skull, was the iron-nibbed pole of the wagon.

The explanation involves no subtleties. In his impulsive dive, Joe Hatch had struck the prop supporting the upraised pole. This prop had carried away and the law of gravitation was thereupon rigidly enforced; the elevated end of the pole descended with considerable violence, contacted the highest point of Athabasca Red and telescoped him. Joe Hatch perceived all this at once.

THE STORM [Continued from page 16]

added his signature with a flourish, handed it to the Police Commissioner.

"By the way, Fenwick," said Armstrong, as he folded the precious piece of paper and put it in his pocket. "You don't seem to know your visitor very well. What had you to do with him?"

"I got in touch with him through an advertisement he put in the newspaper. I came into a few thousands a little while back and wanted to invest it. This Mr. Manwaring had an option on a just discovered gold-mine that needed capital for development. He was coming to explain the details personally to me—he wouldn't trust to writing them. Bad luck for me!" added the doctor, ruefully. "The whole thing was a dead secret—and now no one will ever know."

"Now no one will ever know," agreed Armstrong in a solemn voice. "Well, well, better

And from having been first Joe Hatch, then a species of rodent, and then a devout and thankful soul, completed the cycle and became Joe Hatch again. He propped the wagon-pole aloft and, reassured by Red's dull groans, spread him out on the floor in a neutral corner. Then he stepped outside, leaving the lantern behind him. At the door of the dining-room he paused to regard Mr. Ross standing in the awed group there.

"You'd better go over an' tend to him." Five of them conveyed the still unconscious Red to the dining-room and arranged him for examination. The absence of tell-tale marks puzzled them.

"Ere!" cried the cook again. "Ere's a lump on top 's 'ead! Less'n he were peaked that way beforehand, 'at's where 'e was 'it." Hit on the top of his head? The stage driver doubted this theory. No man's fist could raise even a bump on Red's head. Not with his cap on.

"I 'av it, men! Know wot Joe done? 'E simply trunned a flip-flop over backwards an' kicked the bloke under 'is chin wiv both feet. I've 'eard of it, but I never see it done till now. Struth!"

The lump was on top of the head, the stage driver pointed out.

"Cert'nly," agreed the cook. "Where else would it be? 'F 'is 'ead's pushed in below, it'd bulge out on top! You don't know nothin' abah't fizogomy, 'at's all!"

Red disposed of the argument by coming to. He sat up and asked to be told where he was at. That question was immaterial; they wanted to know where he had been hit, and how?

"How do I know where he hit me?" Red demanded irritably. "He hit me, didn't he? Ain't that enough? He was standin' there and I said 'Hey' to him. Then he hit me. It was a-plenty!"

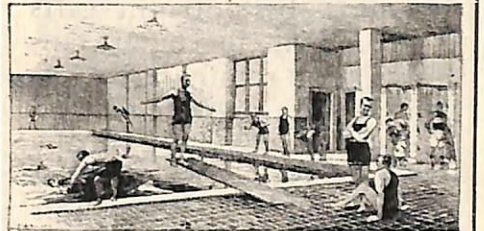
Joe Hatch, in the kitchen, was holding his right hand in a basin of water. The red-haired Bradley girl sat by the table and regarded him, her blue eyes round with wonder. She had asked, "Does it hurt very much?" and after a considerable pause, Joe had said, "Not so very much."

A subdued altercation of some kind had broken out in the dining-room with the cook and Alexander Ross involved. Quiet had been restored when the lower half of the door swung open and Mr. Ross entered his kitchen despite the irregularity of the hour. Behind him came the cook with the meat-axe in his hand. "Ere, Joey, ole myte! Tyke th' blinkin' 'awi-crown 'e's offerin' you. 'E's willin'!"

Joe turned about to see Mr. Ross proffering a silver half-dollar in his open hand.

"Slip it in my pocket," he ordered.

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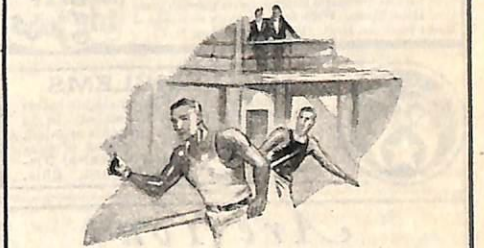


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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
1440 Broadway, New York City

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 58])

own written by Noble C. A. Potter. There are 126 members.

The membership of the Salamanca Club is the same, 25 of whom are honorary. This club holds a clam bake every year for members and families, in October a harvest dance, and a charity ball in Christmas week.

The Jamestown Club, reorganized last Autumn, has 175 members and is growing rapidly under the direction of the president, Dr. Walter G. Hayward.

The Olean Club has 249 members.

At a recent meeting of the Caravan Club of Elf Khurafah Temple, Saginaw, Mich., the members received first hand information on the Shrine Hospitals relief work among the little crippled children of the poor, when several former patients of a hospital appeared and showed them what they could do. The children, happy, without the least bashfulness, made their bow and then proceeded to demonstrate how well they could walk, run and jump. One little boy even stood on his hands to show how his little body had been benefited. The demonstration, which aroused great enthusiasm, was planned by Noble William H. Foote, chairman of the Temple's hospital committee, who gave a brief explanation of some of the details of the work.

Shriners of Birmingham, Alabama, where Zamora Temple is located, have perhaps one of the most active and progressive social organizations in the realm of Shrine-dom. This organization, The Crescent Club, limits its membership to members of the Mystic Shrine, although it is not directly

connected with any temple. Any Shriner is eligible to membership if he is in good standing.

The Crescent Club gives at least two very enjoyable private dances each month. Special occasions and seasons are always appropriately observed; the Club's annual New Year's Eve ball is one of the city's most popular and delightful celebrations, this being one of its few open affairs. The club also has dinner dances, theater parties, outings, and an occasional "stag."

The Club is often invited to participate in civic and municipal events. One of its most notable tasks was the sponsoring of social entertainments and benefit affairs for the United Confederate Veterans when they met in Birmingham in May, 1926. The committee on general arrangements selected The Crescent Club for this rôle and later was most generous in praise.

Visiting Nobles and their ladies are always accorded a hearty welcome and Noble Fred F. Fulton, club secretary, may be found at 1917 Third avenue, North.

On the club's roster are the names of leading business and professional men. Membership is limited to 150, and a vacancy is rare. The officers are Robert S. Smith, president; Holland E. Cox, vice-president; Fred F. Fulton, secretary-treasurer; Dr. Barney D. Sibley, chairman; James B. Coleman, and Dr. Thomas H. Williams, associates, of the board of governors.

The Shrine Luncheon Club of Pittsburgh, meeting every Friday at noon in the William Penn Hotel, gives lively programs, including at various times radio favorites, boxing, vaudeville, specialty dancers, and so on.

OUT OF SEASON [Continued from page 26]

morning?" Ellen hardened her heart. "Four o'clock?" she suggested, cheerfully.

Mrs. Freeman started. That was right mean of Ellen. "Well—quarter to," she admitted, adhering reluctantly to truth.

"But, Nelly—he'd been drinking!" Ellen sighed. It was so difficult to explain—and she was so weary, so utterly weary, of explaining Andy.

"You mustn't worry," she said. "Andy'd never drink too much. I know that. And everybody drinks, nowadays—cocktails and things."

Mrs. Freeman was stubborn. "Do you drink cocktails, Nelly Cook?"

Ellen grinned. "Whenever Ma serves 'em!" she retorted.

They laughed in spite of themselves, and she beat a hasty retreat under cover of their laughter, before they realized what she was doing. Her smile faded rapidly. Darn Andy! Halfway up the block, she saw Harriet Mayo and she turned quickly down a side street. It was another summer. "Why weren't you to the dance, Sat'day?" Harriet would have asked. As though they didn't know why, every last one of them! She walked on with long strides, her throat choked with irritation. A quarter of a mile westward, the jagged outline of the breakwater was gray against the blue sky; she headed doggedly for its solitude.

In a hollow between two pointed granite blocks she sat down and stared moodily out at the sunny harbor.

"Oh, this is divine!"

Instinctively, Ellen crouched lower at the sound of voices.

"It is lovely!" That was Leila Kensington's voice, sweet and drawing.

She could not see the two women, but their momentary silence told her that they had paused, to look out over the harbor.

"I don't wonder that you're all so mad about this place, Leila! It is so quaint!" Ellen blinked rapidly. If there was one adjective which she detested above all others . . . the strange voice was continuing, softly. "Who's Betsy's sheik?"

"Andy Freeman, you mean. He owns the greenhouse here."

"Oh—a native?" The soft voice rose in surprise.

"And how!"

"He's a handsome devil."

"Uh-huh." Leila Kensington's laugh drifted across the rocks and Ellen pressed her knuckles against a boulder, her cheeks burning hot with resentment. After all, this was her man whom they were discussing!

A deeper rage than any she had ever before felt took possession of her. She was tired of this sort of thing. Tired of it! Too long she had sat back and let these summer women think what they liked about Andy.

She had told herself that they didn't matter. Well, they didn't! But—her knuckles went white against the rock—they didn't know that they didn't matter!

Mrs. Kensington's laughter eddied into speech. "Tom says that Andy's fifty percent native Cape Codder and fifty percent sex-appeal!"

It was too much! Andy might not have any pride, but she had!

She wasn't going to stand it, any more. Fifty percent Cape Codder—fifty percent sex appeal. All day, all night, the hateful phrase rankled in her head. The next morning, at the store, it remained before her. She looked heavily at Muriel King when she appeared for her morning marketing.

"This is Karl Flecker, Ellen. He'll take the things in the flivver—I'm going down the street."

Ellen nodded briefly and took out a pad. "This is a nice store."

She looked up in surprise. Such a shy, gentle voice! Her hostile eyes met shy, brown ones, set deep in a sensitive face. Karl Flecker was smiling at her, uncertainly, as a friendly child smiles.

"Do you think so?" asked Ellen.

"Yes." The brown eyes moved about the shelves. "My father kept a store—out in Iowa. I used to work in it."

There was an unexpected, disarming quality about him; her customary frigidity toward customers was melted before she knew it.

"Is this your first visit here?" she asked. He nodded. "And I've always wanted to see Cape Cod. I've read about it so much. I've always been crazy about the ocean."

Ellen smiled. "Well, there's a lot of it around here," she said. Still smiling, she took the slip of paper from his hand and began filling the order briskly, while he watched her.

"You're going to be in the theater, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm going to be here all summer. Do you act up there?"

"Me!" Ellen was completely startled. "Good land, no!"

"I should think you'd be awfully good," he said. "You move about so nicely."

Ellen Cook dropped a loaf of bread; when she straightened up again, her cheeks were crimson.

"What an idea!" She tucked the purchases in a box. "There you are! Can you carry it all right?" She crossed the store and held open the screen door for him.

"Good-by."

He smiled, looking back at her. Ellen hummed to herself as she stepped behind the counter. What a nice boy!

Muriel King was bubbling with excitement when she burst into the store, at five o'clock.

"Ellen!" she said. "You know how it always takes a stranger to see the thing that's been right under your nose? Joe and I've been kicking ourselves ever since lunch when Karl sprang it on us."

She beamed, radiantly. "Look here, Ellen Cook—you're going to join the company!"

"What!" demanded Ellen.

The older woman nodded. "Yes, Ma'am! Going to make a play-actress out of you, b'gosh!"

Her small white hand with its burden of rings went up like a traffic officer's as Ellen started to protest. "Shut up, darling! Joe's been wanting to put on a musical show for three summers, now, and the main thing that's held us back has been the lack of a pretty girl who can really sing. You may not suspect it, but I've been to church here, and I know who's responsible for that soprano in the choir!"

Ellen was embarrassed. "Honestly, Mrs. King—"

"Shut up!" The golden eyes were laughing at her. "Your mother won't object, because I've seen her. You're coming home with me for supper and—"

"But—" She was going to the movies with Andy. At least, she had been going to go to the movies with Andy!

Muriel King was as irresistible in her way as Andy Freeman in his, and she swept Ellen triumphantly before her. As she flung open the door of the sprawling Colonial house which for years had been the center of Dorset's artistic set, a murmur of voices rose almost deafeningly.

"Enter our prima donna—in Person!" announced Muriel.

Summer people!

The group which invaded the King household certainly did not inhabit Dorset in the winter, yet they were as different—and their contempt for those others was as deep as Ellen's, and infinitely more picturesquely voiced. Summer people they were, yet she felt as much at ease with them as with any of her fellow townsmen.

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Its discovery is an outgrowth of the world war, where quick restoration to health became a necessity. There old methods were proven inadequate. Then a group of specialists, medical and electrical, devoted ten years to its perfection. This discovery is called Rotolizer.

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First the Rotolizer was placed in physicians' hands. They welcomed it eagerly. Results in treating rheumatism, constipation, indigestion, neuritis, obesity, stiff joints, sore muscles, aching feet, colds, deafness and serious chronic and acute disorders too long to list, were astounding. And results were lasting.

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This amazing discovery is a simple electrically operated appliance used each day for a few minutes in your home. The electric current is used only to operate the appliance. No electricity enters the body. It can not harm or shock. You can learn to use it in five minutes or less. Yet it has profoundly changed all treatment for quick health building.

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Out of Season

(Continued from page 63)

From the stage, Karl Flecker's eyes were seeking hers. She looked up and smiled. "Got the script there, Ellen?" he called. "After Minna comes in, what do I say? And what do you think of that crack about exercising with a dumb-bell?"

Joe King's voice boomed from the rear of the theater. "Get on there, you two! Minna, how many times have I told you—"

Ellen bent over her sewing. This was summer—summer!—and she had never enjoyed herself more in her life.

Andy was to call for her at eleven; she glanced at her wrist-watch and shook her head. She wouldn't be ready. And he would be annoyed. It was strange that Andy seemed so to resent her taking part in this play. He hadn't said so; his very lack of comment, when she told him, had been condemnation enough. She looked up again at Minna and Karl. This show would never be in shape to open on July fourth, as they planned! Actors stumbled over their lines. Yet Joe didn't seem worried . . .

"READY, Ellen?" He stood beside her and patted her shoulder as she rose, obediently. "Thank God for one acrobat who knows her lines, my dear!" he said, in her ear. Muriel was at the piano; it was Ellen's song with Karl.

"And I ask the moon—" sang Ellen, in her clear soprano.

"Ask me!" came Karl's voice, from the wings.

"And I ask the stars—" "Ask me!"

Joe's voice traveled resonantly across the rows of empty benches. "Cut it a minute, Muriel. Look here, Ellen, try that second chorus sitting on the bench. Karl, you go up and put your arm around her shoulders. Looky, Ellen, lean your head back and look up at the ceiling. But throw your voice forward. Ready, Muriel?"

"And I ask the trees . . . swaying in the breeze—" Ellen's head was tilted back; Karl's hand was light on her shoulder.

"Ask me!" "Then you might kiss her, Karl—oh, hello, Andy. Just sit down, will you?"

Ellen looked up. She knew a storm coming when she saw one, yet she found herself surveying Andrew Freeman with an amazing detachment. He slipped into a seat and sat, his eyes somberly, smoulderingly, fixed upon her.

Ellen felt a deep calm when she and Andy emerged into the summer night. Moon, stars, a little breeze from the harbor . . . all the lovely paraphernalia of a love-song was about them.

"And I ask the stars—" she sang sweetly. Andy's hands suddenly caught her arms; he spun her about fiercely, so that they faced each other.

"Look here, Ellen Cook, I don't like this!" "Don't like what?" asked Ellen.

"Don't like your hanging around with that gang!" he said. "They're not your sort! Bohemians!" said Andy contemptuously.

She laughed. "I like them," she said. The moonlight was very bright and Ellen, in a white skirt and sweater, looked like a girl of silver.

"To think of you before all those people—that man—" said Andy, and his voice choked.

"What man?" asked Ellen. She had been understanding with Andy for so many years; now she was going to be as obtuse as she liked!

"What man!" he echoed, furiously.

"That cake-eater with the funny face!"

"Oh, Andy!" She was smiling at him. "Karl isn't a cake-eater!"

"I suppose he's crazy about you!" said Andy. "I suppose he makes love to you!"

"Do you?" asked Ellen.

He was angrily bewildered. "Do I what?"

"Do you suppose that?" And then, abruptly, astonishingly, Ellen was no longer amused by this conversation. "I don't see," she said, "that it's any business of yours what I do!"

He stared at her. "What do you mean? We're going to be married, aren't we?"

"Are we?" asked Ellen. "Or have we just got into the habit of saying so?"

"Why, Ellen!" He was distressed, incoherent, become suddenly a full hundred percent Cape Codder. Then he smiled. The bewilderment faded and his blue eyes, holding hers, became dancing, challenging stars in his tanned face. He laughed masterfully and put out his arms to fold her into them.

If she had been less aware of his thoughts, less conscious of what he was about, Ellen would have yielded to the thrill of his embrace. But she had watched the whole process, watched his baffled young distress turned aside before his confidence in himself. He stood before her, the arrogant young male who had merely to kiss her to conquer her.

"You know, Andy," she heard her voice, clear and brittle in the moonlight, "in spite of this irresistible fascination of yours, I'm not so sure that I want to marry you!"

He drew back as though she had slapped him. "What's the matter with you, Ellen Cook?" Then he thought he understood. "Nelly! Are you sore because I've taken Mrs. Burt places? Honestly—"

"I'm not in the least sore," she answered. "You're free to do anything you like. But so am I!"

It was strange to see Andy like this, stripped of his confidence and laughter. "Let's get married, Nelly," he said, very low.

It was stranger for him to know her, cruel. She laughed at him. "Why, Andy!" she mocked. "Aren't you just a little—out of season? Labor Day isn't for more'n a month, yet!"

He looked at her, and then, without a word, he turned and strode off down the street, his shoulders hunched, and Ellen looked after him, aghast.

The next day was different from any day she had ever known. She had quarreled with Andy. They had parted in anger, for the first time in their lives. They had parted with an utter lack of understanding. She went through the hours in a daze. In the evening, she walked mechanically to the theater.

The rehearsal went on with the customary interruptions, and she watched it impersonally.

Karl Flecker came down from the stage and sat beside her. "You're so grave to-night, Ellen."

"I was thinking," she said.

Joe King, harassed, perspiring, interrupted them. "Ellen, could you get off from the store tomorrow and drive up to Boston to do some shopping?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said Ellen.

"Karl can drive you up—in the Grifonis' car."

"All right," said Ellen.

Karl called for her in the morning, the rumble-seat of the Grifonis' tan roadster propped open over a pile of bundles and suitcases.

"We'll get to Boston by noon, if I step on it," he told her. "Muriel's given me a long

list—she says you will understand it."

Ellen nodded, drawing on her gloves. The car moved through the morning traffic of Front street, turned the corner that led past the greenhouses. Ellen closed her eyes in actual pain as she saw that familiar emerald roadster drawn up before the gate. Betsy Burt was stepping out. She looked up curiously at them, and as Karl slowed the motor to round the curve, he leaned out and waved at her.

"We're eloping!" he called, and then he smiled at Ellen.

The highway was smooth and straight; Ellen watched the numbers on the speedometer sliding past—fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five.

"A little competition coming up," he commented.

Ellen followed his eyes to the mirror; far behind them, a car was straining forward.

"This is a good bus of Grif's," said Karl. "We'll show 'em the error of their ways."

His foot clung to the accelerator and they shot ahead.

There was exhilaration in the race; the speed of their progress relaxed the tension that had locked Ellen's nerves. One couldn't think at such a pace.

The outskirts of a village sprawled before them; then they were in the center, a half-mile that bustled with the activities of a summer morning. Slower and more slow . . . suddenly the pursuing roadster shot from behind them and skidded perilously across the path of a huge, crimson oil-truck. It stopped so abruptly before them that Karl's frantic clutch on the emergency brake came at the same moment that the metal bumper banged, resonantly, against the spare tire of the offending car.

"Fool!" Karl was muttering, his face blanched and his mouth twitching, when out of the emerald greenness of the roadster leaped an angry man.

"Where you going, Ellen Cook?" asked Andy, flinging open the door of the car and grasping her wrist in a relentless clasp.

Ellen stared at him.

Beyond, emerging from the roadster, Betsy Burt, white-faced and shaken, with the tracks of tears pink on the pallor of her cheeks, stared. Karl, his color returned, stared, and then abruptly slipped from behind the wheel and crossed to Mrs. Burt's side.

Ellen looked at Andy.

"Where you going?" he repeated. There was panic in his blue eyes.

"I'm going to Boston," said Ellen, "to do some shopping."

"You're not going off with that man?"

"No," said Ellen.

HIS hold on her wrist relaxed slightly; his fingers curled about her hand. "Are you my girl, Ellen Cook?"

"Yes," said Ellen.

His blue eyes held hers steadily.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Ellen.

They smiled at one another, in complete understanding.

"Wasn't I a darn fool?" asked Andy.

"Yes!" said Ellen.

A moment longer, they looked into one another's eyes.

"Well," said Andy. "See you tonight, Nelly. So long."

"So long," said Ellen.

She leaned back, smiling mistily, and watched him, as he strode across to Karl and Mrs. Burt. She felt so sorry for all the other women in the world, the women whom Andrew Freeman did not love.

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